



Vol. I.

P. H. and J. M. fecit

THE
WORKS
OF
VIRGIL:

TRANSLATED INTO
English BLANK VERSE.
WITH LARGE
EXPLANATORY NOTES,
AND
CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS.

By JOSEPH TRAPP, D.D.
Lately Fellow of *Wadham* College, and Professor
of POETRY in the Univerſity of Oxford.

———*Parnassia Laurus*
Parva ſub ingenti Matris ſe ſubjicit umbrâ. Virg.

V O L. I.

The SECOND EDITION, Corrected,
And in the NOTES much enlarged.

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WORKS

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THESE

English BLANK VERSE.

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CRITICAL OBSERVATION

BY JOSEPH L. HAYES

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1881-1882

From the report of the committee.

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PREFACE

TO THE

ECLOGUES,

AND

GEORGICKS.



WRITING has, in a certain Respect, been compared to Building: And I find the Comparison to be just. In Both we are insensibly drawn on from one Thing to another; and do much more than we first intended. Thirteen Years since, I publish'd a Translation of *Virgil's Æneis*: I

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A

then

then said in my Preface, and said very truly, that even That was far advanced, before I was aware, or had the least Thought of undertaking the Whole. That being finish'd, I must needs be meddling again; The *Eclogues* and *Georgicks* must be attempted: And I now present the Reader with a Translation, such as it is, of all *Virgil's* Poems. Should any one have told me, eight and twenty Years ago, (for so long, by Intervals, has This Work been the Amusement of my vacant Hours) that I would ever offer such a Thing to the World; I should have thought he had either too good, or too bad an Opinion of my Understanding; and, either way, a bad one of my Modesty. But, as I said, it grew upon me before I was aware; and was so far *done*, without being *design'd*. I hope I have not altogether misemploy'd some of my leisure Time (which has never been over-much) in a closer Application to the Writings, and a more minute Research into the Beauties, of This incomparable Poet; of whom I have, even from a Child, been always a
passionate

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passionate Admirer; and who is so *virtuous, chaste, and pious*, as well as ingenious, and judicious, an Author; being in truth not only a Poet, but a *Philosopher*, and a *Divine*, so far as That Name last-mentioned can be given to a Heathen. I have endeavoured, according to my mean Abilities, to be useful by the *Business* of my *Profession*; and should rejoice, if I could be in some measure so even by my *Leisure*, and *Diversions*.

The Mention of the Word *Profession* suggests another Thing, which I did not before think of. When the greatest Part of This Work was first printed, *Poetry* was, in one Sense, my *Profession*; which was the Occasion of That Publication.

But of These Matters I have said so much in my *Preface* to the *Æneis*, as to supersede any further Discourse about them. To *That* likewise, and the *Introduction to the Notes**, I refer for a full Account of my *Design*, and *Manner* of Proceeding, both in my *Rendring* of *Virgil's* Text; and

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my

* Vol. II. p. 1, &c.

my *Annotations* upon it; for the *Sort of Verse* which I have chosen; for my presuming to come after so great a Man as Mr. *Dryden*; and the like.

As to This new Addition of the *Eclogues*, and *Georgicks*; I have well nigh followed That Advice of *Horace*, ——— *Nonnumque prematur in annum*: For it is little short of eight Years since it was finish'd. The *Eclogues* are, to the last degree, delicate, neat, and elegant; The *Georgicks*, the most finish'd and consummate of human Compositions; Both, especially the *Georgicks*, to Persons not intimately acquainted with Latin Poetry, and *Virgil's* Manner, full of Difficulties. I should therefore have been more presumptuous than I am; had I not taken Time to make my Translation on the one hand, and my Comment on the other, as tolerable as I was capable of making them.

I should moreover have been inexcusable, had I not taken the Opportunity of This Impression to retouch, correct, and improve my Translation of the *Æneis*; which

ECLOGUES, and GEORGICKS. v

which I have done in many Places, tho' with very little seeming Alteration. The Notes also are augmented for the Use of Learners.

But here I must depart from the Method I took in my *Preface* to the *Æneis*. I there largely discoursed upon the Nature, and Constitution, the general Beauties, and Excellencies of That immortal Poem. But as to the *Eclogues*, and *Georgicks*, I have prevented my self in my *Prælectiones Poeticæ*. Therefore, not loving Repetition, I refer to what is offer'd in Those Lectures*: as also to the Anonymous Author of the Treatise upon the *Eclogues*, and to Mr. *Addison*'s ingenious and judicious Essay upon the *Georgicks*; Both prefix'd to Mr. *Dryden*'s Translation, and the Latter printed with Mr. *Addison*'s other Works.

I have only This to add further: That as I have in my Exposition omitted nothing but what relates to *History*, *Antiquities*, and *Geography*, upon which *Ruæus* is very large and particular; Young Gentle-

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men,

* *De Poem. Pastoral, & de Poem. Didact.*

men, and Learners, need only make Use of His Labours, and Mine in Conjunction: His *Dauphin*-Edition, That common *School-Book*, and This Version, with the Notes annexed, will give them a complete Interpretation of all *Virgil's Works*; and They have no occasion to trouble themselves with any Other.



DEDI-

DEDICATION

AND

P R E F A C E

T O T H E

Æ N E I S.

As in the FIRST EDITION in 1718.

DEDICATION

AND

PREFACE

TO THE

MEMBER

As in the first Edition 1815

A



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM
Lord NORTH and GREY.

MY LORD,
THIS Address may be presumptuous; but it cannot be in all respects improper: For what can be more fit and congruous, than that a *Heroic Poem* should be inscribed to a *Hero*? *Virgil's* consummate Original gives Immortality to *One*, as it's *Subject*: And my imperfect Copy begs leave to be protected

by the Great Name of *Another*, as it's *Patron*.

I should indeed offer You Something worthy Your Acceptance; had I as justly translated the *Aeneis* in my Verse, as Your Lordship has translated it's Hero by Your Actions. I speak only *in general*: being sensible, that in the *particular Incidents* of *His* Life, and *Yours*, there is not Resemblance enough to form a Comparison. Your Lordship (God be praised) has not had *Occasion* to exert Your self either in Your Military, or Civil Capacity, *in consequence of Your Country's Ruin*: Nor did He *lose his Right Hand* in Defence of *His*.

Tho' *That*, in *Virgil's* Language, often signifies the *Exploits* it performs, and the *Valour* by which it performs them; yet, were He now living, and Your Lordship the Subject of his Verse, He could not, I confess, apply to You his

— *Invictaque bello*
Dextera —

But

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But He would express the same Sense ; and it is to your everlasting Honour, that He could not express it in the same Words. What a Glory is it *Thus* to want a Right Hand, after having atchieved such glorious Things *with* it !

But if he could not apply That Expression to your Lordship ; He would not fail to allot You a future Place in his *Elysium* among Those illustrious, happy Spirits,

—*Ob Patriam pugnando Vulnera passos :*

He would do Justice to Your Behaviour in the Course of so long, bloody and important a War, in so many renowned Battles, particularly That immortal One of *Hockstadt* ; and then make a Transition from the *Field* to the *Senate* ; from Your Bravery in the One, to Your Debates in the Other. And as He distinguishes the Character of *Aeneas* by his Concern for the Religion of his Country, so (were He now Living, and of our Religion) He would not omit Your Concern for our most excellent Church, Your Affection to it, and Your Defence of it.

it. These Things, my Lord, *He* would insist upon ; tho' I scarce dare so much as mention them. And as little would He forget Your elegant Learning, and elegant Conversation : Especially Your familiar Acquaintance with the ancient Classic Writers, which would still render His Address to You the more proper and pertinent!

But, my Lord, I fear the Mention of This last Qualification turns against my self : It would render an Address from *Him* to Your Lordship the more proper, and pertinent ; but it renders *Mine* the more bold, and presumptuous. A Thought, which would give me no small Uneasiness ; did I not consider, that, in such a Person, the Censure of the accurate Judge is tempered and softened by the Politeness of the Nobleman, and the Generosity of the Hero.

Among all the old illustrious *Romans*, I love and honour the Memory of None, so much as That of *Scipio Africanus Junior* ; tho' the other *Scipio's* (especially *Africanus* the Elder, who was eminent for much the same Accomplishments with the Younger) claim

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claim little less of our Admiration and Esteem. Considering his high Birth, and Quality, joined with his Virtue; His Learning, particularly in Poetry, with his Courage, and Conduct; His Triumphs of War, with his exquisite Skill in the Arts of Peace: What a Constellation of Glories do they all make in the Character of That Great Man! My Lord, I do not apply This: Nor need I tell Others how I came to mention it. I only add This general Observation, that Nothing Human is comparable to Virtue, and Learning, in conjunction with Nobility, and Valour: And that the brightest Encomium which can be given of a Man of Quality is, That *Loving*, and *Understanding* Poetry, He *truly* deserves to be celebrated by it.

MY LORD,

I very well know the common Vice of Dedications, especially Poetical ones: And No body living can more heartily detest it, than I do. But I must insist, that tho' there be such a Thing as *Flattery*, there are
such

such Things too as *real Merit*, and *deserved Reputation*. What I have said proceeds from the sincere Honour which I have long had for Your Lordship, even before I had the Honour (pardon the Boast) of being admitted into Your Conversation: And Those, who are Witnesses of Mine, can testify, that in This I am no Flatterer. Plainness, and Sincerity made a Part of *Virgil's* private Character: If I have not at all imitated Him *as a Poet*; I am sure I so far imitate Him *as a Man*, while I profess to be, and desire Your Permission to subscribe my Self,

May it please Your Lordship,

Your LORDSHIP'S

most Faithful, most Humble,

and most Obedient Servant,

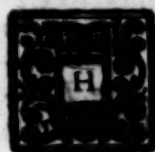
J. TRAPP.



PREFACE

TO THE

ÆNEIS.



HOWEVER Poetry may have been dishonoured by the *Follies* of Some, and the *Vices* of Others; the Abuse, or Corruption, of the best Things being always the worst: It will, notwithstanding, be ever regarded, as it ever has been, by the wisest and most judicious of Men, as the very *Flower* of human *Thinking*, the most *exquisite Spirit* that can be extracted from the *Wit*, and *Learning* of Mankind: But I shall not now enter into a formal Vindication of This Divine Art from the many groundless Aspersions which have been cast upon it by Ignorance, and Ill-nature; nor display either it's Dignity in it self, or it's Usefulness both in Philosophy, and Religion; or the delightful Elegancy of it's refined Ideas, and harmonious Expressions: This I have in some Measure attempted in another *Treatise; to which I rather chuse

to

* *Prælectiones Poeticæ.*

to refer the Reader, than to repeat what I have already said, tho' in a different Language from This, in which I am now writing. I shall therefore only observe at present, that to hate, or despise Poetry, not only argues a Man deficient in Wisdom and Learning; but even brings his Virtue and Goodness under Suspicion: What our *Shakespear* says of another melodious Science, being altogether as applicable to This; and Poetry it self being the Musick of Thoughts, and Words, as Musick is the Poetry of Sounds.

*The Man that hath not Musick in his Soul,
And is not mov'd with Concord of sweet Sounds;
Is fit for Treasons, Stratagems, and Spoils;
The Motions of his Spirit are dull as Night,
And his Affections dark as Erebus:*

Let no such Man be trusted. — * 

And as Poetry was by the Heathen stiled the *Language of the Gods*; much the same may be said by a Christian of the one true Deity. Since a great part of the Holy Scriptures, themselves is to the last degree Poetical, both in Sentiments, and Diction.

But among all the Species, or Kinds of Poetry; That which is distinguished by the Name of Epic, or Heroic, is beyond comparison the Noblest, and most Excellent. *An Heroic Poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest Work which the Soul of Man is capable to perform.* These are the first Words of Mr. Dryden's admirable Dedication of his *English Æneis* to the present Duke of Buckingham. They are translated indeed from Monsieur Rapin; and are likewise the first Words of his

* *Merchant of Venice.*

his Comparison between *Homer* and *Virgil* *. "The
 " Design of it (continues Mr. *Dryden*) is to form
 " the Mind to Heroic Virtue by Example; 'Tis
 " convey'd in Verse, that it may delight, while
 " it instructs; The Action of it is always One,
 " Entire, and Great. The least, and most trivial
 " Episodes, or Under-Actions, which are inter-
 " woven in it, are Parts either necessary, or con-
 " venient; that no others can be imagined more
 " suitable to the place in which they are. There
 " is nothing to be left void in a firm Building;
 " even the Cavities ought not to be filled with
 " Rubbish, which is of a perishable Kind, de-
 " structive of the Strength: But with Brick, or
 " Stone, tho' of less pieces, yet of the same Na-
 " ture, and fitted to the Crannies. Even the least
 " Portions of them must be of the Epic Kind;
 " All Things must be Grave, Majestical, and Sub-
 " lime: Nothing of a foreign Nature, like the
 " trifling Novels, which *Ariosto* †, and Others,
 " have inserted in their Poems. By which the
 " Reader is misled into another sort of Pleasure,
 " opposite to That which is design'd in an Epic
 " Poem. One raises the Soul, and hardens it to
 " Vertue; the Other softens it again, and unbends
 " it into Vice." But what makes This Kind of
 " Poem preferable to all others, is, that it virtually
 " contains and involves them: I mean their Excel-
 " lencies and Perfections, besides That which is pro-
 " per, and peculiar to it self. This likewise is obser-
 " ved by Mr. *Rapin* in the place above-cited: And by
 " This

* De tous les Ouvrages dont l'Esprit de l'Homme est capable, le
 Poem Epique est sans doute le plus accompli.

† For so it should certainly be read; tho' both in the Folio and
 Octavo Editions, 'tis Aristotle.

This Assertion I do not contradict what I have cited from Mr. *Dryden*; which I am supposed to approve, while I transcribe it. For besides that he does not speak, as I do, of the different *Turns*, and *Modifications*, of *Thinking*, and *Writing*, but of *trifling Episodes*, or *Under-Actions*, which he says are improper for This sort of Poetry, and in which I entirely agree with him; I say, besides This, I do not affirm that an Ode, or an Elegy, for example, can with propriety be *actually*, and *formally* inserted in an Heroic Poem; But only That the regular Luxuriancy, and noble Excursions of *That*, and the pathetic and tender Complains of *This*, are not always foreign to the Nature of an Epic Subject, but are sometimes very properly introduced to adorn it. The same may be said of the Poignancy of Satyr; and the natural Images of ordinary Life in Comedy. It is one Thing to say, that an Heroic Poem virtually includes These; and another, that it actually puts them into Practice, or shews them at large in their proper Forms, and Dresses. I do not mention Tragedy; because That is so nearly ally'd to Heroic Poetry, that there is no Dispute or Question concerning it. An Epic Poem then is the same to all the other Kinds of Poetry, as the *Primum Mobile* is to the System of the Universe, according to the Scheme of the ancient Astronomy: That great Orb including all the heavenly Bodies in it's Circumference, and whirling them round with it's own Motion. And then the Soul of the Poet, or rather of Poetry, informing This mighty, and regular Machine, and diffusing Life and Spirit thro' the whole Frame, resembles That *Anima Mundi*, That Soul of the World, according to the *Platonic*,

tonic, and Pythagorean Philosophy, Thus admirably represented in the Sixth *Æneid*.

*Principio cælum, ac terras, camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum Lunæ, Titaniaque astra
Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, & magno se corpore miscet.*

Here we have at once the Soul of Poetry, and the Soul of the World: The one *exerted*, while the other is *described*. Whether there be any such Thing as the Last or not, we certainly perceive the First; and however That be, Nothing, in reality, can give us a justly resembling Idea of the Fabrick of an Heroic Poem; but That, which alone is superiour to it, the Fabrick of the Universe.

I speak of an Heroic Poem, properly so called; for I know of but Three, or Four, which deserve the Glory of That Title. And it's transcendent Excellence is doubtless the Reason, why so few have attempted a Work of This Nature, and fewer have succeeded in such their Attempts. *Homer* arose like Light at the Creation; and shone upon the World, which (at least so far as we know) was, with respect to That Kind of Light, imortal Darkness, before his Appearing. Such was the Fire, and Vivacity of his Spirit; The Vastness, and Fecundity of his Invention; The Majesty, and Sublimity of his Thoughts, and Expressions; That, notwithstanding his Errours and Defects, which must be acknowledged, his controuling, and overbearing Genius demanded Those prodigious Honours, which in all Ages have been justly paid him. I say, notwithstanding his Errours and Defects: For it would have been strange indeed, had he been

been chargeable with None; or had he left no room to be refined, and improved upon, by any Successour.

This was abundantly perform'd by *Virgil*; whose *Aeneis* is therefore only not perfect, because it did not receive his last Hand. Tho' even as it now is, it comes the nearest to Perfection of any Heroic Poem; and indeed of any Poem whatsoever, except another of his Own: I mean his *Georgicks*; which I take to be the most Consummate of all human Compositions: It's Author for Genius and Judgment, for Nature and Art, joined together, and taken one with another, being the greatest, and best of all human Writers. How little Truth soever there may be in the Prodigies which are said to have attended his Birth; certain it is, that a Prodigy was then born; for He himself was such: And when God made That Man, He seems to have design'd to shew the World how far the Powers of mere human Nature can go, and how much they are capable of performing. The Bent of his Mind was turned to Thought, and Learning in general; and to Poetry, and Philosophy in particular. Which we are assured of not only from the Spirit and Genius of his Works; but from the Account which he gives of himself, in Those sweet Lines of the second *Georgick*:

*Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ
(Quarum sacra fero, ingenti percussus amore)
Accipiant, cælique vias, & sidera monstrent:
Defectus solis varios, lunæque labores;
Unde tremor terris, quæ vi maria alta tumescant
Objicibus ruptis, rursusque in seipsa residunt;
Quid tantum oceano properent se tingere soles
Hyberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.*

It is true, he here only tells us of his Inclination to Natural Philosophy ; but then he tells it us in Poetry : As few Things are more nearly related.

For his Temper, and Constitution ; if we will believe Mr. *Dryden* *, it was Phlegmatick, and Melancholick ; as *Homer's* was Sanguine, and Cholerick : And This, he says, is the Reason of the different Spirit, which appears in the Writings of Those two great Authors. I make no doubt, but *Virgil*, in his *natural Disposition*, as a *Man*, was rather Melancholick ; as, I believe, most learned, and contemplative Men ever were, and ever will be. And therefore how does he breathe the very Soul of a Poet, and of a Philosopher ; when in the Verses immediately following Those above-cited, he thus expresses the Thoughtfulness of Both those Tempers, as well as the peculiar Modesty of his own !

*Sin has nē possim naturæ accedere partes
Frigidis obstiterit circum præcordia sanguis ;]
Rura mihi, & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, silvasque inglorius.*————

Methinks, I see him, while I read Those Verses ; I am sure I feel him. How delightful must it be, to enjoy so sweet a Retirement ! What a Glory to be so inglorious ! This, I say, is generally the Natural Make of learned, and ingenious Men ; and *Homer* himself, notwithstanding his Poetical Fire, was in all probability of the same Complexion. But if we consider *Virgil* as a *Poet* ; I hope to make it appear, before I have finished This Preface, that as such, he wanted neither the Sanguine, nor the Cholerick ; tho' at the same time I acknowledge

* Preface to his *Fables*.

a Man's *natural Temper* will *very much* incline him to one way of Thinking, and Writing, more than to another.

But tho' his *Genius* was thus perfect; yet I take his *most distinguishing* Character to be the incomparable *Accuracy* of his *Judgment*; and particularly his elegant, and exquisite *Brevity*. He is never luxuriant, never says any thing in vain: *We admire Others* (says Monsieur Rapin, I think) *for what they say; but we admire Virgil, for what he does not say*: And indeed his very Silence is expressive, and even his Omissions are Beauties. Yet is his *Brevity* neither *dry*, nor *obscure*; so far otherwise, that he is both the *fullest*, and the *clearest* Writer in the World. He always says enough, but never too much: And This is to be observed in him, as well when he insists upon a Thing, as when he slightly passes it over; when his *Stile* is long, and flowing, as when it is short, and concise: In This Sense, he is brief, even where he enlarges; and while he rolls like a Torrent, he has nothing frothy, or redundant. So that to Him, of all Mankind, are Those famous Verses of Sir John Denham most particularly applicable:

*Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without Rage; without O'erflowing, full.*

Meaning *Rage* properly so called; not the *Poetical Fury*: For That he was very far from wanting; as will be seen in it's proper Place. His avoiding Redundancy therefore proceeded neither from Poverty, nor Parsimony; but from Elegancy, and Exactness. So correct is he in Those Parts of his Writings which are allowed to be finished; that I have often thought what a Treasure That Man would

would be possessed of (were such a Thing possible) who could procure the Filings of his Poems; and shew the World what *Virgil* would *not* shew it. The very Chippings of Those Diamonds would be more valuable than the richest Jewel of the *Indies*.

I have already said enough to involve my self in the now unavoidable Comparison between *Homer*, and *Virgil*; which has so much employ'd the Speculations of the Learned. Because it will be justly expected that I should endeavour at least to give some Reasons for my Assertions; or rather for my *Opinion*: For I desire that my *Assertions* may all along be understood to imply no more. As to *Homer*, nothing can be farther from my Thoughts than to defraud That prodigious Man of his due Praise. I have before said a little of it: and (would the Limits of This Discourse permit) could with Pleasure enlarge upon That Subject. Many of his Faults, as they are called, are indeed no Faults; but only charged upon him by ignorant Pretenders to Criticism: Others, if they are really so, are not His, but are entirely to be imputed to the Manners and Customs of the Age in which he wrote: And even those which are least justifiable are to be excused upon this single Consideration, that he was the first of his Species. No Science starts into Perfection at it's Birth: And it is amazing that the Works of this great Poet come so near it as they do. Thus as to himself: Then as to others, his Glory in Point of Precedency is uncontestable; he is the Father of Poets, and of Poetry; and *Virgil* particularly has copy'd from him in a multitude of Instances. But after all, the Question is, Whether, upon the Whole, *Homer's* or *Virgil's* be the best Poems, as we have them now; setting aside

side all *external Considerations*, relating to Times, and Customs; Inventing, and Borrowing; Precedency, and Succession; Master, and Scholar; and regarding only the *internal Advantages*, and *Disadvantages*, Beauties, and Faults of Both; upon the Foundations of Nature, and Art, of Truth, and Reason. *Homer's* Faults are to be excused: I am very glad of it; for I have an exceeding Honour, and Love for Him. But still *They are Faults*: Has *Virgil* so many? I mean too in Proportion, and allowing for the unequal Length of their Writings. *Virgil* imitated *Homer*, and borrowed from him: But did he not *improve*, as well as *imitate*; and by borrowing, and adding to his own vast Fund what the other never parted with, grow richer than him from whom he so borrowed? In a word, did he not out of two very good Poems make a better than either of them, or than both of them put together? I am sensible it may be said on the other hand, that *Homer* had the *Disadvantage*, as well as *Glory* of being the First: He had no body to rely upon, but himself; whereas *Virgil* had *Homer's* Materials, besides his own. All this I acknowledge; nay, at present, and for Argument's sake, let *Homer's* be the *greater Glory*: Still is not *Virgil's* the *best Poem*? For I agree that in These Comparisons we ought to make a Distinction between the *Man*, and the *Work*. Or if we must make the Comparison in the former respect; *Homer* was *Virgil's* Master, Father, what you please: But nothing is more common, than for the Scholar to excel the Master, and the Son the Father. I think we ought to lay aside the Prejudices of an undue Veneration for the *greatest Antiquity*, and argue only from *Reason*; and that not only in the Comparison of the Ancients with one another; but

but even in That of the Ancients with the Moderns. I have a very great Honour for the *Greeks* and *Romans*; but 'tis because their Writings are generally *good*, not because they are *ancient*: And when we think they are otherwise than good, I cannot imagine why we should not say so; provided it be with Modesty, and with a due Deference to the Opinions of those who differ from us, whether they be dead, or living. The famous Dispute about Ancient and Modern Learning would, I believe, be soon determined; were it not for unreasonable Prejudices to each of Those Names respectively. The Ancients, *as such*, have the Advantage in This, that they ought to be honoured as the Inventors of most Arts and Sciences; but then the Moderns, *as such*, have the Advantage in This, that besides their own Strength and Sagacity, they have the Models of the Ancients to improve upon: And very strange it would be, if they should not improve in some things, as well as lose in others.

I shall give the particular Reasons for my Opinion of These two great Poets, before I finish: In the mean time, I hope the Reader will excuse my Rambling. I am very sensible that I shall not only differ in Judgment from many Criticks of great Name, both Ancient and Modern; but that I am like to fall under the ready, and natural Censure of being prejudiced my self, while I warn against it in others. All I can say, is, that I have endeavoured to divest my self of it as much as possible; but cannot be positive that I am entirely free from it; being well aware that nothing in the World is more difficult. For I am sure I have followed *One* Precept of my Lord *Roscommon*, in his excellent Essay on Translated Verse:

*Examine how your Humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling Passion of your Mind;
Then seek a Poet who That way does bend,
And chuse an Author, as you chuse a Friend.*

And as this is *One* Circumstance, which is like to make a Man succeed, as a *Translator*; so it is like to make him err, as a *Judge*. For This Sort of Friendship (like all Others) will certainly incline us to be partial in favour of the Person whom we praise, or defend. It is in This, as in every thing else; the Affections will be apt to bias the Understanding: And doubtless a Man in a great measure judges This or That way of Writing to be best, because it is most agreeable to his own natural Temper. Thus, for Example; One Man judges (as he calls it) *Horace's* Satyrs to be the best; Another is for *Juvenal's*: When, all this while, strictly speaking, they may not so much differ in *Judgment*, as *Inclination*: For Each of Them perhaps will allow Both to be best *in their Kind*; but the One is chiefly *delighted* with This Kind, and the Other with That; and *there* is all the real Difference between them. And tho' this does not exactly parallel the present Case; the Poems of *Homer* and *Virgil* being more of the same Species, than the Satyrs of *Horace* and *Juvenal*; yet it comes very near it: and the Word *Species* will admit of more Distinction than is commonly imagined: These two Heroic Poets being very different in their *Turn*, and *Manner* of Thinking, and Writing. But after all, there are in Nature and Reason certain Rules by which we are to judge in these Matters, as well as in others; and there are still such things as Truth and Falshood, notwithstanding

standing Partiality and Pre-possession. And this I can assure my Reader, I am not prejudiced in Behalf of my Author, by attempting to be his Translator; for I was of the same Opinion, before I had the least Thought of this daring Enterprize. However, I do not pretend to decide as a Judge, but only to argue as an Advocate; and a Man may be allowed to plead with Prejudice, tho' he always ought to determine without it: For it may do no Mischief at the Bar, tho' it be intolerable upon the Bench. But that my Reader may not be misguided by it, upon a Supposition that I am; I desire him to consider, that as I differ from some great Criticks, so I have the Authority of others to support my Opinion. I need not insist upon *Scaliger*, *Rapin*, and the incomparable Earl of *Roscommon*, whose Judgments upon this Point are very well known; but I will produce the Words of *Macrobius*, as collected by *De la Cerda**, because He is commonly supposed to be in the other Interest. It is true, in the Comparison of particular Passages, he generally prefers *Homer*; yet he says, *Virgilius Homero ditior, locupletior, cultior, prior, clarior, fortior vi argumentorum, diligentior, observantior, uberior, pulchrior*. "Virgil is richer, "and fuller than *Homer*, neater, purer, clearer, "stronger in the Force of his Arguments, more "diligent, more observing, more copious, more "beautiful." Thus, I say, he speaks as he is represented by the above-mentioned Commentator; who only pretends to have picked up those Words from several scattered Passages in his Writings: Whether they are faithfully collected or no (for he does not quote the particular Places) I have not had the Patience to examine, nor am I at all

* *Elogia Virgilii*, Cap. IV. Major *Homero*.

solicitous to know. It would be endless to cite *Scaliger* upon this Subject; and besides, when I agree with him, it is rather in his Praise of *Virgil*, than in his Dispraise of *Homer*. I am far from being of his Opinion in some Particulars, and farther from approving of his Way and Manner of Proceeding. He inveighs against *Homer* with as much Bitterness, as if he had a personal Quarrel with him; prosecutes him with all the Malice of Criticism, and that too sometimes false Criticism; and is in the main highly injurious to the Character of That wonderful Poet. Yet I cannot on the other side agree with *Madam Dacier*; who is at least even with *Scaliger*, by calling him the worst Critick in the World: *Le plus mechant Critique du Monde*, are the very Words she uses. On the contrary, I think he is generally upon these Occasions rather Hyberbolical in his Expressions, than Erroneous in his Judgment. I am indeed amazed at the Confidence of *Monsieur De la Motte*, who treats *Homer* with the greatest Freedom, and almost with Contempt, when at the same time he acknowledges he does not understand one Word of his Language. For my self, I have nothing to say, but that I have a Right to deliver my Sentiments, as well as Another; and, to use the Words of That noble Poet and Critick above-mentioned,

*I speak my private, but impartial Sense,
With Freedom, and I hope without Offence.*

And here I cannot but observe, that tho' I am charmed with That fine Turn of his, after having remarked upon some supposed Faults in *Homer*;

But

*But I offend; Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with Indignation down;
My blushing Muse with conscious Fear retires;
And whom They like implicitly admires:*

Tho', I say, I am charmed with the Elegancy of the Poet, the Modesty of the Critick, and the courtly Politeness of the Nobleman; and tho', as I shall observe hereafter, I am not of his Opinion, as to the Particulars he takes notice of, in the Verses preceding: yet I do not understand why, for disapproving of some things in *Homer*, he should apprehend either the Frowns of *Virgil*, or the Indignation of *Horace*. As *Virgil* saw the Beauties of *Homer*, while he imitated them; he no less saw his Errours, while he avoided them. And as to *Horace*, That——*Nil molitur inopie*, in one Place, and——*Quantumque locus dermitat Homerus*, in another, must be regarded as Hyperboles; the one as an *Auxêsis*, the other as a *Meiôsis*. Not but that, upon the Whole, he certainly admir'd *Homer*; nor would he have been the good Judge he was, if he had not. But as he was perfectly acquainted with the *Iliad*, and the *Odyssée*; so had he lived to have been as well acquainted with the *Æneis*, would he not have preferred the Last, before both the First? Those who differ from me will say he *would not*; and 'tis altogether as easy for me to say he *would*. The same, and more, may be remarked of *Aristotle*; who was perfectly acquainted with *Homer*, but not at all with *Virgil*.

Invention, Fire, and Judgment, will, I think, include all the Requisites of an Epic Poem. The Action, the Fable, the Manners, the Compass,

and Variety of Matter, seem to be properly comprehended under the First of these; yet not so as to exclude the two Last. For the particular Disposition of them all is an Act of the Judgment, as the first creating of them (if we may so speak) is an Act of Invention; and Fire, tho' distinct from Invention, and Judgment, has a near Relation to them Both, as it assists the one, and is to be regulated by the other.

By Those who commonly discourse of Heroic, and Dramatic Poetry, the Action, and the Fable seem not to be sufficiently distinguished. The Action is a great Atchievement of some illustrious Person, attended with an important and memorable Event. The Fable is That Complication of Incidents, Episodes, and other Circumstances, which tend to the carrying on of the Action, or give Reasons for it, or at least embellish and adorn it. I make this Distinction; because Episodes are such, as are either absolutely necessary, or very requisite. Of the Former Sort is That long Narration of *Aeneas*, I mean in the main Substance of it, which is the entire Subject of the Second, and Third Books. This perhaps will not by Some be allowed to be an Episode; because, I think, it is not commonly called so: For That Word is generally appropriated to *Actions*, and therefore will be supposed not applicable to a *Narration*. But I conceive we shall speak more clearly; if by That Word we mean (as indeed the * Etymology of it imports) whatsoever is *adventitious* to the grand Action of the Poem, connected to it, or inserted in it; whether

* The Word was originally applied to Dramatic Poetry, and from thence transferred to Epic. Aristotle uses it in more Senses than one; which seem not to be rightly distinguished by his Interpreters. However we are for That Reason more at Liberty to apply it, as we think most proper.

ther it be it self an Action, or no. And there is Ground enough to distinguish This from the immediate, and direct Train, or Course of the main Action itself; and to shew what may, and may not, be called an Episode. For Example; The Sailing of the *Trojan* Fleet from *Sicily* in the First Book, it's Arrival there again at the Beginning of the Fifth, and it's Sailing from thence at the End of That Book; The Landing at *Cumæ* in the Beginning of the Sixth; and in another Part of *Italy*, at the Beginning of the Seventh; The whole Operations of That Book, and so of all the rest, wherever the Hero himself, or his Armies for him, either with, or without his Presence, are directly engaged in the great Affair to be carry'd on, are, all of them, so many successive Parts of one, and the same Action (the great Action of the Poem) continued in a direct Line, and flowing in it's proper Channel. But where any Part comes under any one of the By-Characters above-mentioned, it is properly an Episode, whether it be an Action, or a Narration. The long Recital of Adventures in the Second and Third Books is not an *Action*, but in the main it is *Necessary*: The Expedition of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* in the Ninth is not *Necessary*, but it is an *Action*: And Both are Episodes. Which brings us back to the Distinction before taken notice of, between Incidents and Episodes, and the several Kinds of the Latter. All Episodes are Incidents; but it is not so on the Reverse. The Storm in the First Book, driving the Fleet on the Coast of *Carthage*, is an Incident, but not an Episode: because the Hero himself, and the whole Body of his Forces, are concerned in it; and so it is a *direct*, not a *collateral* Part of the main Action. But even Episodes (as I said) must carry on the main

Action, or give Reasons for it, or at least embellish it: And therefore I said they are either *absolutely necessary*, or *very requisite*. The Narration in the Second and Third Books is not a *Part* of the Action: but it *gives Reasons* for it, and so is *Necessary*: The Adventures of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* in the Ninth Book, of *Mezentius* in the Tenth, and of *Camilla* in the Eleventh, are all *requisite*, but not *absolutely necessary*; and yet they are properly *Parts* of the main Action, tho' *collateral*, not *direct*. The Loves of *Dido* and *Aeneas* in the Fourth Book, the Sports at the Tomb of *Anchises* in the Fifth, the Description of Hell in the Sixth, the Story of *Cæcus*, and the Decorations of the Shield in the Eighth, are all supposed by Some to be entirely Ornamental, and no *Parts* of the main Action. And This perhaps they may imagine to be a great Point yielded to the Disadvantage of *Virgil*. Admitting it were so, *Homer* would gain nothing by it; most of them being taken from Him; and He having more of such *Excrescencies*, if they must be so called. But This in Reality is no reasonable Objection against Either. The Episode of *Dido* and *Aeneas* shall be considered in my Remarks upon the Fourth Book. The Descent into Hell is a direct *Part* of the Action: The Hero going thither to consult his Father's Ghost concerning the Operations of the War, and the future Fate of Himself, and his Posterity; (for *all* Action, even in an-Heroic Poem, does not consist in *Fighting* :) And it would be very strange, if, in a Work of such a Length, the Poet might not be allowed to take That Occasion, to describe the Regions thro' which his Hero passed, and to make the noblest and most surprizing Description that ever the World saw. The same may be said of
the

the Casting, and Engraving of the Shield, which contains a considerable Part of the *Roman* History; as does the Speech of *Anchises* in the foregoing Division; both introduc'd with exquisite Art, and Judgment. For the rest; granting that they are purely Ornamental: and that while the Poet is describing them, the Action stands still, as the Criticks express themselves: There let it stand, with all my heart, 'till *Virgil* thinks fit to set it a going again. If the Action stands still, I am sure the Poem does not; and the Reader, I think, must be very phlegmatick, if his Spirits do. What if Those Episodes are not Parts of the Action? They are Parts of the Poem, and with the greatest Skill inserted in it. What if they are not absolutely *necessary*? They are very *convenient*; and That is sufficient. For if we allow that they are entirely ornamental, we deny that they are impertinent, or superfluous; no things in the World being more uniform, or more naturally and elegantly connected. Nor does *Virgil* ever commit the Fault of Those whom *Horace* justly condemns; by whom

*Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus & alter
Assuitur pannus*——

But the Foundation of all this wrong Criticism, is the Errour of reducing an Heroic Poem to the narrow Rules of the *Stage*. For tho' the Drama be, in some Respects, more perfect than the Epopée; in others it is inferiour. And it is not *Virgil's* Fault, if we will not distinguish between the Building of a House, and of a City. In a Work of such an Extent as an Epic Poem, and all delivered in Narration, not represented by Action, These Interruptions of the main Business (especially when they

are some of the most beautiful Parts of the Poem, as they always are in *Virgil's*) are so far from being Improproprieties, that they are Excellencies. This Variety is a Relief to the Mind of the Reader; who is more diverted by the alternate Rest, and Rapidity of the Action, than he would be by it's perpetual Motion. Nay the Mind is therefore the more in perpetual Motion, (tho' in several Kinds of it) than if the Action really were so. For the Poem, as I observed, does not stand still; tho' the Action may.

If what I have discoursed upon Episodes be not in the usual, I think it is in the clearer way of Expressing; and as such I propose it to others. *Bossu*, in his excellent Treatise of Epic Poetry, has some nice Distinctions concerning them; which to me are more subtle, than perspicuous: But That, I am sensible, may be my Fault, not his. And yet he seems not to distinguish enough, when he says all Episodes are necessary Parts of the Action, and makes no Difference between Necessary, and Convenient. Nay he appears to be inconsistent * with himself upon This Head, and to mistake the Sense of *Aristotle*. To the Doctrine of which Philosopher I believe my Account is more agreeable. For after he has represented the Action of the *Odyssee* in a direct Line, as I have That of the *Æneis*; he immediately adds, † *This then is proper*;

* For he mentions several Episodes, which he allows to be truly such; which yet are only convenient, not necessary. And besides, he says, p. 101. and in other Places, Une Episode est une partie nécessaire de l'Action: And yet, p. 102. Le premier plan de l'Action contient seulement ce qui est propre & nécessaire à la Fable; & n'a aucune Episode. By which he seems at least to allow that an Episode may not be necessary.

† Τὸ μὲν ἑν ἰδίῳ τῷτο, τὰ δ' ἄλλα ἐπισόδια. Poetic. Cap. XVII.

per; the rest are *Episodes*. By the Word *Proper*, I understand Immediately, and Directly Necessary. But he no where says that all *Episodes* are so in any Sense; but leaves That Matter at large. For tho' his *French* Translators, *Bossu*, and *Dacier* (which Latter, I think, is in the same Errour with the Former) use the same Word *Proper*, when applied to *Episodes*, as when applied to the main Action; yet the Words * in the Original are different. *Bossu* argues that the literal Signification of the Word *Episode* [something *adventitious*] cannot take place; because an *Episode* must not be *added*, or *superinduced*, but naturally *flow*, or *arise* from the Subject. As if a new Person could not enter a Room to a Company already there assembled, without being impertinent: Surely his Coming may not only be proper, but necessary; tho' I confess it may not be necessary, and yet be proper: Which is the very thing I would say of *Episodes*. According to this, when *Virgil* says in the Seventh Book,

Hos super advenit Volsca de gente Camilla;

That Heroine is a mere Intruder; and her Story afterwards in the Eleventh Book is no *Episode*. In short, it matters not whether we say Those Incidents *flow*, or *arise* from the Subject; or are *added*, and *connected* to it; or *inserted*, and *interwoven* with it: If they are *natural* and *proper* Parts of the Poem, That is sufficient; all the rest is a Dispute about Words, and of no Importance, or Significancy. However it be, I imagine I cannot
better

* The one is ἰδιον, the other is διουλον. The former is of a more close, restrained, and peculiar Signification, than the latter: The former relating most properly to a Man's Person; the latter to his Possessions.

better represent the several Sorts of Episodes which I have mentioned, than by an Instance nearly ally'd to my Subject; I mean That of a General making a Campaign. All the important Undertakings and Performances of Himself, or the Gross of his Army, or Both, in pursuance of the Design propos'd, are direct Parts of the main Action; and so far the Campaign, and the Poem agree even in Terms. If he sitting in his Tent either gives, or hears, the Recital of something past, the Knowledge of which is absolutely necessary to the Prosecution of his Enterprize; This indeed is not Action: But still it was said to be absolutely necessary in order to the Prosecution of his Enterprize. And so is That Narration of *Æneas* in the Second, and Third Books, in order to the carrying on of the Action, and to shew the Reason of it. This in War would not be called an Episode; but it is so in Poetry. Should the same General detach a Part of his Army upon a particular Expedition; and the Commander of That Body behave himself with uncommon Gallantry, and attempt something very extraordinary, and to be distinguished in History; whether he succeeded in That Attempt or not: This would indeed be a Part of the Campaign, but perhaps not a necessary one; because the Campaign might have subsisted, and have been successful, or unsuccessful, with it, or without it. Such are the Episodes of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*; of *Mexentius*, and of *Camilla*. The Case of the same General's being for some Time diverted from Action by an Amour, or some such Incident, shall be considered in my Remarks upon the Fourth Book. But should he in Time of In-action, tho' the Campaign still continued, entertain his Officers and Soldiers with warlike Sports and Recreations; or

hear

hear the Relation of some memorable Adventure in the Place where he encamped (like the Adventure of *Hercules*, and *Cacus*) tho' no way concerning his own Affairs: These indeed would not be Parts of the Action of his Campaign; but still might be very properly recorded in his History, and afford great Delight to the Reader; who would by no Means be offended either with the General, or the Historian; nor think the History of That Campaign to be less of a Piece, because the warlike Operations were for some Time suspended. For we must still remember, that tho' an Epic Poem be widely different from History in many Circumstances; yet it is more nearly ally'd to it, than any Dramatic Piece whatsoever. The learned Reader, I fear, will think I might have troubled him with fewer Words upon This Subject; but such Readers I presume not to instruct: What I have said may not perhaps be altogether useless to Those who are less conversant in These Matters: To acquaint them with which, nothing can contribute more, than clear Ideas annexed to the Words, *Action*, *Fable*, *Incident*, and *Episod*: All which are ill understood by Many, who yet use them with the greatest Freedom and Familiarity.

Now if my Opinion be not received, I hope my avowed Ignorance will at least be excused; while I confess, that tho' I very clearly apprehend the Settling of the *Trojan* Colony in *Italy* to be the Action of the *Æneis*; and the Return of *Ulysses* to be the Action of the *Odyssee*: yet I do not so well understand how the Anger of *Achilles* comes to be called the Action of the *Iliad*. For besides that Anger is a Passion, not an Action: And if you mean the immediate Effect of That Anger,

Anger, not the Anger it self; Standing still, and doing nothing (which was the Consequence of That Hero's Resentment) can as little be called an Action as the Other; I say, not to insist upon This, tho' it is by no means so trivial a Nicety as Some may suppose; the Anger of *Achilles* is not the *main Subject* of the Poem, nor the chief Hinge upon which it turns. The Action of it seems to be the Conquest of *Troy*; the Fable, the *Trojan War*; and the Anger of *Achilles*, an important Incident, serving to aggrandize the Hero, and consequently the Action, and to render them more illustrious; as also to convey That useful Moral, concerning the fatal Effects of Discord and Contention. It will be said, that what I have mentioned is not the Action of the Poem; because *Homer* has not proposed it as such. But may it not be as well replied, that *it is* the Action of the Poem; and therefore he *should have* proposed it as such? For what is the Action, appears from the Stress and Turn of the Work, not from the Title or Exordium; from the End, not from the Beginning: And of This the Readers are to judge, as well as of any thing else. Did not *Homer* then know the Action of his own Poem? Yes questionless; but he did not mention it in his Proposition; which may possibly be chargeable upon him as an Errour: He mentions the most important Incident, but omits the Action. Had the Exordium set forth the Defeat of the *Trojans*, and the Destruction of *Troy*, with such a Clause as this, "Tho' That great Event was suspended by "the fatal Anger of *Achilles*, 'Η μὲν Ἀχαιοῖς ἔλγ' ἔθηκε, and so on, as it now stands; it would, in my humble Opinion, have been more unexceptionable than it is at present. But I beg Pardon
for

for even seeming to correct *Homer*; and speak This with all possible Submission. It is true, the Conquest of *Troy* is not compleated in the *Iliad*; no more is the Settlement of the *Trojans* by the Building of the Hero's City in the *Æneis*: But *Hector* is killed in the one; as *Turnus* is in the other; and the Consequences of both are very visible. I acknowledge indeed, that those of the First are not so near in view as those of the Last. But tho' *Virgil* in his *Æneis*, and *Homer* himself in his *Odyssée*, inform us that the Death of *Hector* was not the immediate Cause of the Destruction of *Troy*; the War continuing with great Obstinacy for a considerable time after his Death; as the Stratagem of the Wooden Horse was the immediate Cause of the City's Destruction; and tho' *Homer* confines the direct Action of his *Iliad* only to a Part of the *Trojan* War: Yet he takes in the Whole from the Amour of *Paris* and *Helen* to the Burning of the Town, by way of Narration, and by way of Prophecy; which Artifice, next to Fiction, is the most proper Character of Epic Poetry, as distinguish'd from History. For the Invention of This, we are (at least so far as we know) solely obliged to *Homer*: And for This alone, if he had done nothing else, he would have merited That immortal Glory, which for This, and for a thousand other Excellencies, he now most justly possesses.

The Shortness of the Time, and the Simplicity of the Action, are Circumstances which, in the Opinion of Some, give the *Iliad* a great Advantage over the *Æneis*. The first mentioned would be no such Advantage, if what *Ruens* says were true; that the *Iliad* takes up a Year: For Monsieur *Segrais* has made it plain to a Demonstration, that

that the *Æneis* takes up no more. But I wonder *Ruæus* should affirm That of the *Iliad*; when it is manifest that the whole Action includes no more than forty seven Days. As to the Simplicity, or Singleness of which; if That be the Action which I apprehend, (for, out of Deference to the commonly received Opinion, I do not insist upon it) the Action is more complex, than it is generally supposed. But admitting that in the *Iliad* the Action is more simple, as well as the Time shorter, than in the *Æneis*: Doubtless a single Action is better than a complicated one, *as such*; or in other Words, it is better, if it can be made equally entertaining. But there is the Difficulty: And for That Reason, it is a Question not yet decided, whether, even in Pieces for the Theatre, complicated Actions, all things considered, be not, generally speaking, preferable to single ones. And there is yet more Reason to prefer the First in an Epic Poem; which is of a far wider Extent, and partakes the Nature of History in some Respects, as well as of the Drama in others. “*Virgil* (says “*Mr. Pope**) for want of so warm a Genius [as “*Homer’s*] aided himself by taking in a more extensive Subject, as well as a greater Length of “Time; and contracted the Design of both *Homer’s* Poems into one, which is yet but a fourth “Part as large as his.” The supposed Coolness of *Virgil’s* Genius shall be considered hereafter. At present I acknowledge he took what he thought proper out of the *Iliad* and *Odyssee*, tho’ he did not take his Design from Either; and his first six Books resemble the *Odyssee*, as the last six do the *Iliad*: And his One Poem is in Number of Books no more than a Quarter of *Homer’s* Two. But in
This

This the Advantage seems to be on his Side. For there is, if I do not greatly miscalculate, as much important Matter, and as great a Variety of Incidents, in *Virgil's* Twelve, as in *Homer's* Forty-eight. And yet is *Virgil's* Poem too much crouded, and the Matter too thick? I think not. Are not *Homer's*, on the contrary, too lean? And is not the Matter too thinly spread? I think it is. When I say a greater Number of Incidents; I do not mean more Men killed, more Battles fought, more Speeches spoke, and the like: Those are not Incidents; and I own *Homer* has many more of Them than *Virgil*. Mr. *Pope* admires the Variety of *Homer's* Battles for This Reason, that tho' they are so numerous, they are not tedious. But whether a thing be tedious, or not, is Matter of Experience, rather than of Judgment: and so every particular Person must speak as he finds. Upon his Multitude of Speeches, That most ingenious and judicious Gentleman (who was certainly born a Poet, if ever Man was) has This Remark: "It is hardly credible, in a Work of such a Length, how small a Number of Lines are employed in Narration. In *Virgil* the Dramatic Part is less in Proportion to the Narrative." It is so; and even in Proportion to the different Length of their Works, *Homer* has undoubtedly more Speeches than *Virgil*; too many, in my humble Opinion. *Homer* has not enough of the Narrative Part; but *Virgil* has enough of the Dramatic; if it must be so called. For, by the way, (tho' I very well remember that *Aristotle* applies this Word to the *Epopée*, and have elsewhere taken notice of it, and have observed from Monsieur *Dacier*, that he uses it in a different Sense from This of which we are now speaking) I do not understand why Speech-making

making in an Heroick Poem must be called *Dramatic*; and by virtue of That Name pass for a Beauty. The Drama indeed consists wholly of Speeches; but then they are spoken by the Persons themselves, who are actually introduced and represented; not related and recited by the Author as spoken by Others, as they always are in an Epic Poem. *These* are both agreeable, and necessary; *Those*, if they take up far the greatest Part of the Work, being inserted by the everlasting Repetition of Those introducing, and closing interlocutory Tags, *Καί μιν φωνήσας, Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε, Ὡς ἔφατ', Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενον, &c.* are apt to tire the Reader; nor does the Word *Dramatic* at all lessen the Disgust which they give him. I am aware too that, setting aside the Word *Dramatic*, *Aristotle* expressly declares for a Multitude of Speeches, and little Narration, in Epic Poetry: But then I beg Leave once for all to make a Remark upon This Subject, which may be applied to some others; That *Aristotle's* Precepts are formed upon *Homer's* Practice; no other Heroic Poet having then appeared in the World. But since the Case is now quite altered; to give *Homer* the Preference to *Virgil* upon Rules entirely drawn from *Homer's* own Practice, would be *Begging the Question* even in the Judgment of *Aristotle* as a Logician, whatever might be his Opinion as a Critick. Not but that, after all, a far greater Part even of *Virgil's* Poem is employed in Speeches, than one would imagine without a *very close Attention*: If I may judge of others by myself, we are deceived by him in This Particular, (so exquisite is his Art) and even after frequent Readings do not ordinarily take notice that there are so many Speeches in his *Æneis* as there really are: An infallible

fallible Sign that they are excellent in themselves, and most skilfully introduced and connected. I agree that in an Epic Poem they ought to be *very numerous*; tho' I do not ground That Opinion upon the Reason which *Aristotle* assigns; *viz.* That otherwise a Poet would not be an *Imitator*. For is there no *Imitation*, but in *Speeches*? What are *Descriptions*?

By more Incidents then I do not mean (as I said) more Men killed, more Battles fought, more Speeches spoke; but more memorable and surprising Events. Take these Poems therefore purely as Romances; and consider them only with regard to the History, and Facts contained in them, the Plots, the Actions, Turns, and Events; That of *Virgil* is more copious, full, various, and surprising, and every way more entertaining, than Those of *Homer*. Then is there any Comparison between the Subjects of the Poems? Between the Anger of *Achilles*, (if That be the Subject of the *Iliad*) and the Return of *Ulysses*, in Those of the Greek Poet; and the Founding of *Rome*, and the Glory of the *Romans*, in That of the Latin one?

It is said by Mr. *Dryden**, and Others, that *Homer's* Moral is more Noble than *Virgil's*; but for what Reason I know not. The Quarrel of *Achilles* and *Agamemnon* teaches us the ill Consequences of Discord in a State; and the Story of the Dogs, the Sheep, and the Wolf, in *Æsop's* Fables, does the same†. This indeed is a very good Lesson; but seems too narrow, and particular, to be the *Grand Moral* of an Heroic Poem. It is proper, if you please, to be *inserted* in such a Work; and many more as important as This are interspersed up and
down,

* *Dedication of the Æneis.*

† See *Bosiu, Chap. IX.*

down, and mentioned among other Things, both in That of *Virgil*, and in Those of *Homer*. But how much more noble, extensive, and truly Heroic a Moral is This; That Piety to God, and Justice and Goodness to Men, together with true Valour, both Active, and Passive, (not such as consists in Strength, Intrepidity, and Fierceness only, which is the Courage of a Tyger, not of a Man) will engage Heaven on our Sides; and make both Prince and People victorious, flourishing, and happy? And This is the Moral of the *Æneis*, properly so called. For tho' *Virgil* had plainly another End in View, which was to conciliate the Affections of the *Roman* People to the new Government of *Augustus Cæsar*; upon which *Bossu*, and after him *Mr. Dryden*, have largely, and excellently discoursed: Yet This is rather of a Political, than of a Moral Nature. *Mr. Pope*, seeming to acknowledge that the Moral of the *Æneis* is preferable to the Moral of the *Iliad*, only says, the same Arguments upon which That Preference is grounded might set the *Odyssee* above the *Æneis*. But as he does not give Reasons for the Assertion, it will be sufficient to say, that there seems to me to be at least as much Morality in *Virgil's* Poem, as in the *Odyssee* itself; and that particularly in the Characters of the Heroes, *Æneas*, as much excels *Ulysses* in Piety, as *Achilles* does *Æneas* in rapid Valour. And for Virtue in general, the Point between the two Heroes last mentioned is entirely yielded by Every body in favour of *Virgil's*; the very Moral of the *Iliad* requiring that it's Hero should be immoral. But sure it is more artful and entertaining, as well as useful and instructive, to have the Moral of the Poem so cast and contrived, that the principal Person in it may be

be good and virtuous, as well as great and brave. It will be said, *Homer* could not avoid That Inconvenience: *Achilles* having a known Character before. It may be so; and I am glad of That Excuse: But still *so it is*; and it would have been better, if it had been otherwise. Or if you will have it as Mr. *Pope* puts it, (less, I think, to *Homer's* Advantage) He did not design to do otherwise: "They blame him, says He, for not doing what he never design'd: As because *Achilles* is not as good, and perfect a Prince as *Æneas*; when the very Moral of his Poem required a contrary Character." I wish then his Design had been different: Because if it had, it would have been better. If a Man does ill; is it an Answer to say, He designed to do so? The Account which *Horace* gives of *Achilles* is very true:

*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer;
Fura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis.*

Heroic Vertues, no doubt! An admirable Character of a Demi-god!

But who will contend that the *Grecian* Poet is comparable to the *Roman*, in his exquisite Understanding of Humane Nature, and particularly in his Art of moving the Passions? Which is one of the most distinguishing Characters of a Poet, and in which he peculiarly triumphs and glories. I mention only the Fourth *Æneid*, (tho' an hundred other Instances might be mentioned) and desire That Book alone may be matched in this respect by all *Homer's* Works put together. And yet I am not unmindful of several excellent pathetic Passages in both his immortal Poems.

What

What has been hitherto discoursed, includes both Judgment, and Invention. That *Homer* excels *Virgil* in the latter of These, is generally taken for granted. That he invented *before* him, and invented *more*, is an undoubted Truth: But it does not from thence follow that he invented *better*, or that he had a *better Invention*. For to say that *Virgil* betrays a Barrenness of Genius, or Scantiness of Imagination, (even in comparison with *Homer*) is a most groundless, and unjust Reflection upon him. It is his exact Judgment which makes both his Fancy, and his Fire seem less to Some, than they really are. And then we must consider that it was the Fashion among the *Romans* to adopt all Learning of the *Greeks* into their own Language: It was so in Oratory, and Philosophy, as well as in Poetry. And therefore it is no Consequence that *Virgil* was of a narrower Invention than *Homer* himself, because in many things he copied from him: And yet That Inference is continually made, and Those things unreasonably confounded. And after all; *Virgil* did not copy so much from *Homer*, as Some would make us believe; from whose Discourse, if we had no other Evidence, one would imagine the Latin to be little more than a Translation, and an Abridgment, of the Greek. The admirable Choice of his Subject, and Hero, for the Honour of his Country; his most artfully interweaving the *Roman* History, especially at Those three remarkable Divisions in the First, the Sixth, and the Eighth Books; his Action, and the Main of his Fable; the exquisite Mechanism of his Poem, and the Disposition of it's Parts, are entirely his own; as are most of his Episodes: And I suppose that it will be allowed that his Diction and Versification were not taken from *Homer*. To
pass

pass over many other things which might be mentioned, and some of which I shall mention in my Notes; Why must *Dido* and *Æneas* be copied from *Calypso* and *Ulysses*? The Reason is plain: *Dido* and *Calypso* were Women, (if the latter, being a Goddess, may be called so;) and *Ulysses* and *Æneas* were Men; and between Those Men and Women there was a Love-Adventure, and a Hero detained by it. That is all the Resemblance between the Persons immediately concerned. *Jupiter's* Message by *Mercury* is plainly taken from *Homer* by *Virgil*: But *Virgil* might very well think of That Imitation, after he had laid the Plan of *Dido's* Episode; which is quite of another Nature from *Calypso's*, and introduc'd with a quite different Design. For the same Reason, I suppose, the Conversation between *Venus* and *Jupiter* in the first *Æneid* must be taken from *Homer*; because *Thetis* has a Conference with That God (in favour of her Son too) in the First *Iliad*. *Virgil* mentions Sea and Land, Heaven and Earth, Horses and Chariots, Gods and Men; nay he makes use of Hexameter Verse, and the Letters of the Alphabet; and *Homer*, tho' in a different Language, had, I confess, done all This before him. But where *Virgil* really does (as he often does) imitate *Homer*; how does he at the same time exceed him! What Comparison is there between the Funeral Games for *Patroclus*, and Those for *Anchises*? Between the Descent of *Ulysses* into Hell, and That of *Æneas*? Between the merely ornamental Sculptures upon *Homer's* *Vulcanian* Shield, and the *Roman* History, and the Triumphs of *Augustus* upon *Virgil's*? In my Notes I shall be more particular: At present, I cannot forbear saying, that

to be *such* an Improver is almost as much Glory, as to be the original Inventer*.

As the Case is stated between These two great Poets by the most moderate Criticks; *Homer* excelled in Fire, and Invention; and *Virgil* in Judgment. *Invention* has been already enough considered: *Judgment*, and *Fire* are further to be discoursed of. That *Virgil* excelled in Judgment, we all allow. But *how far* did he excel? Did he not *very much*? Almost beyond Comparifon? I shall here fay very little of *Homer's* Errours, and *Virgil's* Excellencies in That respect. The latter I shall speak of in my Notes: And the former I have no mind to: Both, because it has been so frequently, and largely done already; and also, because it is an uneasy Task; and I had much rather remark upon Beauties, than upon Faults, especially in one of the greatest Men that ever lived: and for whom I have an exceeding Love, and Veneration. I think he is unjustly censured by my Lord *Roscommon*, and Others, for his *Railing Heroes, and Wounded Gods*. The one was agreeable to the Manners of Those Ages, which he best knew: And as to the other, Those who are thus wounded, are subordinate Deities, and supposed to have Bodies, or certain Vehioles equivalent to them. Indeed, as *Jupiter* is invested with Omnipotence, and other Attributes of the supreme God; I know not how to account for his being bound and imprisoned by his Subjects, and requiring the Assistance of a Giant to release him: And tho' the *Wound* of *Mars* be no Impropriety; yet his

* Upon the Article of *Virgil's* Invention, see *M. Segrain* at large in his admirable Preface to his Translation of the *Æneis*; and from him *Mr. Dryden* in his Dedication of the *Æneis*, p. 226, &c. of the Folio Edition.

his *Behaviour* upon it is very strange: He roars, and runs away, and tells his Father; and the God of War is the veriest Coward in the Field. Nor can I forbear thinking, notwithstanding all the Refinements of Criticks, and Commentators, that the Figure which *Vulcan* makes in the Synod of the Gods is a little improper, and unheroical. But, as I said; I care not to insist upon these things; nor do I deny that *Virgil* has Faults, and that too in his First Six Books, which are most correct, and least liable to Exception. I shall in my Remarks take Notice of some Passages, which I think to be such. No *Mortal* was ever yet the Author of a Work absolutely perfect: There are but *Two* such in the World; if we may properly say so: For the *World* it self is one of them.

Virgil then greatly excelled *Homer* in Judgment: So much, that had he been greatly excelled by him in Fire, the Advantage, upon the Comparison in These two Respects, would have been on his Side. But I shall not consider, on the other hand, how far *Homer* exceeded *Virgil* in Fire; because I utterly deny that he exceeded him in it at all.

This, I am sensible, will seem a bold Assertion; Many who, upon the Whole, prefer *Virgil*, give him up here: Many, I say; for Some do not. And never was any Author more injured, than he has been, by some Criticks, especially Moderns, in the Article of Genius, and Poetical Fire. What do These Gentlemen call Fire? Or how much Fire would they have: It is impossible to instance in Particulars here; I shall do That in my Notes: I can now only refer to some general Heads, among a Multitude more, which I cannot so much as mention. In the First Book, *Juno's* Speech, *Æolus*,
 VOL. I. b the

the Storm, the Beginning of *Dido's* Passion: Almost the whole Second Book throughout: *Polyphemus*, and *Ætna* in the Third: The Sports, and the Burning of the Ships, in the Fifth: The Sibyl's Prophetick Enthusiasm, and the Descent into Hell in the Sixth: *Juno's* Speech again, the Fury *Alecto*, the Occasion of the War, and the Assembling of the Forces in the Seventh: The Story of *Cacus* in the Eighth, the *Cyclops*, and the Shield: In the Ninth, the Beginning of warlike Action; at

*Hic subitam nigro glomerari pulvere nubem
Prospiciunt Teucry, & tenebras insurgere campis, &c.*

Nisus and *Euryalus*; and the amazing Exploits of *Turnus* in the Enemy's City: In the Tenth, the Arrival of *Æneas* with his Fleet and Forces, at

*Ardet apex capiti, cristisque à vertice flamma
Funditur, & vastos umbo vomit aureus ignes, &c.*

It is needless, and would be almost endless, to recite the Rapidity of the War in the Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Books; *Mexentius*; *Camilla*; the Speeches of *Turnus*, to *Drances*, to *Latinus*, to his Sister *Futurna*; and lastly, the single Combat between *Æneas* and Him:

*At Pater Æneas, audito nomine Turni,
Deserit & muros, & summas deserit arces;
Præcipitatque moras omnes, opera omnia rumpit,
Lætitia exultans, horrendumque intonat armis:
Quantus Athos, &c.*

Which reminds me, by the way, that the same Persons, who blame *Virgil* for want of Fire, blame
his

his Hero for want of Courage; and with just as much Reason. I agree, that each of These Poets in his Temper and Spirit extremely resembles his Hero: And accordingly, *Homer* is no more superiour to *Virgil* in true Fire, than *Achilles* is to *Æneas* in true Courage. But what necessarily supposes the Poetical Fire, and cannot subsist without it, has not been yet mentioned under This Head; tho' it was taken notice of under Another: I mean, *moving the Passions*, especially those of Terroure and Pity. The Fourth Book throughout I have above referred to: The Death of *Priam*; The Meeting of *Æneas* and *Andromache*; *Nisus* and *Euryalus* again: *Evander's* Concern for his Son before his Death, and his Lamentation after it; the Distress of *Juturna*, and the Fury in the Shape of an Owl flapping upon the Shield of *Tur-nus*, are some Instances selected out of many. The Truth is, (so far as it appears from their several Works) the *Greek* Poet knew little of the Passions, in comparison of the *Roman*.

It must be observed, that tho' most of the Instances, which I have now produced out of *Virgil*, are taken from warlike Adventures; yet it is a great Errour to think (as Some do) that all Fire consists in Quarrelling and Fighting: as do three Parts in four of *Homer's*, in his *Iliad*. The Fire we are speaking of, is *Spirit* and *Vivacity*; *Energy* of *Thought*, and *Expression*; which way soever it affects us; whether it fires us by *Anger*, or otherwise; nay, tho' it does not fire us at all, but even produces a quite contrary Effect. However it may sound like a Paradox; it is the Property of This Poetical Flame to chill us with Horroure, and make us weep with Pity, as well as to kindle us with Indignation, Love, or Glory: It is its Property to

cool, as well as to burn; and Frost and Snow are it's Fuel, as much as Sulphur.

—*Jamque volans, apicem, & latera ardua cernit
Atlantis duri, cælum qui vertice fulcit;
Atlantis, cinctum assidue cui nubibus atris,
Piniferum caput, & vento pulsatur, & imbri :
Nix humeros infusa tegit, tum flumina mento
Præcipitant senis, & glacie riget horrida barba.*

In These Lines we have the Images of a hoary old Man, a vast rocky Mountain, black Clouds, Wind and Rain, Ice and Snow; One shrinks, and shivers, while one reads them: And yet the World affords few better Instances of Poetical Fire; which is as much shewn in describing a Winter-piece, as in describing a Battle, or a Conflagration. However, as it appears from the Examples before cited, *Virgil* was not deficient even in That sort of Fire which is commonly called so, the fierce, the rapid, the fighting: And where he either shews not That, or none at all, it is not because he cannot, but because he will not, because it is not proper. To explain my self, I refer the Reader to my Remark upon Ver. 712. of the First Book. Excepting some uncorrect Verses, *Virgil* never flags: Or when he appears to do so, it is on purpose; according to that most true Opinion of my Lord Roscommon:

*For I mistake; or far the greatest Part
Of what Some call Neglect, was study'd Art.
When Virgil seems to trifle in a Line;
'Tis like a Warning-piece, which gives the Sign,
To wake your Fancy, and prepare your Sight
To reach the noble Height of some unusual Flight.*

His

His very Negligences are accurate; and even his Blemishes are Beauties. Besides; a considerable Number of Verses together may have little, or no Fire in them; and yet be very graceful, and deserve great Praise. *Virgil* (which perhaps is not so observable in *Homer*) can be elegant, and admirable, without being in a Hurry, or in a Passion. He is sometimes higher indeed, and sometimes lower: but he always flies; and that too (as Mr. *Segrais* judiciously observes) always at a Distance from the Ground: He rises, and sinks, as he pleases; but never flutters, or grovels. Can the same be as truly said of *Homer*? His Fire in the main is divine; but as I think he has too much of it in some Places, has he not too little in others? Mr. *Dryden* says, * *Milton runs into a flat Thought, sometimes for a hundred Lines together.* Which is not true: He sometimes flags in many Lines together; and perhaps the same may be as truly said of his Greek Master. In *Homer*, methinks I see a Rider of a noble, generous, and fiery Steed; who always puts him upon the Stretch, and therefore sometimes tires him: *Virgil* mounted upon the same, or such another, gives him either the Reins, or the Curb, at proper times; and so his Pace, if not always rapid, as it should not be, is always stately, and majestick; and his Fire appears by being suppressed, as well as by being indulged. For the Judgment of This incomparable Poet, in alternately suppressing, and indulging his Divine Fury, puts me in mind of his own *Apollo* overruling and inspiring his own *Sibyl*; which whole Passage, by the way (for I shall cite but Part of it) is it self one of the noblest Instances of Poetical Fire in the whole World. My Application a

little perverts it : But That is a small Circumstance in Allusions.

*At Phœbi nondum patiens immanis in antro
Bacchatur vates, magnum si pectore possit
Excussisse Deum; tanto magis ille fatigat
Os rabidum, fera corda domans, fingitque pre-*
[mendo.

But afterwards ;

*Talibus ex adyto dictis Cumæa Sibylla
Horrendas canit ambages, antroque remugit,
Obscuris vera involvens ; ea frœna furenti
Concutit, & stimulos sub pectore vertit Apollo.*

What was my Lord Roscommon's Precept, was *Virgil's* Practice,

To write with Fury, but correct with Phlegm :

Things very consistent in their own Nature. And therefore I must insist that *Virgil* was no way deficient in Poetical Fire ; and that *Homer* excelled him not in That Particular. By which last I always mean, that either *Homer* had not *more* of it ; or if he had *more in the Whole*, he had *too much* in *some* Instances, and *too little* in *others*. If His were *more* than *Virgil's*, (tho' even That I question) it was not *better* ; no nor *so good* : considering how their Fire was disposed, or (if I may so speak) situated in their several Constitutions ; and what use they severally made of it in their Writings. And therefore upon this Article I must beg Leave to say, Mr. *Pope* is not just to *Virgil*, as well as to some other Poets, in the Preface to his admirable Translation of *Homer*. " This Fire, (says he) " is discerned in *Virgil* ; but discerned as through

“ a Glass, reflected, and more shining than warm,
 “ but every where equal and constant: In *Lucan*,
 “ and *Statius*, it bursts out in sudden, short, and
 “ interrupted Flashes: In *Milton*, it glows like a
 “ Furnace, kept up to an uncommon Fierceness
 “ by the Force of Art: In *Shakespear*, it strikes
 “ before we are aware, like an accidental Fire
 “ from Heaven: But in *Homer*, and in Him on-
 “ ly, it burns every where clearly, and every
 “ where irresistibly.” Supposing his Account of
Lucan and *Statius* to be true: I no more know
 how to distinguish it from his Account of *Shake-*
spear, than I can agree with him in the Character
 he gives of That great Man. For Fires from Hea-
 ven do not *often* strike; and when they do, are
 of no long Continuance: And so *Shakespear*’s,
 like That of the other Two before-mentioned, is
 supposed to *burst out in short, sudden, and inter-*
rupted Flashes: For Instance, like Lightning;
 which is the only Fire from Heaven that we or-
 dinary see, or hear of, and even That not very
 frequently. For if any other Celestial Flashes are
 here meant, they indeed may be more Divine;
 but they are much more rare, and short, than
 Those of *Statius*, and *Lucan*. Whereas *Shake-*
spear, in my Judgment, has more of the Poetical
 Fire, than either of Those Poets. *Milton* indeed
 had more of it than He: and therefore I am no
 less surprized at the Character here given of his
 Fire, that *it glows like a Furnace, kept up to an*
uncommon Fierceness by the Force of Art: Because,
 tho’ his Art, Learning, and Use of Books, espe-
 cially of *Homer*, be very great; yet he is most
 distinguished by natural Genius, Spirit, Invention,
 and Fire; in all which perhaps he is not very much
 inferiour to *Homer* himself. Whose Fire again does

not, I conceive, *burn every where clearly, and irresistibly*: Or if it did, it would be no Commendation. For the small Praise here given to *Virgil*, is, in my Opinion, no true Praise at all: His Fire is not every where equal: and it would be a Fault in him, if it were; as I have above observed. But waving That; Surely such an Account of *Virgil's* Fire was never given by so great a Man before. *It is discerned*: As faint, and lessening an Expression, as could have been thought of. And how is it even *discerned*? Only *through a Glass*: And lest we should imagine That Glass to be a *Burning-Glass*; it is *reflected*, and *more shining than warm*. Now I desire to be informed, what truer Idea any one can have of the coldest, and most spiritless Writer in the World; supposing him only to be a good Judge, and a Man of tolerable Parts. If I am my self a little warm upon This Subject, I hope it may be pardoned upon such an Occasion; when so great a Genius as *Virgil* is unjustly censured by so great a Genius as Mr. *Pope*. However it be; *Homer*, according to This Account, remains the Sun of Poetry: For I know of no other Luminary (to which he may be compared) whose Fire *burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly*. Whereas, if we must pursue These Similes of Light, and Fire, (tho' like other Similes, they do not answer in every Particular) I should rather say, as I hinted in the Beginning of This Preface, that the Fire of Poetry arose in *Homer*, like Light at the Creation; shining, and burning, it is true, but enshrined in a Cloud: But was afterwards transplanted into *Virgil*, as into the Sun; according to the Account which *Milton* gives of Both *:

Let

* *Paradise Lost, Book VII.*

*Let there be Light, said God; and forthwith Light
Ethereal, first of Things, Quintessence pure,
Sprang from the Deep; and from her native East
To journey thro' the airy Gloom began,
Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud: For yet the Sun
Was not; She in a cloudy Tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while.-----*

Afterwards:

*Of Light by far the greater Part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy Shrine, and plac'd
In the Sun's Orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid Light; firm to retain
Her gather'd Beams, great Palace now of Light.*

If it be said that, according to This Account, Homer has the Advantage; because *all* the Light is supposed to have been first in Him, and only a Part of it, tho' the greatest, transferred to Virgil; it must be remembred that we are only making a Comparison: For if it were an exact Parallel, we must conceive (as we cannot be supposed to do) that the *very individual* Fire of the Greek Poet was transferred into the Roman. But besides; admitting Homer to have the Advantage *so far* as This Objection supposes; yet still Virgil has it *upon the Whole*, even with respect to Fire, of which we are now discoursing. Tho' the Light in the cloudy Shrine were *more* than That in the Sun; yet in the Sun it is placed in a *higher*, and more regular Sphere; more *aptly disposed* for warming and illuminating, and more *commodiously situated* for the Delight and Benefit of Mankind. “The Roman Author, (we are told) seldom rises into
b 5 “very

“ very astonishing Sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad* *.” Tho’ I absolutely deny the Matter of Fact; yet supposing it were true, still *fired he is*: The Poetical Spirit is in him, however he came by it; and that too *better*, if not *more*, than in Him from whom he is imagined to have received it. How far the Reader will be of my Opinion upon This Article I know not: But to me the Truth of what I have urged resembles the *Things* of which I have been speaking; It *shines* like the *Light*, and *burns* like the *Fire*.

As to *Similes*, *Homer* is supposed to have the full Propriety of *Them*; and even the greatest Part of *Virgil’s* must be His. That a great Number of *Virgil’s* are taken from him, I deny not; but most of them are exceedingly improved by being transplanted: Tho’ I believe if he had taken fewer from *Homer*, and given us more of his own, his Poem would have been so much the better. Not that he really has copy’d from *Homer* in This Instance, near so much as some Criticks pretend; and he has more *Similes* entirely his own, than the afore-said Criticks will allow him. In my Remarks, I shall mention some Particulars.

Generally speaking, *Homer’s Descriptions* are admirable. But even in This View, Those are unjust to *Virgil*, who do not allow that he out-does his Master. Consider the several Instances already cited, upon the Article of Poetical Fire; for most of them may be equally applied to This. What Images! what Paintings! what Representations of Nature! what Nature it self, do we find and feel in them! Besides a Multitude of others, which cannot now be so much as mentioned: I must here again refer to my Notes for Particulars.

For

* Preface to Mr. Pope’s *Homer*,

For *Style, Diction, and Versification*, *Homer*, I acknowledge, is allowed the Triumph, even by the Generality of *Virgil's* Party: particularly by *Rapin*; as he is likewise by Him in the Instances of *Fire*, and *Description*, above-mentioned. However, that I may not be thought singular in my Opinion, a Character, which I by no means desire; it may be considered that I agree with *Scaliger* in his express Assertions, and with my Lord *Roscommon* in his Hints and Insinuations, not to mention other Authorities; when I frankly declare my Sentiments, that the *Roman* Poet is superiour to the *Grecian* even in This Respect. The *Greek* Language, it is true, is superior to the *Latin*, in This, as well as in every Thing else; being the most expressive, the most harmonious, the most various, rich, and fruitful, and indeed, in every Respect, the best Language upon Earth. But if notwithstanding This great Advantage, *Virgil's* Diction and Versification be preferable to *Homer's*; his Glory for That very Reason will be so much the greater. *Homer's* *Epithets*, for the most part, are in *Themselves* exceedingly beautiful; but are not many of them *superfluous*? Whether Those Particles which are commonly (and indeed, I think, falsely) called *Expletives*, be significant, or no, I do not now dispute: But admitting them to be so; are not too many little Words, whether *Expletives*, nay whether *Particles*, or not, often crowded together? *Ἡ εἰ δὲ πρὸς τοῖς κατὰ, &c.* and *Ἡ παρὰ τοῖς κατὰ, &c.* are not, I own, very agreeable Sounds to my Ears; and many more of the same Kind are to be met with. Moreover, does not *Homer* make an ill use of one great Privilege of his Language, (among many others) I mean

mean That of dissolving Diphthongs, by so very frequently inserting a Word of five, or six Syllables, to drag his Sense to the End of a Verse, which concludes with the long Word aforesaid? Those Words, even at the End of a Verse, are sometimes indeed very agreeable: But are they not often otherwise? Especially at the Close of a Paragraph, or Speech, when for the most part too they are Epithets: and yet more especially, when those Epithets are of little or no Significancy? I shall give but one Instance, tho' it were very easy to produce many; and That shall be the last Line of the *Iliad*: Upon which, compared with the last of the *Aeneis*, I cannot but think that

Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras,

is a nobler Conclusion of an Heroic Poem, than

"Ως δὲ γ' ἀμύϊενν ἄφρον' Ἐκτος ἰσπινδαίου.

A thousand things of the same, or of the like Nature, might be mentioned: And I am aware that such Observations will by *some Criticks* be called *modern Criticisms*. But be that as it will; I am for Truth and Reason, whether it be called Ancient, or Modern.

To display the Excellence of *Virgil's* Style, Diction, and Versification, cannot be the Business of This Preface: Here again I must refer to my Notes. I only observe, that nothing can be more sublime, and majestick, than some Parts; nothing more sweet, and soft, than others; nothing more harmonious, flowing, numerous, and sounding, than both his Soft, and his Sublime. As to which latter, when he describes the Fury, Noise, and

Con-

Confusion of War, I recollect That of my Lord
Roscommon;

*Th' Æneian Muse, when she appears in State,
 Makes all Jove's Thunder on her Verses wait.*

And that of *Virgil* himself:

— *Quo non præstantior alter
 Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu.*

For Those Lines may as well be applied to the
 Trumpet of *Virgil*, as of *Misenus*. Not but that
 in This way of Writing, I mean the *Martial*, and
 the *Furious*, *Homer* is at least equal to *Virgil*; per-
 haps superiour. But then he is not comparable
 to him in the other Part, the smooth, the soft, and
 the sweetly flowing. This in *Virgil* always puts me
 in mind of some Verses of his own, which I have
 elsewhere cited: Verses, which, in the Sixth Ec-
 logue, the Speakers apply to each other; and which,
 above all Writers, are most applicable to Him,
 who gives Speech to them Both.

*Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine Poeta;
 Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
 Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.
 Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus Austri,
 Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam littora, nec quæ
 Saxosæ inter decurrunt flumina valles.*

But the exquisite Art of *Virgil's* Versification is seen
 in his varying the Pauses, and Periods, and Ca-
 dence of his Numbers; in being rough or smooth,
 soft or vehement, long or short, &c. according
 to the Nature of the Ideas he would convey to
 the

the Mind: In which he goes beyond all Writers; whether Ancient or Modern; and is in particular the best Versifier, as well as, upon the Whole, the best Poet in the World.

Upon the Subject of *Speeches*, Mr. Pope tells us, * " That in *Virgil* they often consist of general
 " Reflections, or Thoughts, which might be e-
 " qually just in any Person's Mouth upon the same
 " Occasion. As many of his Persons have no ap-
 " parent Characters; so many of his Speeches e-
 " scape being applied, and judged by the Rule of
 " Propriety. We oftner think of the Author him-
 " self, when we read *Virgil*, than when we are en-
 " gaged in *Homer*. All which are the Effects of
 " a colder Invention, that interests us less in the
 " Action described: *Homer* makes us Hearers, and
 " *Virgil* leaves us Readers." I have the Misfortune
 to be of a quite different Sentiment. If *Virgil*
 outshines *Homer* in any thing; it is especially in
 his *Speeches*. Which are all, so far as it is ne-
 cessary, adapted to the Manners of the Speakers,
 and diversified by their several Characters. Nor
 do I know of any one Beauty by which *Virgil* is
 more peculiarly distinguished, than That of his
 Speeches: Considering the Sweetness and Softness
 of some, the Cunning and Artifice of others; the
 Majesty and Gravity of a third sort; the Fire and
 Fury of a fourth: In which two last Kinds espe-
 cially we have the united Eloquence of Oratory,
 and Poetry; and read *Tully* involved in *Virgil*. That
 the Characters of the Heroes are more particu-
 larly marked and distinguished in the *Greek*, than
 in the *Latin*, I readily acknowledge. In That the
Iliad excels the *Æneis*; and, I think, in nothing else.
 And the Controversy about These two great Po-
 ets should, in my Opinion, be Thus determined;
 " That

* *Ibid.*

“ That *Virgil* is very much obliged to *Homer* ; and
 “ *Homer*’s Poems, upon the Whole, exceeded by
 “ *Virgil*’s.”

But I am sensible, that by arguing for *Virgil*, I have all this while been arguing against my self. For the more excellent the Author, the more presumptuous the Translator. I have however thus much to plead in my Excuse, That This Work was very far *advanced*, before it was *undertaken* ; having been for many Years the Diversion of my leisure Hours at the University, and growing upon me by insensible Degrees, so that a *great Part* of the *Æneis* was *actually translated*, before I had any *Design* of attempting the Whole *. But with regard to the Publick Office in Poetry, with which the University of Oxford was afterwards pleased to honour me, (an Honour which I Now enjoy, and which I shall For ever gratefully acknowledge) I thought it might not be improper for me to review, and finish This Work ; which otherwise had certainly been as much neglected by Me, as perhaps it will now be by Every body else.

It is to That renowned Seat of Learning and Virtue, (the Pride and Glory of our Island!)

———*cujus amor mihi crescit in horas,*

and

* For my further Excuse, I may Here add, as I do with Truth, that one of the greatest Genius’s, and best Judges and Criticks our Age has produced, Mr. Smith of Christ-Church, having seen the first two or three hundred Lines of This Translation, which was all that was Then done, advised me by all means to go through with it. I said, He laugh’d at me ; and that I should be the most impudent of Mortals to have such a Thought. He told me, He was very much in earnest ; and asked me why the Whole might not be done in so many Years, as well as such a Number of Lines in so many Days ? Which had no Influence upon me ; nor did I dream of such an Undertaking, ’till the Reason I have alledged took place.

and my Love and Veneration for which I shall never be able to express: It is to That famous University, I say, that I owe a very considerable Part of my Encouragement in this Undertaking; tho' at the same time I have great and signal Obligations to many *Others*, who were not only Subscribers to it themselves *, but Promoters of it by their Interest in their Friends. With the most grateful Sense of the Favour, and Honour done me, I return my *general* Thanks to *All* Those of the Nobility, and Gentry, and all Others, who appear as my Subscribers: But These my *especial Benefactors* are desired to accept of my more *particular* Acknowledgments. Even These (many of whom are Persons of Quality) are so numerous, that to mention them would be to transcribe a great Part of my List into my Preface: And since I cannot properly name them *All*, I think it the best Manners to name *None*. I wish for Their sakes, as well as for my Own, that, when they have read this Translation, they may not repent of the *generous Encouragement* they have given it.

One Thing of which I hope I may say; and That is, that *it is a Translation*. And if it be; I believe I may add, that it is almost the only one in Verse, and of a considerable Length. And This I am very far from speaking, upon the Account of any great Opinion which I have conceived of my own Performance. For besides that a Translation may be very *close*, and yet very *bad*; Others could have done the same thing much better, if they would: But they thought it either impracticable, or improper. They have been so averse from the Folly of rendering Word for Word, that they have ran into the other Extreme; and their Translations are commonly so very licentious,

that

* i. e. to the First Edition in Quarto;

that they can scarce be called so much as Paraphrases. Whereas, were it practicable to translate *verbatim* in the strictest Sense; and yet preserve the Elegance, and Sublimity, and Spirit of the Author, as much as if one allow'd one's self a greater Latitude: That Method ought to be chosen before the other. And in proportion, the nearer one approaches to the Original, the better it is; provided the Version be in other Respects no way prejudiced, but rather improved by it: A Thing, in my Apprehension, by no means inconceivable. A Translator should *draw the Picture* of his Author: And in Painting, we know, *Likeness* is the *first* Beauty; so that if it has not *That*, all the rest are insignificant. Draw *Virgil* as like as you can; To think of *improving* him is *arrogant*; and to *flatter him*, is *impossible*. I have not added, or omitted many Words: Many indeed are varied; the Sense of the Substantive in the Latin being often transferred to the Adjective in the English; and so on the Reverse: with a great Number of such-like Instances, which it is needless to mention. Yet many Lines are translated Word for Word: But in such a Work as This, to give a tolerable, and yet a perfectly literal Version, I take to be in the Nature of Things absolutely impossible.

I am sensible too, as I said before, that it may be a true Translation, a close Translation; and yet, after all, a very bad Translation. Whether This be so, or not, is with all imaginable DefERENCE submitted to the Judgment of the World. To render the *bare Sense*, and *Words* of a Poet, is only to paint his *Features*, and *Lineaments*; but to render his *Poetry*, that is, the *peculiar Turn* of his Thoughts, and Diction, is to paint his *Air* and *Manner*.

Manner. And as the Air of a Face arises from a Man's *Soul*, as well as from his *Body*; it is just the same here: Or rather, This peculiar Turn of the Poet's Sentiments and Expressions *is it self* the *Soul* of his *Poetry*: If we are asked what That is; the Answer must be, if we may properly compare a *Mode* to a *Substance*, that the Soul of Poetry, like the Soul of Man, is perceivable only by it's Effects; like That, immaterial, and invisible; and like That too, immortal.

But then all this being taken care of, certainly the nearer to the Original, the better: Nay indeed it is impossible to hit the Air right; unless you hit the Features, from which the Air, so far as it relates to the Body, rises, and results. Should my Translation be approved of for the Spirit of Poetry; I should not be sorry, nay, I should be glad, if at the same time it served for a Construing-Book to a School-Boy. But still whenever it happens (as it very often does, and must) that a close Version, and a graceful Expression are inconsistent; the last is always to be preferred. A *less literal Translation* is very frequently beautiful; but nothing can justify an *ill Verse*. In this Case, one departs from the Original by adhering to it; and such an Author as *Virgil* might justly say of his bad Translator, what *Martial* says of his bad Neighbour;

Nemo tam prope, tam proculque nobis.

For the Version would retain more not only of the *Beauty*, but of the *real Sense* of the Original; and so, in the Main, be *more* like it; if it were a less faithful Interpretation of Words and Expressions.

Here

Here therefore we can no longer pursue the Comparison between Painting and Translating: When true Beauty is to be imitated, the Features cannot be too exactly traced in the One, to make a handsome Likeness; but Words may be too exactly rendered in the Other. Upon This Head I cannot avoid transcribing a Passage from Dr. Felton's ingenious and judicious Dissertation upon *Reading the Classicks addressed to the Lord Marquis of Granby*. "When therefore (* says he) you meet "with any Expressions which will not be rendered without this Disadvantage, the Thing to be "regarded is the Beauty and Elegance of the Original; and your Lordship, without minding any "thing but the Sense of the Author, is to consider how that Passage would be best expressed "in *English*, if you were not tied up to the Words "of the Original: And you may depend upon it, "that if you can find a Way of expressing the "same Sense as beautifully in *English*; you have "hit the true Translation, tho' you cannot construe the Words backwards and forwards into "one another: For then you certainly have translated, as the Author, were he an *Englishman*, "would have wrote." And since I have cited thus much from that Treatise; I will borrow a little more from it upon the Nature, and Difficulty, of Translations in general: Because it entirely expresses my Sentiments, in far better Words than I am able to make use of. "† 'Tis no exceeding "Labour for every great Genius to exert, and manage, and master his own Spirit: But 'tis almost "an insuperable Task to compass, to equal, to command the Spirit of another Man. Yet this "is what every Translator taketh upon himself to

do;

* Pag. 142. Second Edition.

† Pag. 153.

“ do; and must do, if he deserves the Name. He
 “ must put himself into the Place of his Authors,
 “ not only be Master of their Manner as to their
 “ Style, their Periods, Turn, and Cadence of their
 “ Writings; but he must bring himself to their
 “ Habit, and Way of Thinking, and have, if pos-
 “ sible, the same Train of Notions in his Head,
 “ which gave Birth to Those they have selected,
 “ and placed in their Works.” For the Rest, I
 refer my Reader to the Dissertation it self; of
 which I would say that it is a most curious and
 delicate Piece of Wit, and Criticism, and polite
 Learning; did I not fear that (for a Reason which
 I will not mention) it would look like Vanity in
 Me to do common Justice to its Author. At the
 same time I must acknowledge that the Doctor
 represents a Translation of *Virgil* after Mr. *Dry-*
den's as a desperate Undertaking: Which would
 be no small Mortification to me; were not Mine
 of a different Nature from His: Of which more
 in it's proper Place.

Endeavouring to resemble *Virgil* as much as pos-
 sible, I have imitated him in his *Breaks*. For tho'
 I am satisfied he never intended to leave Those
 Verses unfinished, and therefore he is in That Par-
 ticular absurdly mimicked by some Moderns in
 their Original Writings; yet *unfinished they are*:
 And This Imitation is not (with Mr. *Dryden's*
 Leave) “ like the Affectation of *Alexander's* Cour-
 “ tiers, who held their Necks awry, because He
 “ could not help it.” For besides that a *wry Neck*
 is one thing, and a *Scar* is another; *Apelles* in a
Picture ought to have imitated his Master's Imper-
 fection, if he intended to draw an exact Likeness,
 tho' his *Courtiers* were ridiculous Flatterers for do-
 ing the same in their *Gestures*.

A Work of This Nature is to be regarded in Two different Views ; both as a *Poem*, and as a *Translated Poem*. In the one, all Persons of good Sense, and a true Taste of Poetry, are Judges of it ; tho' they are skilled in no Language, but their Own. In the other, Those only are so ; who besides the Qualification just mentioned, are familiarly acquainted with the Original. And it may well admit of a Question, to which of These Species of Readers a good Translation is the more agreeable Entertainment. The Unlearned are affected like Those, who see the Picture of One whose Character they admire, but whose Person they never saw : The Learned, like Those who see the Picture of One whom they love, and admire ; and with whom they are intimately acquainted. The Reason of the first Pleasure is clear ; but That of the last requires a little more Consideration. It may all, be resolved into the Love of Imitation, Comparison, and Variety ; which arises from the Imperfection of human Happiness ; for a Reason which I have assigned in another Treatise *. Delightful therefore it is to compare the Version with the Original : Through the whole Course of which Comparison, we discover many retired Beauties in the Author himself, which we never before observed. Delightful it must be to have the same Ideas started in our Minds, different ways ; and the more agreeable Those Ideas are in themselves, the more agreeable is This Variety. Therefore, the better we understand a Poet, the more we love and admire him, the more Pleasure we conceive in reading him well translated : As we most delight to see the Pictures of Those whom we best love, and to see the Persons themselves in Variety of Dresses.

Upon

* *Præl. Poet.* Vol. I. *Præl.* 2.

Upon which Account, I will be bold to affirm; that he who says he values no Translation of this, or that Poem, because he understands the Original, has indeed no true Relish, that is, in effect, no *true Understanding* of either.

It is indeed no less certain on the Reverse, that a Man is as much provoked to see an ill Picture of his Friend, or Mistress, as he is pleased to see a good one; and it is just the same in Translations. But it is evident that the *bare Understanding* of a Poet, as That Word is commonly used, is not a sufficient Argument of one's *truly* understanding him; that is, understanding him as a Poet. Because what I have just now said, concerning the Agreeableness of a good Translation, holds as true, when it is from our own Language to another, as when it is from another to our own. It may be presumed that *Milton's Paradise Lost*, being in *English*, is well *understood*, vulgarly speaking, by *Englishmen*. But notwithstanding That, were it possible, as I think it is not, to have all That wonderful Poem as well translated into *Latin*, or *Greek*, as some Parts of it certainly may be; with what Pleasure should we read it! And he who would not read such a Translation with Pleasure, will, I believe, be allowed by all who have a right Taste of Poetry not *truly* to *understand* the Original. Besides what I have said concerning the Delight arising from Imitation, Comparison, and Variety, which respects the Relation between the Version, and the Original; the Translator's Work, even to Those who understand the Original, is in a great measure a *New Poem*: The Thought, and Contrivance are his Author's; but his Language, and the Turn of his Versification, and Expressions, are his own. What I have offered upon This Subject
relates

relates to Translations in general: Of my own in particular I have nothing to say, but what I have said before; which is to submit it to the Judgment of Others.

In Pursuance of my Design of endeavouring to be as like *Virgil* as possible; I have chosen Blank Verse, rather than Rhime. For besides that the Fetters of Rhime often cramp the Expression, and spoil the Verse, and so you can both translate more closely, and also more fully express the Spirit of your Author, without it, than with it; I say besides This, supposing other Circumstances were equal, Blank Verse is *in it self better*. It is not only more Majestick, and Sublime, but more Musickal, and Harmonious: It has more *Rhime* in it, according to the ancient, and true Sense of the Word, than Rhime itself, as it is now used. For, in it's original Signification, it consists not in the Tinkling of Vowels, and Consonants; but in the metrical Disposition of Words, and Syllables, and the proper Cadence of Numbers; which is more agreeable to the Ear, without the Jingling of like Endings, than with it. The Reader may say, To whose Ear is it so? To Yours perhaps; but not to Mine. And I grant all this to be Matter of Fact, rather than of Reason; and to be determined by Votes rather than Arguments. And accordingly a great Majority of the best Genius's, and Judges in Poetry now living, with many of whom I have frequently conversed upon This Subject, have determined in favour of This way of Writing. And among Those who are dead, the same was the Opinion not only of my Lord *Roscommon*, (to omit others,) but of * *Mr. Dryden* Himself;

* *Verses before L. Roscommon's Essay. And Preface to his Virgil.*

Himself; who was the best Rhimer, as well as the best Poet, of the Age in which he lived. And indeed let but a Man consult his own Ears.

—Him the Almighty Power
Hur'd headlong, flaming from th' ethereal Sky,
With hideous Ruin, and Combustion, down
To bottomless Perdition; there to dwell
In Adamantine Chains, and penal Fire;
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to Arms.
Nine times the Space that measures Day, and Night
To mortal Men, he with his horrid Crew
Lay vanquish'd, rowling in the fiery Gulph,
Confounded, tho' immortal————

Who that hears This, can think it wants Rhime to recommend it? Or rather does not think it sounds far better without it? I purposely produced a Citation, beginning and ending in the Middle of a Verse; because the Privilege of resting on this, or that Foot, sometimes one, and sometimes another, and so diversifying the Pauses, and Cadences, is the greatest Beauty of Blank Verse, and perfectly agreeable to the Practice of our Masters, the *Greeks*, and *Romans*. This can be done but rarely in Rhime: For if it were frequent, the Rhime would be, in a manner, lost by it: The End of almost every Verse must be something of a Pause; and it is but seldom that a Sentence begins in the Middle. The same may be said of placing the Verb after the Accusative Case; and the Adjective after the Substantive; both which, especially the last, are more frequent in Blank Verse, than in Rhime. This Turn of Expression likewise is agreeable to the Practice of the Ancients; and even in our own Language adds much to the Grandeur,

Grandeur, and Majesty of the Poem, if it be wrought with Care, and Judgment. As does also the judicious interspersing (for *judicious*, and *sparing* it must be) of *antique* Words, and of such as, being derived from *Latin*, retain the Air of That Language: Both which have a better Effect in Blank Verse, than in Rhime; by reason of a certain Majestick Stiffness, which becomes the one, more than the other. *Milton* indeed has rather too much of This: And perhaps the most ingenious Mr. *Philips* has too much imitated him in it; as he has certainly well nigh equalled him in his most singular Beauties. I speak of This Stiffness only in some particular Passages, for which it is proper: For Blank Verse, when it pleases, can be as smooth, as soft, and as flowing, as Rhime. Now These Advantages alone (were there no other) which Blank Verse has above Rhime, would more than compensate for the Loss of That Pleasure which comes from the Chiming of Syllables; the Former, by reason of Those Advantages, being, all Things considered, even more musical, and harmonious, as well as more noble, and sublime, than the Latter.

Upon Varying the Pauses it is to be observed, that Two Verses together should rarely pause at the same Foot; for a Reason too plain to be mentioned. I said *rarely*; because there is no Law so strict in Things of this Nature, but that it is sometimes a Virtue to break it. And tho' it be one great Privilege in This sort of Verse, to make a full Period at the Beginning, or in the Middle of a Line; yet you may do it too often. *Milton*, I think, does so; who sometimes gives you thirty, or forty Verses together, not one of which con-

cludes with a full Period. But to return to our Comparison.

Tho' all This be rather Matter of Sense, than of Reason; yet I appealed to the best Genius's, and Judges in Poetry; because it is a great Mistake to think that all Ears are equally Judges. It may as well, nay better, be affirmed that all Persons have equally Ears for Musick. This Sentiment is not *purely* Organical, and depends not *solely* upon the Mechanism of Sense. The Judgment has a *Share* in it: Or if it has not; there is (which amounts to much the same) so close an Union between the Soul and Body of Man, as also between the Spirit and the Diction, which may be called the Soul and Body, of Poetry; that the Poetical Turn of any Person's Mind affects the very Organs of Sense. Readers of vulgar and mean Tastes may relish Rhime best; and so may some even of the best Taste; because they have been habituated to it. But the more they accustom themselves to Blank Verse; the better they will like it:

—————*Si propius stes,*
Te capiet magis—————

After all, I cannot agree with Those, who *entirely condemn* the Use of Rhime even in an Heroic Poem; nor can I absolutely reject That in Speculation, which Mr. *Dryden*, and Mr. *Pope* have ennobled by their Practice. I acknowledge too that, in some particular Views, That Way of Writing has the Advantage over This. You may pick out more Lines, which, singly considered, look mean, and low, from a Poem in Blank Verse, than from one in Rhime: supposing them to be in
other

other Respects equal. Take the Lines singly by themselves, or in Couplets; and more in Blank Verse shall be less strong, and smooth, than in Rhime: But then take a considerable Number together; and Blank Verse shall have the Advantage in both Regards. Little, and ignoble Words, as *Thus, Now, Then, Him, &c.* on the one Hand; and long ones, as *Elements, Omnipotent, Majesty, &c.* on the other, would in a Poem consisting of Rhime sound weak, and languishing, at the End of a Verse; because the Rhime draws out the Sound of Those Words, and makes them observed, and taken notice of by the Ear: Whereas in Blank Verse they are covered, and concealed, by running immediately into the next Line. And yet a considerable Number of Lines are not, in the Main, Prosaic, or Flat; but more Noble, than if they were all in Rhime. For Instance, the following Verses out of *Milton's Paradise Lost*, Book II.

*Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements—
Instinct with Fire, and Nitre hurry'd him—*

taken singly, look low, and mean: But pray read them in conjunction with others; and then see what a different Face will be set upon them.

*—————Or less than if this Frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements
In Mutinie had from her Axle torn
The stedfast Earth. At last his sail-broad Vans
He spreads for flight; and, in the surging Smoke
Uplifted, spurns the Ground————*

*—————Had not by ill chance
The strong Rebuff of some tumultuous Cloud*

*Instinct with Fire, and Nitre, hurry'd him
As many Miles aloft. That fury stay'd;
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither Sea,
Nor good dry Land: Nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude Consistence——*

Thus again in the VIth Book.

*Had to her Center shook. What wonder? when—
Had not the Eternal King omnipotent——
And limited their Might; tho' number'd such——*

These Verses disjointed from their Fellows make but an indifferent Figure: But read the following Passage; and I believe you will acknowledge there is not one bad Verse in it:

*So under fiery Cope together rush'd
Both Battles maine, with ruinous Assault,
And inextinguishable Rage: All Heav'n
Resounded; and had Earth been then, All Earth
Had to her Center shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encount'ring Angels fought
On either side; the least of whom could wield
These Elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their Regions. How much more of pow'r,
Army 'gainst Army, numberless, to raise
Dreadful Combustion, warring, and disturb,
Tho' not destroy, their happy native Seat:
Had not th' Eternal King omnipotent
From his strong Hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited their Might; tho' number'd such
As each divided Legion might have seem'd
A numerous Host in strength, each armed band
A Legion——*

In

In short, a Poem consisting of Rhime is like a Building in which the Stones are all (or far the greatest part of them) *hewn with equal Exactness*; but are all of a Shape, and not so well jointed: *Every one* of them, *by it self*, is better squared, than *some* in another Building, in which they are of different Figures. But tho' in This Latter there shall be a few, which, taken separately, do not look so well: yet some *running into others*, and all being *better adjusted* together; it shall not only *upon the Whole*, but with regard to any *considerable Part*, by it self, be a stronger, and a more beautiful Fabrick, than the Former.

But we are told that Blank Verse is not enough distinguished from Prose. The Answer must be, It is according as it is. That of our *English* Tragedies, I confess, is not; tho' very proper for the Purpose to which it is apply'd. This indeed is what the *French* rightly call *Prose mesurée*, rather than Verse. But much worse is to be said of *any* Poem, which is only written in the Shape of Metre, but has no more of Verse in it, than of Rhime; no Harmony, or Prosody, no true Metrical Cadence; half the Lines concluding with double Syllables, as *Torment*, *Greatness*, and the Participles ending in *ing*. This deserves not so much as the Name of *Prose on Horseback*; 'Tis Prose upon Crutches; and of all Prose the vilest. But if Blank Verse be laboured, as it ought to be; it is sufficiently distinguished from Prose. We have no Feet nor Quantities, like the Ancients; and nothing in our poor Language will ever supply That Defect: Rhime is at least as far from doing it, as the more Advantageous Variety of Cadences in Blank Verse: Which requires so much

the more Care, and Art, to work it up into Numbers, and support it from groveling into Prose.

Which naturally leads us to observe further, that many Imperfections, both in Thought, and Expression, will be overlooked in Rhime, which will not be endured in Blank Verse: So that the same may be said of This, which *Horace* applies to Comedy;

*Creditur ————— habere
Sudoris minimum; sed habet ——— tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus ———*

I do not say, Rhime is, all things considered, more easy than the other: That Point cannot be well determined; because it relates to the particular Genius's of particular Persons. For my own part, if I never made one good Verse, I have made many good Rhimes: But supposing Both to be equally easy, I should chuse Blank Verse, for the Reasons already alledged.

After all which, if some Gentlemen are resolved that *Blank Verse shall be Prose*; they have my free Leave to enjoy their Saying: provided I may have Theirs to think they mean nothing by it; unless they can prove that Rhime is essential to Metre; consequently that the *Goths*, and *Monks* were the first Inventers of Verse; and that *Homer*, and *Virgil*, as well as *Milton*, wrote nothing but Prose.

Milton indeed has too many of Those looser and weaker Verses; as he has some Lines which are no Verses at all. These for Instance,

*Burnt after them to the bottomless Pit:
In the Visions of God; It was a Hill:*

are

are Lines consisting of ten Syllables; but they are no more *English* Verses, than they are *Greek* ones. Many *irregular* and *redundant* Verses, and more of an ill Sound and Cadence, are to be met with in his Poem; sometimes a considerable Number of them together. Whether This was *Negligence* in him, or *Choice*, I know not: Certain it is from the main Tenour of his Versification, than which nothing can be more heroically sonorous, that it was not for Want of Ear, Genius, or Judgment. What is the true Cadence of an *English* Verse, is sufficiently known to the Ears of every one who has a Taste of Poetry. Sometimes it is not only allowable, but beautiful, to run into harsh, and unequal Numbers. Mr. *Dryden* himself does it; and we may be sure he knew when he did it, as well as we could tell him. In a Work intended for Pleasure, *Variety* justifies the Breach of almost any Rule; provided it be done but *rarely*. Among the Ancient Poets, what are many of Those *Figures* (as we call them) both in Prosody, and Syntax, but so many Ways of making *false Quantity*, and *false Grammar*, for the sake of *Variety*? False I mean, ordinarily speaking; for *Variety*, and That only, makes it elegant. *Milton* however has too much irregular Metre: But if his over-ruling Genius, and Merit, might in Him *authorize* it, or at least *excuse* it; yet *nobis non licet esse tam disertis*: especially when I am translating *Virgil*, the most exact, and accurate Versificator in the World: A Character, however, which he would not deserve, for the Reason just mentioned, were he not in *some* Verses irregular, and inaccurate. I am sure I have truly imitated him in *That*; I wish I may have done so in *any thing else*.

Two Things remain to be taken notice of, equally relating to Rhime, and Blank Verse. It is a known Fault in our Language, that it is too much crouded with *Monosyllables*: Yet some Verses consisting wholly of them sound well enough: However, the fewer we have of them, the better it is. I believe there are as few of them in This Translation, as in any *English* Poem of an equal Length; which is all I shall say upon This Article.

The Other is the *Elision of Vowels*: Upon which, in my Opinion, the Criticks have ran into Extremes on both Sides. Mr. *Dryden* declares for it as a general Rule which he has observed without Exception, in his Translation of the *Æneis* *; and is utterly against a *Vowel gaping after another for want of a Cesura*, as he expresses himself. But the Elision seems sometimes proper, and sometimes not, in the Particle *The*; for upon *That*, and the Particle *To*, the Question chiefly turns; *He*, and *She* being but very rarely abbreviated by any tolerable Writer: And therefore Mr. *Dryden* expresses himself too much at large, when he speaks of Vowels in general. And when this Elision is proper, and when not, the Ear is a sufficient Judge. The *French*, we know, always use it in their *Le*, and that in Prose, and common Discourse, as well as in Verse: *L'Amour, L'Eternel, L'Invincible, &c.* As also in their Pronouns, *me, te, and se*. In our *English* Poetry, I think it may be either, *Th'Eternal, Th'Almighty*; or *The Eternal, The Almighty*; but rather the former: It should be always, *The Army, The Enemy*; never *Th' Army, or Th' Enemy*. And so in other Instances: Of which the Ear (which by the way will never endure the Sound of

* Preface to it.

of Th' Ear) is always to be Judge. But of these Things too much.

The Kind of Verse therefore, which I have chosen, distinguishes This Translation from Those of Others, who have gone before me in This bold Undertaking: For I had never heard of Dr. *Brady's* Design, 'till long after This was in a great Forwardness. And His being not yet executed; He is not to be reckoned among my Predecessors: of whom I presume it is expected that I should now give some Account. When I say my Translation is thus distinguished from Those of Others, I speak of our own Countrymen; because *Hannibal Caro's Italian Æneis* is in Blank Verse, such as it is: Not but that I think it deserves a better Character, than * Mr. *Dryden* gives of it. Few Persons were ever more familiarly acquainted with the *Æneis*, had a truer Gust, and Relish of it's Beauties, or enter'd more deeply into the Sentiments, into the very Soul, and Spirit of it's Author, than Monsieur *Segrais*. His Preface is altogether admirable; and his Translation perhaps almost as good as the *French* Language will allow; which is just as fit for an Epic Poem, as an ambling Nag is for a War-Horse. It is indeed my Opinion of the *French*; that none write better of Poetry, and few (as to *Metre*) worse in it. Their Language is excellent for Prose; but quite otherwise for Verse, especially Heroic. And therefore tho' the Translating of Poems into Prose is a strange, modern Invention; yet the *French* Transprofers are so far in the right; because their Language will not bear Verse. The Translation of the *Æneis* into *Scottish Metre* by *Gawin Douglas* Bishop of *Donkeld*, is said to be a very extraordinary Work by Those who under-

stand it better than I do: There being added to it a long List of great Men, who give him a wonderful Character, both as an *excellent Poet*, and a most *pious Prelate*. What Mr. *Pope* says of *Ogilby's Homer*, may as well be apply'd to his *Virgil*, that his Poetry is too mean for Criticism. Mr. *Dryden* tells us, that no Man understood *Virgil* better than the Earl of *Lauderdale*; and I believe few did. His Translation is pretty near to the Original; tho' not so close, as it's Brevity would make one imagine; and it sufficiently appears that he had a right Taste of Poetry in general, and of *Virgil's* in particular. He shews a true Spirit; and in many Places is very beautiful. But we should certainly have seen *Virgil* far better translated by a Noble Hand; had the Earl of *Lauderdale* been the Earl of *Roscommon*, or had the *Scottish* Peer followed all the Precepts, and been animated with the Genius of the *Irish*.

But the most difficult, and invidious Part of my prefacing Task is yet to come. How could I have the Confidence to attempt a Translation of *Virgil*, after Mr. *Dryden*? At least to publish it; after Mr. *Pope* has in effect given us his Opinion before-hand, that such a Work must be unsuccessful to any Undertaker (much more to so mean a one, as I am) by declaring that *He* would never undertake it *Himself*? I do not say he makes That Inference; but if his *Modesty* would not suffer him to do it, his *Merit* must oblige others to do it for him. I so far agree with That most ingenious and judicious Gentleman, (for whose Person and Writings I have the greatest Honour) that Mr. *Dryden's* is, in many Parts, a noble, and spirited Translation; and yet I cannot, upon the Whole, think it a good one; at least, for Mr. *Dryden*.

Dryden. Not but that I think his Performance is for his Reputation, considering the little time he allowed himself for so mighty a Work; having translated not the *Æneis* only, but all *Virgil's* Poems in the Compass of three Years. No-body can have a truer Respect for That great Man, than I have; or be more ready to defend him against his unreasonable Accusers; who, as Mr. *Pope* justly observes, envy, and calumniate him. But I hope I shall not be thought guilty of either (I am sure they are the Things of the World which I abhor) if I presume to say that his Writings have their dark, as well as their bright Side; and that what was said of Somebody else may be as well applied to Him: *Ubi bene, nemo melius; Ubi male, nemo pejus*.

This may be affirmed of his Works in general; but I am now obliged to consider his Translation of the *Æneis* in particular. As he was the great Refiner of our *English* Poetry, and the best Marshaller of Words that our Nation had then, at least, produced; and all, who have followed him, are extremely indebted to him, as such: his Versification here, as every where else, is generally flowing, and harmonious; and Beauties of all kinds are scattered through the Whole. But then, besides his often grossly mistaking his Author's Sense; as a Translator, he is extremely licentious. Whatever he alledges to the contrary in his Preface; he makes no Scruple of adding, or retrenching, as his Turn is best served by either. In many Places, where he shines most as a Poet, he is least a Translator; And where you most admire Mr. *Dryden*, you see the least of *Virgil*. Then whereas my Lord *Roscommon* lays
down

down This juſt Rule to be obſerved by a Tranſlator with regard to his Author,

Fall, as he falls ; and as he riſes, riſe :

Nothing being more abſurd than for Thoſe two Counter-parts to be like a Pair of Scales, one mounting as the other ſinks ; Mr. *Dryden* frequently acts contrary to This Precept, at leaſt to the latter Part of it : Where his *Author* ſoars, and towers in the Air, *He* often grovels, and flutters upon the Ground. Inſtances of all Theſe Kinds are numerous. If I produce a few, it is not to detract from his Tranſlation, in order to recommend my own : I deteſt That baſe Principle of little, and envious Spirits : And beſides, I am ſenſible that it would be as fooliſh, as ungenerous : For of Mine, the World *will*, and *ought to be* Judge, whatever I ſay, or think ; and it's Judgment in Theſe Matters is never erroneous. It is not therefore that I am acted by the Spirit of *malevolent* Criticiſm, or Criticiſm *commonly ſo called* ; which is nothing but the Art of finding Fault : But I do it, partly to *juſtify* my *Undertaking* (tho' of a different Kind from His, which is what I *chiefly* inſiſt upon) not to *recommend* my *Performance* ; partly for the Inſtruction, and Improvement of My ſelf, and Others ; for the ſake of Truth, and *true Criticiſm* ; that is, right, and impartial Judgment, joined with good Nature, and good Manners ; prone to *excuse*, but not to *falsify* ; and *delighting* to dwell upon *Beauties*, tho' *daring* to remark upon *Faults*.

Were we to make a few ſcattered Strictures upon the Firſt Book only ; we ſhould obſerve that he leaves out a very material Word in the very *firſt* Line : And That too happens to be the Word

Firſt :

First: As if That stood for Nothing, in *Virgil's* Verse; and as if *First* would not have stood as well as *Forc'd* in his own. Especially, since there are two Adjectives more of the same Signification [*Expell'd*, and *Exil'd* in the next Verse but one] agreeing with the same Substantive, all three to express the single Epithet *Profugus*: Which, by the way, is Tautology, and utterly unlike *Virgil's* Manner; who never says any thing in vain, and whose chief Beauty is Brevity. In the very next two Lines, *Italiam, Lavinaque Littora*, are left out; tho' necessary to the Design of the Poem: Not to mention his strange Transposing of *sævæ memorem Junonis ob iram*. Ver. 28. Long cited by the People of the Sky, is entirely added. As is Ver. 41. *Electra's Glories, and her injur'd Bed*; and the two following Lines. The Addition of three Verses together is too much in all Reason. Ver. 66. *Then as an Eagle gripes the trembling Game*, is wholly his own. And so is Ver. 107, 108. *The charming Daughters of the Main Around my Person wait, and bear my Train*. Ver. 144, 145. — *Whose dismember'd Hands yet bear The Dart aloft, and clench the pointed Spear*. As there is no Hint of This in *Virgil*; so I doubt it is not Sense in it self. For how the Hand of a Body, which has been dead seven Years, can hold a Spear aloft, I cannot imagine. Ver. 220. *And quenches their innate Desire of Blood*. This is not only added; but too gross, and horrid for *Virgil's* Meaning in That Place. Ver. 233. After, *Two Rows of Rocks* (which by the way, is no Translation of *geminique minantur in cælum scopuli*) the next Words are totally omitted; *Quorum sub vertice late Æquora tuta silent*. Ver. 459. *Then on your Name shall wretched Mortals call*, is not included in

in *Multa tibi ante aras nostra cadet hostia dextra*. He is speaking of *Himself*, and his *Friends* in particular; not of *wretched Mortals* in general; of *Thanksgiving*, not of *Prayer*. Ver. 886. — *You shall find, If not a costly Welcome, yet a kind*, is no more in *Virgil*, than it is like his *Stile*. But as for the *Flatnesses*, and *low prosaick Expressions*, which are not a few, and which even the *Rhime* neither covers, nor excuses; I will for several Reasons forbear to transcribe any of them. These *Errata* which I have mentioned in the First Book only, (and there are in it many more such, which I have not mentioned) are either in *adding to*, or *curtailing*, or *mistaking*, the Sense of the Original*.

But upon the Article of adding to his Author, and altering his Sense, there is one Fault in Mr. *Dryden* which is not to be pardoned. I mean when he does it directly contrary not only to the *Sense*, but to the *Temper* and *Genius*, of his Author; and that too in Those Instances which injure him not only as a *good Poet*, but as a *good Man*. As *Virgil* is the most chaste, and modest of Poets, and has ever the strictest Regard to Decency; after the Prayer of *Iarbas* to *Jupiter* in the Fourth Book, he proceeds thus:

*Talibus orantem dictis, arasque tenentem
Audiit omnipotens; oculosque ad mœnia torfit
Regia, & oblitos famæ melioris amantes.*

What

* I believe all good Judges are of Opinion, that Mr. *Dryden's* Version of the *Eclogues* and *Georgicks* is inferior to That of the *Æneis*. For my own part, I think no two great Poets were ever of a Genius more contrary to one another, than *Virgil* and Mr. *Dryden*.

What could be more well-manner'd, more delicate, and truly *Virgilian*, than the Sweetness, and Softness of That remote, insinuating Expression, *oblitos famæ melioris amantes*? For This Piece of a Verse Mr. *Dryden* gives us Three entire ones; which I will not transcribe. The two first are totally his own; and to One who is not himself *insensible of Shame*, Those fulsom Expressions must be very nauseous. Part of the last Verse indeed is *Virgil's*; and it comes in strangely, after the odious Stuff that goes before it. If *Virgil* can be said to be remarkable for any one good Quality more than for Modesty, it is for his awful Reverence to Religion. And yet, as Mr. *Dryden* represents him describing *Apollo's* Presence at one of his own Festivals, he speaks Thus; Book iv. Ver. 210.

*Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees below
The merry Madness of the sacred Show.*

Virgil says, He walks on the Top of *Cynthus*; That's all: The rest is Mr. *Dryden's*. And it is exactly of a piece with a Passage in the Third Georgick; in which, without any sort of Provocation, or the least Hint from his Author, He calls the Priest the *Holy Butcher*. If Mr. *Dryden* took Delight in abusing Priests, and Religion; *Virgil* did not. It is indeed wonderful that a Man of so fine, and elevated a Genius, and at the same time of so good a Judgment, as Mr. *Dryden* certainly was, could so much as endure those clumsy Ideas, in which he perpetually rejoices; and that to such a degree, as to thrust them into *Translations*, contrary not only to the Design and Meaning, but even to the Spirit, and Temper, and most distinguishing Character, of his Author. Thus in his

Translation of the last Lines of *Homer's First Iliad* he describes the Gods, and Goddesſes as being drunk; and that in no fewer than three Verſes, and in ſome of the coarſeſt Expreſſions that our Language will admit of: Whereas the Original gives not the leaſt Intimation of any ſuch thing; but only ſays that they were ſleepy, and went to bed. And therefore here again I cannot be of Mr. Pope's Opinion, *that it is a great Loſs to the Poetical World that Mr. Dryden did not live to tranſlate the Iliad.* If we may judge of what the Whole would have been, by the Specimen which he has left us; I think it was a great Gain to the Poetical World that Mr. *Dryden's* Verſion did not hinder us from Mr. *Pope's*. Which may be ſaid, without any great Compliment to the Latter.

As to the Inſtances of Mr. *Dryden's* ſinking where his Author moſt remarkably riſes, and being flat where his Author is moſt remarkably elegant; they are many: But I am almoſt tired with Quotations; quite tired with ſuch invidious ones, as theſe are; it being, as I ſaid, much more agreeable to my Temper to remark upon Beauties, than upon Faults and Imperfections; eſpecially in the Works of great Men, who (tho' they may have written many things not capable of being defended, yet) have written many more, which I can only admire, but do not pretend to equal. And That is the preſent Caſe. I ſhall therefore mention but one Example of This Kind; and it is the unutterable Elegancy of Theſe Lines in the Fourth Book, deſcribing the Screech-Owl:

*Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
Sæpe queri, & longas in fletum ducere voces.*

How

How is This translated in the following Verses ?
Or rather is it translated at all ?

————— *With a boding Note*

*The solitary Screech-Owl strains her Throat ;
And on a Chimney's Top, or Turret's Height,
With Songs obscene disturbs the Silence of the Night.*

To produce more Instances would be needless ; because one general Remark supercedes them all. It is acknowledged by every body that the First Six Books in the Original are the best, and the most perfect ; but the Last Six are so in Mr. *Dryden's* Translation. Not that even in These *Virgil* properly sinks, or flags in his Genius ; but only he did not live to correct them, as he did the former. However, they abound with Beauties in the Original ; and they have many indeed in the Translation ; more, as I said, than the First Six : Which is visible to any one that reads the Work with Application.

I observed in the last place, that where Mr. *Dryden* shines most, we often see the least of *Virgil*. To omit many other Instances, The Description of the *Cyclops* forging Thunder for *Jupiter*, and Armour for *Æneas*, is elegant, and noble to the last degree in the *Latin* ; and it is so to a great degree in the *English*. But then is the *English* a Translation of the *Latin* ?

*Hither the Father of the Fire by Night
Thro' the brown Air precipitates his Flight :
On their eternal Anvils here he found
The Brethren beating, and the Blows go round.*

The Lines are good, and truly Poetical. But the two first are set to render

Huc tunc Ignipotens cælo descendit ab alto.

There is nothing of *cælo ab alto* in the Version; nor of *by Night, brown Air, or precipitates his Flight* in the Original. The two last are put in the room of

*Ferrum exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro,
Brontesque, Steropesque, & nudus membra Py-
racmon.*

Vasto in Antro in the first of These Lines, and the last Line entirely are left out in the Translation. Nor is there any thing of *eternal Anvils, or here be found*, in the Original: And *the Brethren beating, and the Blows go round*, is but a loose Version of *Ferrum exercebant*. Much the same may be said of the Passage throughout; which will appear to Those who compare the *Latin* with the *Engli^h*. In the Passage throughout, Mr. *Dryden* has the true Spirit of *Virgil*; but he would have had never the less of it, if he had more closely adhered to his Words, and Expressions.

Sometimes he is *near enough* to the Original; And tho' he *might have been nearer*, he is admirable, not only as a *Poet*, but as a *Translator*. Thus in the Second Book;

*Pars ingentem formidine turpi
Scandunt rursus equum, & nota conduntur in
alvo.*

*And some, oppress'd with more ignoble Fear,
Remount the hollow Horse, and pant in secret
there.*

And

And in the Eleventh:

—————*Petierunt æthera pennis,*
 —————*Et scopulos lacrimosis vocibus implent.*

Hov'ring about our Coasts they make their Moan,
And cuff the Cliffs with Pinions not their own.

In the Twelfth, after the last Speech of *Juturna*;

Tantum effata, caput glauco contexit amictu,
Multa gemens, & se fluvio Dea condidit alto.

She drew a length of Sighs, no more she said,
But with her azure Mantle wrapp'd her Head;
Then plung'd into her Stream with deep Despair,
And her last Sobs came bubbling up in Air.

Tho' the last Line is not expressed in the Original, yet it is in some measure imply'd; and it is in it self so exceedingly beautiful, that the whole Passage can never be too much admir'd. These are Excellencies indeed; This is truly Mr. *Dryden*. *Si sic omnia dixisset*, tho' he had approached no nearer to the Original than This; my other Criticisms upon his Translation had been spared. And after all, I desire that Mine, being in a different sort of Verse, may be considered as an Undertaking of another Kind, rather than as an Attempt to excel His. For tho' I think even That may very well be done; yet I am too sensible of my own Imperfection, to presume to say it can be done by Me. I have nothing to plead, besides what I have already alledged, in Excuse of my many, and great Faults, in the Execution of This bold Design; but that I was drawn into it, not
 by

by any Opinion of my Abilities to perform it, but by the inexpressible Passion which I have always had for This incomparable Poet. With a View to whom, I will here insert a noble Stroke out of my Lord Roscommon's excellent *Essay on Translated Verse* : Which seems proper to stand in This Place, both as a Conclusion of my Preface, and as a Kind of Poetical Invocation to my Work :

*Hail mighty MARO! May That sacred Name
Kindle my Breast with Thy celestial Flame;
Sublime Ideas, and apt Words infuse:
The Muse instruct my Voice, and THOU inspire
the Muse.*



ADVER-



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following, being an Extract from a Letter sent by the ingenious, learned, and judicious *Dr. Felton*, Principal of *Edmund-Hall* in *Oxford*, upon the Publication of the last Edition, should have been now printed (as it was intended to have been) at the end of the Preface to the *Eclogues*, and *Georgicks*. But as it was by Mistake omitted in its place, and is too curious to be suppressed; We have thought proper, and presumed, tho' without his Leave, or Knowledge, to insert it here.

The Doctor, ~~after some kind Expressions~~ which the Translator ~~cannot with Modesty~~ transcribe, proceeds Thus.

“ It is a false Notion that *Blank Verse* must be
 “ always *founding, and high*. If so; it must be used
 “ only in the *Pompous, and Sublime*: Tho' the true
 “ *Sublime* consisteth in a Nobleness of Sentiments,
 “ ambitious of no Decorations, but it's own Great-
 “ ness, in a clean Simplicity of Expression. The
 “ *Pompous*, which is proper to *great Descriptions*, is
 “ too much mistaken for the *Sublime*; tho' doubtless
 “ there is true Sublimity in *Diction*, as well as *Thought*,
 “ upon proper Subjects, and Occasions. I take it,
 “ that *Rhime*, for the most part, *debases* the true
 “ Sublimity in *great* Subjects, and *vitiates* the Just-
 “ ness, and Purity of Thought almost in *any*. Tho'
 “ most of the *Eclogues* [and many Parts of the *Geor-*
 “ *gicks*]

“ *gicks*] will not admit the Majesty of *Milton's*
“ Numbers; [And no more will some Parts of the
“ *Æneid*, and of the *Paradise lost* itself:] Yet I
“ can't see why, in comparison of the *Æneid*, they
“ should run worse in *Blank Verse*, than they do
“ in *Hexameters*. There can be no Reason assigned;
“ but a *false Delicacy*, and a *bad Taste*: And the
“ Pleasure, and Judgment of such Readers lie more
“ in their *Ears*, than in their *Understanding*.”



THE
ECLOGUES
AND
GEORGICKS.

ECOLOGICAL

GEORGE



VIRGIL's ECLOGUES.

PASTORAL the FIRST.

TITYRUS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THAT *Virgil* here introduces *himself* under the Person of *Tityrus*; and that he wrote This *Pastoral* upon the Recovery of his Lands near *Mantua*, granted back to him by *Octavius Cæsar*, after they had been taken from him, in consequence of the Battle at *Philippi*, is pretty well agreed on all hands; and we need not enlarge upon it. The great Question is, Whether those fictitious Names, *Amaryllis*, and *Galatea*, are to be taken *literally*, for two successive Mistresses of *Tityrus*; or *allegorically*, the one for the City of *Rome*, the other for that of *Mantua*? I entirely agree with *Ruæus* in the former Opinion:

VOL. I. B The

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

The *Allegory* is indefensible for several Reasons by him alledg'd. Those urged for it are trifling, and merely conjectural at best: But those against it are answerable. The Poet twice in this Eclogue calls *Rome* by its own Name: And tho' he does not directly name *Mantua*; yet he twice refers to it, and calls it a City. Ver. 20. *Huic nostræ simi-*
m— [*Urbi*, scilicet.] as appears from the Verse preceding. And Ver. 35.—*ingratæ premeretur ca-*
us urbi. But now to confound the Allegory with the literal Sense, is incongruous and ridiculous; and contrary to the Practice of all judicious Writers. Then upon Supposition of such an Allegory, that at Ver. 37. *Mirabar quid mæsta deos, Amarylli,*
cares, will be *no Sense* at all; as *Ruæus* plainly shews. [See him upon the Place.] Those who contend for the Allegory are so hard press'd by these Inconsistencies; that in this Verse some of them are forced to change *Amarylli* into *Galatea*, contrary to the Faith of all Copyists: which is a Licence not to be endured. But it is very good, and excellent Sense, the other way: As it will appear to any one, who attentively considers the Coherence of the whole Dialogue. Those Names therefore are to be taken literally, as beautifully specifying the Circumstance of *Time*; and adding a *Poetical Grace* to the Narration, by the Intermixture of *Love Affairs* with it. *POSTQUAM nos Amaryllis habet, &c. DUM me Galatea tenebat, &c.*

But I am much deceived; if That (tho' something) be the only, or even the chief Thing intended. I apprehend him to insinuate, that his old Mistress *Galatea* was of *Brutus's* Party; and his new one *Amaryllis* of *Octavius's*. So that by changing *Mistresses* he hints at his changing *Parties*; and, in consequence of it, leaving *Mantua*, and going to *Rome*. Let the Reader consider the following Verses,

PAST. I. VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES. 3

Verſes, in which he gives the Reaſon of That Conduct. Ver. 32. &c.

*Namque (fatebor enim) dum me Galatea tenebat;
Nec ſpes libertatis erat, nec cura peculî, &c.*

To———are redibat.

And afterwards; Ver. 41. &c. *Quid facerem?* &c.—to *ſubmittite tauros*. Nor does this reflect upon his Honour: For what had a private Perſon to do in that Caſe, but ſubmit to the Conqueror? Eſpecially ſince it was plain that the *Common-Wealth* was deſtroy'd, and the *Liberty* of Rome loſt; and the only Queſtion was, which Tyrant was moſt tolerable? One of his Miſtreſſes therefore would have had him continue his Attachment to *Brutus's* Party, though he himſelf was dead; the other perſuaded him to do as he did. This, I think, will clear the whole Matter; though no Commentator takes notice of it. See more at Note on Ver. 44.

MELIBOEUS, TITYRUS.

MELIBOEUS.

BENEATH the Covert of the ſpreading Beech
Thou, *Tityrus*, repos'd, art warbling o'er,
Upon a ſlender Reed, thy Silvan Lays:
We leave our Country, and ſweet native Fields;
We fly our Country: Careleſs in the Shade, 5
Thou teacheſt, *Tityrus*, the ſounding Groves
To echoe beauteous *Amaryllis's* Name.

B 2

TITYRUS.

4 VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

TITYRUS.

O *Melibæus*, 'Twas a God to Us
Indulg'd this Freedom: For to Me a God
He *shall* be ever: From my Folds full oft 10
A tender Lamb his Altar shall imbrue:
He gave my Heifers, as thou seest, to roam:
And Me permitted on my rural Cane
To sport at Pleasure, and enjoy my Muse.

MELIBOEUS.

Nay, 'Tis not that I envy, but admire; 15
O'er all the Fields such wild Confusion reigns.
Lo! I far hence my Goats, just fainting, drive;
And This, dear *Tityrus*, I scarce with pain
Can drag along. For here, alas! ev'n now
Among thick Hazle-Shrubs, she cast her Twins, 20
And left the Hope of all my Herd expos'd
On a bare Rock. To me This dire Mishap
(For Now I recollect, though thoughtless Then)
Oaks struck from Heav'n by Lightning oft foretold;
And oft ill-boding from a hollow Holm 25
The Raven croak'd. But who should be That God
You mention'd, give me, *Tityrus*, to know.

TITYRUS.

NOTES.

Ver. 8. *A God.*] Meaning In the same Verse; *hanc* [sub-
Othavius. This Flattery may aud. *Capellam*.] *vix*, *Tityre*,
seem strange to Us: But we *duo*.
know the Manner of the an-
cient Heathen.

Ver. 17. *Far hence.*] *Prote-*
nus; not *Protinus*, as some read
it. *Porro tenus*; *longè a fini-*
bus. *Ruæus*, and Others render
it by *præ me*, before me. Ver. 23. *Though thoughtless*
then.] Here is an *Ellipsis* in
the Original. As if it had been
said, "I remember I was warn-
ed by Prognosticks;" [and
might have understood them,]
sic mens non læva fuisset.

TITYRUS.

The City, so renown'd, which *Rome* they call,
 I, *Melibæus*, ignorant suppos'd
 Like This of Ours, whither we Shepherd-Swains 30
 (As Custom is) our Lambs to Market drive.
 So Whelps to Dogs, so Kiddlings to their Dams
 I liken'd; so great Things compar'd with small.
 But That above all other Citys tow'rs,
 As the tall Cypress o'er the Under-Grove. 35

MELIBOEUS.

And what the Cause which drew thee Hence to *Rome*?

TITYRUS.

Ver. 28. *The City so renown'd, which Rome they call, &c.* This may seem an odd Answer to the Question, *Sed tamen illa Deus qui fit, &c.* But Interpreters rightly account for it by the *Simplicity*, and *Loquacity* of *Rusticks*; who are apt to wind about with long *Circumstances*, and *Preambles*, before they come to the *Purpose*. *Tityrus* is going to say, that he saw This God at *Rome*; as at Ver. 43. Orig. *Hic illum vidi juvenem, &c.* And so, before he does it, gives this Account of *Rome* itself. But then the Poet makes a most elegant Use of This pretended *Simplicity* (which in Him is the greatest *Art*) by inserting what we read between Those Passages; which is full to his Purpose, and the main Design of his *Pastoral*.

Ver. 31. *To market drive.* The Word *depellere*, indeed, when apply'd to *Lambs*, &c.

sometimes signifies *depellere a matribus*: to wean them. As *Ecl. vii. 15.* And That Sense may be imply'd here; but the Word *quid*, referring to the *Town*, shews that it cannot be directly meant. What I have rendered must be the strict and proper Signification.

Ver. 32. *So Whelps to Dogs, &c.* *Sic canibus catulos*— to *viburna cupressi*. Perhaps This Passage is not so easy, as cursory Readers may imagine. *Servius* certainly gives the true Account of it. "I knew that "*Whelps* and *Kids* are like "*their Dams* in *Kind*, tho' not "*in Bigness*: And I had the "*same Thoughts* of *Rome*, in "*respect of Mantua*, and other "*Citys*. But I was mistaken. "*It is of another Species*; or "*a Species* by itself: It differs "*from them* in *Kind*, as well "*as in Bulk*; as a *Cypress* does "*from a Sbrub.*"

6 VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

TITYRUS.

Freedom : Which came, tho' late ; when now in Years
 Advanc'd, and slow, my grieved Chin I shav'd ;
 Yet come it did, tho' after long Delay :
 E'er since from *Galatea* I transferr'd

40

My

Ver. 37, 38. *When now in Years, &c.*] In the Original :

*Libertas ; quæ sera tamen respexit inertem,
 Candidior postquam rudenti barba cadebat :
 Respexit tamen, & longo post tempore venit.*

Here is an Ellipsis of [*licet*] in the first Verse. *Sera licet, respexit tamen.* Had I Authority, I would read *licet* instead of *tamen*. Then the Sense would be full ; and *respexit tamen* would come better than it does, in the next Line but one.

But there is a far greater Difficulty in This Passage. *Virgil* seems to be represented as an old Man ; whereas he wrote This Eclogue in the 29th Year of his Age. To avoid This ; *Servius* applies *candidior* to *libertas*, interpreting it *speciosa*, or *benigna* ; and by *rudenti barba cadebat* understands his having a Beard, or being come to the Age of Manhood. Another takes *candidior barba* for *prima lanugo*. But if (as according to These Accounts) Manhood, or Youth be here described ; what shall we do with *Fortunate Senex*, twice afterwards apply'd to *Tityrus* ? If

This Description be doubtful ; that Word [*Senex*] is plain : and consequently the latter ought to interpret the former. Besides, in the Description itself, what mean the Words *sera, inertem, and longo post tempore* ? Are they applicable to a young Man ? The true Solution therefore must be ; that *Virgil*, tho' young, makes Him by whom he is personated, an old Man, by way of *Blind* : He was not bound to describe himself exactly, and in all Circumstances. That would have been too plain ; and therefore the less elegant. To which it is added by Some, that since he describes himself as a *Freedman*, it was proper for him to assume the old Man : Because Servants were not usually set at Liberty 'till they were advanced in Years.

Ver. 40.—From *Galatea* I transferr'd, &c.] The Original :

Postquam nos Amaryllis habet, Galatea reliquit.

In *babet*, the Preter-Tense is imply'd with a Continuation

of the Present. *Postquam* [habet, ut nunc] *babet*. Some say

PAST. I. VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES. 7

My Love to *Amaryllis*. For (to Thee
I will confess) while *Galatea* reign'd;
No Hope of Freedom, or of Gain I saw:
Tho' many a Victim issued from my Folds,

And

say that *nos Galatea reliquit* is a soft Expression, an *Euphemismus*, as they call it, for *nos reliquimus Galateam*. And it may be so; tho' I think 'tis no great matter.

Ver. 43. *No Hope of—*
Gain I saw.] Orig. — *Nec cura peculi*. Either He despaired of it, and so took no Care: Or the Distractions were such, that he could not apply such Care or Management as his Business requir'd.

Ver. 44. *Tho' many a Victim, &c.*] i. e. *Sheep* to be sold in order to be sacrificed; or to become Victims. *Species pro Genere*. For any Sheep are here intended.

I have said above, that in Those Verses, *Namque, fatebor enim, &c.* to *cura peculi, &c.* the Poet gives a Reason for his leaving *Brutus*, and going over to *Octavius*. Against This Account the following Verses may perhaps be objected.

*Quamvis multa meis exiret Vittima Septis,
Pinguis & ingrata premeretur caseus urbi;
Non unquam gravis ære domum mibi dextra redibat.*

For how could He continue a Farmer, when he had lost his Farm? It being agreed on all hands, that 'till he had lost it, he did not apply himself to That Conqueror; nor had any Thoughts of so doing. According to my Account then (it may be said) he made Cheese, and kept a Flock of Sheep, between the Time of his losing, and recovering his Land; i. e. when he had no Land at all. But (as I have before hinted) it is not his Design to relate Matter of Fact Historically; (that would have been too plain, and consequently dull:) but Poetically to insinuate the

Change of his Condition in general: So he throws in such Circumstances as These, on purpose to disguise, and embellish the Truth. He does not so much as mention the Loss, and Recovery of his Estate: Though That is the very Subject of his Pastoral. He likewise represents himself as an old Man; and as having been a Slave; though there is no Reality in Either.

With as little Reason can the next Lines be objected against the Account which I have given. *Mirabar quid mæsta Deos, Amarylli, vocares* — to *arbuta* vocabant. He might

8 VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

And for th'ungrateful Town fat Cheefe was pres'd;
Still Cashless, and Light-handed I return'd. 46

MELIBŒUS.

I marvel'd, *Amaryllis*, at the Cause,
Why Thou, so piteous, didst invoke the Gods;
For whom thy Apples on their Branches hung.
'Twas *Tityrus* was absent from our Fields; 50
Tityrus, of Thy Absence ev'n These Pines, (plain'd.
Ev'n These clear Brooks, and ev'n These Woods com-

TITYRUS.

What should I do? No other Way I found
To break from Servitude; nor heard elsewhere
Of any Gods so present to my Aid. 55
There, *Melibæus*, That sweet Youth I saw,
To whom twelve Days, each Year, my Altars smoke.
There to my Suit this Answer first he gave;
Swains, Feed, as erst, your Heifers, yoke your Steers.

MELIBŒUS.

go to *Rome*, not only with the Knowledge, but by the Advice and Persuasion of *Amaryllis*; and yet she be greatly afflicted during his Absence from *Man-tua*, where she was; and impatiently long for his Return. Nay, That Verse,

Cui pendere suâ patereris in arbore poma,

plainly shews, that, notwithstanding his leaving her, she passionately lov'd him: And so it might be by her own Advice that he was absent from her. Nor does *Tityrus*'s Reply, *Quid facerem, &c.* in the least contradict This. He might very well give a Reason for doing a Thing; though he did it by the Persuasion of Another, convincing him, and satisfying his own Judgment.

Ver. 52. *These Woods.*] *Arbusta*. Not *Shrubs*, as some con-

strue it; but Parcels of Ground where Trees grow. *Arborea*; *Loca arboribus confita*: Groves, or Orchards. *Vocabant*: Call'd upon him to return. The Poetical Elegancy of applying These Ideas both to *Brutes*, and *inanimate Things*, is well known.

Ver. 56. *There.*] *Hic* for *illuc*. These Changes are usual even in common Discourse.

Ver. 59. *Swains, &c.*] The Word *Pueri* here is no Contradiction to the suppos'd old Age of

MELIBŒUS.

Happy old Man ! Thy Farm shall then remain ; 60
 And large enough for thee : tho' all thy Grounds
 With naked Stones are cover'd, and o'ergrown
 With muddy Rushes in a marshy Soil.
 No unaccustom'd Pasturage shall taint
 Thy pregnant Ewes ; nor from a neighb'ring Flock 65
 Diseases with contagious Touch consume.
 Happy old Man ! Among the well-known Streams,
 And sacred Fountains, here the cooling Shade

Thou

of *Tityrus*. For *Puer* in Latin, like *παῖς* in Greek, is us'd to signify a *Servant*, of any Age. But if This be not an Objection to it ; I doubt something else is. How came *Tityrus* to sing of his *formosa Amaryllis* ? (ver. 5.) and to talk of changing one Mistress for Another, at Those Years ? All I can say, is, he might be only in the *prima*, & *cruda Senectus* ; suppose about fifty : As *Candidior*, the Epithet of *Barba*, in the Passage above-cited, seems to import ; the Comparative Degree often signifying a low Degree of its Positive : [Tending to white, greyish, or griesled :] And his *Amaryllis*, though *handsom*, might be none of the *youngest*. Sure some Commentator might have started This Objection ; and endeavour'd to answer it.

Ibid. Yoke your Steers.] Submittite *Tauros* : i. e. jugo. Mittite sub jugum. This Interpretation I rather chuse : Tho' submittite may certainly be very

well refer'd to the Breeding of Those Cattle. See Note on the 96 Verse of the Third Georgick.

Ver. 61. Tho' all thy Grounds, &c.] This *Ruauis* thinks cannot be meant of *Virgil's* Land ; which, he says, is describ'd. *Ecl. ix.* as fertile, rather than barren. How it is so describ'd There, I see not : He means Those Lines—*Qua se subducere colles*——to *cacumina fagi*. This I am sure of ; His Interpretation, here, of—*quamvis lapis omnia nudus*——to *pascua junco*, referring it not to *Tityrus's* Lands, but to Those of his Neighbours, is an intolerable Strain ; and the Sense is very good without it.

Ver. 65.—Pregnant Ewes.] The Word *ſœta* sometimes signifies a Female just delivered of her Young. As *Æneid. viii. 630.*—*Viridi ſœtam Mavortis in antro Procubuisse lupam*. But it is often synonymous with *grawida*, and *pregnans* ; And the Word *grawida*,

Thou shalt enjoy. The Quick-set Sallows here,
Which always part th' adjoining Fields from Thine,
Suck'd by *Hyblæan* Bees, that drink its Flow'rs, 71
Shall oft invite thy Sleep with humming Sound.
The Woodman there, beneath a lofty Rock,
Shall sing to Heav'n : Nor shall meanwhile the Doves,
Thy dear Delight, nor yet the Turtles cease 75
To cooe, and from aerial Elms complain.

TITYRUS.

Therefore swift Stags shall sooner feed in Air,
And Tides leave naked Fishes on the Beach ;
Sooner shall *Parthia* and *Germania* change

Their

joined with *fætas* shews that it is so Here. In the same Verse *tentabunt* for *lædent*. Thus *Horace* ; *Tentatum frigore* corpus : and *Tully* ; *Tentationes morborum*.
Ver. 69—to 72.] Quick-set Sallows Here, —Humming Sound.] Orig.

*Hinc tibi quæ semper vicino ab limite sepes,
Hyblæis apibus florem depasta salicti,
Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro.*

Hinc [ex altera parte, on the one hand] *sepes*, quæ tibi [est] ab limite vicino, [i. e. dividit agrum tuum à limite vicini] depasta florem salicti [i. e. depasta quoad, vel secundum florem, &c. or habens florem depastum] sed upon by Bees, &c. *sæpe suadebit somnum inire*, &c. *De La Cerda* refers tibi to suadebit. And it may be so ; It matters not which : Tho' I am rather for the other ; as I have render'd it.

Ver. 73. The Wood-man.] *Hinc* [on the other hand] *Fron-dator* ; most properly, *Ampu-tator frondium* : But it may very well be extended to signify the same as *Lignator*, *Arborator* : One who prunes, lops, or any way takes care of, *Vine-yards*, *Orchards*, *Woods*, or any *Trees* whatsoever.

Ver. 79. Sooner shall *Parthia*, and *Germania*, &c.] Orig.

Ante, pererratis amborum finibus, exul
Aut Ararim Parthus bibet, aut Germania Tigrim, &c.

To take *pererratis* for *permutatis*, is strangely licentious. Doubtless it is to be understood literally ; and *amborum* to be resolv'd

PAST. I. VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES. 11

Their Climate, This drink *Tigris*, *Arar* That: 80
Than from my Soul his Image be effac'd.

MELIBŒUS.

But we to distant Climes must banish'd go;
Some to parch'd *Africk's* Sands; to *Scythia*, some;
To *Crete*, and turbulent *Oæxæ's* Stream,
And *Britain*, quite from all the World disjoin'd. 85
Shall I then never more, admiring, see,
After long Absence, and some Harvests past,
My Country's Coasts, my poor Hut built with Turf,
To Me a Kingdom? Shall these Lands, so well
Manur'd, by impious Soldiers be possess'd? 90
These Crops by Aliens? See, to what Extremes
Our wretched Natives are reduc'd by Broils
Intestine! See, for Whom we sow'd our Fields!

Go,

resolv'd by ἀλλήλων in Greek, and *one another's* in English. The *Parthian* wandering over the *German's* Country, and the *German* over the *Parthian's*. For the Geographical Difficulty of This Place, see the Commentators, especially *Ruæus*. I observe the same Method in These Notes, as in Those upon the *Æneis*. See Introductory Remarks to *Æneid* I.

Ver. 86. *Never more.* —]

Orig. *En unquam*: For *Unquamne*, or *Nunquamne*; The Sense, tho' seemingly contradictory, being in effect the same. In common Discourse, *shall I ever*, — *shall I never*, — both imply Doubt, and Desire. Therefore *Ruæus* had no need to distinguish so nicely upon This Expression.

Ver. 87. *Some Harvests.*] The common Interpretation is certainly the best: *aristas*, by a Metonymy of the Adjunct, for *Harvests*; and Those by a Synecdoche, for Years. Nor is the Objection of any force, that This agrees not with *longo post tempore*: Sure *some Years* to a banish'd Man may seem a long time. I therefore refer *mea regna* to — *tuguri congestum cespitem culmen*, not to *aristas*: And can much less come into *Germanus's* Conjecture, (see it in *Ruæus*, who agrees with him) which is, to my Apprehension, strangely absurd. In the same Verse, *Videns mirabor*; for *videbo cum admiratione*.

Ver. 89, to 93. *Shall These Lands — sow'd our Fields.*]
Novale,

12 VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

Go, *Melibæus* ; Graft thy Pear-Trees now ;
 Now range thy Vines in order : Go, my Goats, 95
 Once happy Cattle, go : Henceforth no more
 Shall I, extended in my mossy Cave,
 Behold you from a Rock with Bushes rough
 At distance hang ; No Carols shall I chant ;
 Tended by Me no more, my Goats, shall you 100
 On Trefoil's Flow'rs, and bitter Sallows browse.

TITYRUS.

Yet Here this Night with Me thou may'st repose,
 On verdant Leaves : Ripe Apples here I have,
 Soft Chestnuts, and of well-press'd Cheese good Store ;

And

Novale, or *Terra novalis*, strictly signifies fallow Land, or That which lies untill'd every other Year. But in This Place it is put for Land indefinitely. *Species pro Genere*, is a great Elegancy in Poetry. *Consewimus* implies sowing Corn, or planting Trees ; or rather Both.

Ver. 94. Go, *Melibæus*, graft thy Pear-Trees, &c.] The Sense is, as if it had been ; *I nunc*, *Melibæe*, *insere Pyros*, &c. 'Tis an Ironical Complaint, join'd with Indignation : And though it be literally refer'd to the Future ; yet the Sense relates to the Past. In English one would say ; You have grafted, &c. to fine Purpose. For the Word *Inserere*, see Note on Georg. ii. 63.

Ver. 103, & 104. On verdant Leaves — Cheese good Store.] By *Fronde super viridi*, *De La.Cerda* understands *super*

viridi gramine. But sure *frons* was never used for *gramen*. The Word *mitia*, as apply'd to *Poma*, may well be interpreted *matura*, as it is by *Most* ; in opposition to the Sharpness and Sourness which they have, before they are ripe. By *pressi copia lactis* may be meant either mere Milk, or Curds, or Cheese. In the first Sense *pressi* must stand for *expressi* : In the second, for *coacti*, *coagulati* ; In the third, it must be taken in its usual and common Signification.

As This Eclogue is attended with many and great Difficulties, (which I hope are now pretty well clear'd) so it abounds in Beauties. The Plan of it is wholly New, and *Virgil's* own. And even in its Thoughts, and Expressions, little or nothing is taken from *Theocritus*. The Disposition of the little Scene, and

PAST. I. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 13

And now the Village-Tops at distance smoke, 105
And longer Shades from lofty Mountains fall.

and Action, the happy Condition of *Tityrus*, and the quite contrary one of *Melibæus*, under which Latter is represented the miserable State of That Country in general, by the Calamities of Civil War, are very affecting, and delightful.

*Nos patriæ fines, & dulcia linquimus arva,
Nos patriam fugimus. Tu, Tityre, lentus in umbrâ, &c.
Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt, &c.
At nos hinc aliū sitientes ibimus Afros.
Pars Scythiam, & rapidum Cretæ veniemus Oaxen,
Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos, &c.
Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit?
Barbarus has segetes? En! quo discordia cives
Perduxit miseros.——*

Most agreeable is the elegant | tion throughout; as are the
Simplicity of the Style and Dic- | pretty short Descriptions.

*Hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras;
Nec tamen interea rauca, tua cura, palumbes,
Nec gemere aëriâ cessabit turtur ab ulmo.*

Upon the Whole, we are at | Poet; the Publick Spirit of the
a loss to determine which we | Patriot; or the Gratitude of
should most admire; the Ele- | the sincere honest Man.
gancy and Judgment of the



PASTORAL the SECOND.

CORYDON.

IT is plain *Virgil* was thoroughly sensible of the mighty Power, and vast Extent, of That Tyrannical Passion, *Love*; since, besides the whole Fourth Book of his *Æneis*, and part of the First, as also a Noble Digression in his Third Georgick, He

14 INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

He has given us Three of his Ten Eclogues upon the same Subject; the Eighth, the Tenth, and this Second. Which includes the various Turns and Traverses of this Passion in the compass of a few Lines, express'd with wonderful Force and Elegancy. To produce the several Instances, would be to transcribe the whole Pastoral. I shall in my Notes remark upon some of them. As for the Poet's being thus enamour'd with one of his own Sex, we have no reason to accuse him, upon this Account, of that detestable and unnatural Vice, which cannot be nam'd or thought of without Horrour. See Mr. *Dryden's* Life of *Virgil*; and Mr. *Barnes's* Life of *Anacreon*, §. XIX, &c. It is true, some of the Heathen, who were given up to vile Affections, were guilty of that Abomination; and perhaps it was not even so scandalous and infamous among them, as it ought to have been. But it is not to be conceiv'd, that so grave, chaste, and religious a Writer, as *Virgil*, should be tainted with it; or, if he were, that so wise and prudent a Man should publickly have own'd it. Most certainly therefore he neither meant so Himself, nor was so understood by Others. There is no Hint of that horrid Appetite, nor one immodest Expression in the whole Poem: Which means no more than either the Platonic Love of the Beauties both of Body and Mind, or Excess of Friendship, or rather Both. Experience gives us many Instances of Persons of the same Sex, especially in Childhood and Youth, one of whom is lov'd by the other, or both by each other, to an Extremity of Fondness, and almost Dotage; without having the least Idea, or giving the least Suspicion of what is here objected. That the same was charged upon the excellent, and almost divine *Socrates*, because he delighted to converse with beautiful

PAST. 2. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 15

tiful young Men; and what he answer'd to it, is well known. I dare say, no Person, unless monstrously debauch'd beforehand, and so being a Tempter to himself, (which he may be in reading not only innocent, but sacred Things) had ever an ill Thought suggested to him, by the reading of this Eclogue.

THE Shepherd *Corydon*, with hopeless Fires,
For fair *Alexis* burn'd, his Lord's Delight:
Tho' hopeless, yet among the shady Tops
Of the thick Beeches day by day he came;
There in These undigested Strains, to sooth, 5
Unknowing what he sought, his fond Despair, To

Ver. 1. *With hopeless Fires.*] Orig.—*Nec quid speraret habebat*; i. e. *nec habebat ullam spem*, or *unde speraret*.

Ver. 2. *Burn'd.*] *Ardebat*, for *ardenter amabat*. There is a great Poetical Elegancy in giving an Active Signification to Neutral Verbs. The Instances are many; and I make This general Remark once for all.

Ver. 3. *Tho' hopeless, yet, &c.*] Orig. *Tantum*, i. e. *solummodò, inter densas, &c. veniebat*. *All he could do, was to, &c.*

Ver. 5. *Undigested.*] *Incondita*. *Condere carmina*, is an Expression well known.

Ver. 5, & '6.—*To sooth, unknowing—Despair.*] The full

Sense of all This is included in Those two elegant comprehensive Words, *Studio inani*. These Fondnesses of Lovers, tho' in Despair, thus amusing, and labouring to deceive themselves, are natural, and frequent. In the same Verse, *Montibus & silvis jacebat*; for *jacebat*, i. e. *fundebat, ad montes & silvas*.

Several Passages in the following Soliloquy are taken from *Theocritus*. For the particular Places in this, and the other Eclogues, in which there are any Imitations of That Poet, see *De la Cerda*. Or rather let the learned Reader carefully peruse all the Pastorals of That sweet Writer, and compare them with These of *Virgil*.

Ver.

16 VIRGIL's ECLOGUES.

To Woods and Mountains he complain'd alone.

Cruel *Alexis*! Nought dost thou regard
My Verse? Nought pity me? Force me to die?
Our Cattle now the cooling Shades enjoy; 10
Now the green Lizards lurk in prickly Brakes:
And *Thestylis* pounds Thyme, and Garlick, Herbs
Strong-scented, for the Reapers tir'd with Heat.
But while, beneath the scorching Sun, I trace
Thy Steps; the Lawns with Grasshoppers resound, 15
Which their hoarse Notes in Consort join with mine.
Was it not better to endure the Pride
Of *Amaryllis*, or *Menalcas*' Scorn;
Tho' black He was, tho' wondrous fair art Thou?
O trust not thy Complexion, beauteous Boy, 20
Too far: White Withbinds fall, black Hyacinths
Are gather'd. I, *Alexis*, am disdain'd
By Thee: nor who I am, dost thou enquire;
How rich in snow-white Cattle, how in Milk
Abounding. On *Sicilian* Mountains rove 25
A thousand Lambs of mine: In Summer's Heat,
And Winter's Frost, new Milk I never want:
I sing, as That *Dircean* Shepherd sung,
Amphion, if he ever fed his Flocks,

On

Ver. 24. *Snow-white Cattle.* *Ruæus*, and some others, refer
niwei to *Lactis*, not to *Pecoris*;
and point it accordingly. But
This to Me is very jejune. *White*
Milk is nothing extraordinary,
(not that the Expression is im-
proper, nor always unpoetical)
but *Whiteness* in many sorts of

Cattle is a great Recommendation
of them.

Ver. 29.—*If be ever, &c.*]
Siquando armenta, &c. Lite-
rally this implies a Doubt; tho'
in Truth it does not. *If be did*,
as he certainly did: That is the
Sense. Thus in *Homer*, *Virgil*,
and other Poets, both ancient
and

PAST.2. VIRGIL'S ECLYGUES. 17

On high *Baotian Aracynthus* Top. 30
 Nor am I so deform'd ; I lately saw
 Myself upon the Shore, when free from Winds
 The Sea stood smooth : *Daphnis* I should not fear,
 Tho' Thou wert Judge, unless that Mirrour lye.
 O ! were but Thy Delight with me to dwell, 35
 In lowly Cottages, and rural Shades

By

and modern, *Engliſh*, as well as Others ; a Perſon addreſſing himſelf in Prayer to a ſuperiour Power, ſays ; *If I did This, or That, meaning ſince I did.* *Siquando* therefore is here the ſame as *Siquidem*. Theſe, and ſuch like, are *Idiomatical Gra- ces* of Poetry : and are to be ac- counted for by an elegant *El- liptis*. See the Note on Ver. 353, 354, of the vth *Æneid*.

Ver. 32. *When free from Winds.*—] *Cum placidum ven- tis ſtaret mare. Staret ventis,* for *non moveretur ventis*. The *Positive* elegantly for the *Ne- gative* ; the one really implying the other.

Ver. 34. *Unless that Mirrour lye.*] *Si nunquam fallit imago.*

The Senſe muſt be as I have render'd it. The Image, if truly *repreſented*, to be ſure, cannot deceive ; no Doubt can be made of *That*. The only Queſtion is, Whether the *Mirrour* be right ; or, (which is the ſame Thing in effect, the One being the neceſſary Conſequence of the Other) whether the Image be rightly *repreſented* by it. *Nun- quam* here ſtands for *Non*, or *Nequaquam* ; as it often does in other Authors. Thus too in *Engliſh*, *It can NEVER be ;* for, *It can NOT be.* 'Tis the ſame therefore with *NIS I fal- lit, &c.*

Ver. 35, &c. *O ! were but thy Delight, &c.*]

*O tantum libeat mecum tibi ſordida rura,
 Atque humiles habitare caſas, & ſigere cervos, &c.*

Sweet Lines ! *Tantum* again for only, not for ſo much, tho' the Latter may be admitted. *Tantum tibi* [quantum mihi.] *Figere* (in its firſt Signification, to fix) often ſignifies, as here, to ſtab, pierce, &c. not only in Verſe, but in Proſe. Thus too in *Engliſh*, to ſtick a Man.

— *Tibi ſordida rura.* All Interpreters agree, that here is a Reduplication of *Tibi* ; or that another *Tibi* is underſtood as govern'd of *ſordida*. *Libeat tibi habitare rura tibi ſordida ;* i. e. *quæ ſordent tibi.* And ſo I have render'd it. Though, after all, perhaps *ſordida* may imply

18 VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

By Thee despis'd ! to drive the Kids afield
 With a green Wand, and shoot the flying Deer !
 Singing in Woods, Thou *Pan* himself with Me
 Shalt imitate : *Pan* taught us first with Wax 40
 Reeds to conjoin, and form the various Pipe ;
 O'er Sheep, and o'er their Shepherds *Pan* presides.
 Nor

imply no more than *simplicia*,
 in opposition to the *Delicacy*,
 and *Ornaments* of the City. | Ver. 37, 38. — To drive,
 &c. With a green, &c.]

Hædorumque gregem viridi compellere bibisco.

That is, (say some Commenta-
 tors) *compellere ad viridem bi-
 biscum*. Drive them to it, that
 they may feed upon it. To ju-
 stify This, they alledge That
 of *Virgil* in the *Æneis*, *It cla-
 mor cælo, for ad cælum* ; To
 which they might have added
 That above, in this very Ec-
 logue, *Montibus jactabat*. But
 those Expressions may be sof-
 ten'd. In the former, *Cælo*
 quasi in *cælo* ; which is much
 the same with *per cælum* : and
 that again, with regard to the
 different parts of the *Air*, or
Sky, supposes *ad*. In the lat-
 ter, *jactabit* includes *dixit*,
 which really governs a Dative
 Case. But This we are now
 upon is utterly unnatural and
 ungrammatical. I am there-
 fore clearly of Opinion with
 Those who take *Hibiscus* (and
 that it may be so taken, *De La*
Cerda shews) for a large Plant,
 or little Tree, out of which
Wands may be made. And
 then all is plain ; *compellere*,
 drive them with a Wand of
Hibiscus. 'Tis only a *Meto-*

nymia materiæ ; continually
 us'd not only in Poetry, but in
 common Discourse. Besides,
Virgil no where mentions this
Hibiscus, (whatever it be) as
 Food for Cattle : That *Baskets*
 are made of it, He informs us
 in the last Eclogue ; the only
 Place, except This, in which
 he mentions it. Or if it *does*
 here mean such Food ; I should
 take it Thus, *compellere*, i. e.
congregare, (for so the Word is
 sometimes used) entice them, or
 draw them together with it ;
 not drive them to it. This
 would be good Sense, and good
 Grammar.

Ver, 40, &c. *Pan taught us*
first, &c.] The Argument is,
 the great *Pan* invented This
 Art ; therefore You need not
 be ashamed to learn it. *Instituit*
conjugere, began, or taught to
 do it. *Curat* ; Governs, super-
 intends, protects. *Pœniteat*, i. e.
pigeat, tædeat, pudeat. All
 These Impersonals run into
 one another. Thus *Ecl. x.*
ver. 16, 17. Nostri nec pœniteat
illas ; Nec te pœniteat, &c.

PAST.2. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 19

Nor with a Reed do thou disdain t' indent
 Thy tender Lip ; to learn this very Art
 Ambitious, what did not *Amyntas* do ? 45
 A Pipe I have, of seven unequal Canes
 Compacted ; which to me *Dametas* gave,
 And dying said, Henceforth of this be Thou
 The second Owner : Thus *Dametas* said ;
 The Fool *Amyntas*, vex'd, with Envy pin'd. 50
 Besides two young He-Goats, in no safe Vale
 By me recover'd, with their Skins ev'n now
 Dapled with White ; which I for Thee reserve :
 Each Day from both her Teats they drain their Dam.
 Them *Thestylis* long time has beg'd ; and She 55
 Shall have them, since my Presents are Thy Scorn.
 Come hither, beauteous Boy ; Behold, the Nymphs
 To Thee fresh Lillies in full Baskets bring :
 For Thee the lovely *Nais* crops the Heads
 Of Poppies, and the Violet's pale Flow'rs, 60
 With

Ver. 46. *Canes*] *Cicutis* : strictly Hemlock ; but us'd for any hollow Reeds, or Canes.

Ver. 52. *Recover'd.*] For That must be the Meaning of *reverti* : Otherwise they would have been *stolen* ; which is not to be brag'd of. If he had barely found them ; he should have restor'd them to their right Owner.

Ver. 54. *Dam.*] *Ovis*. Will a Ewe suckle a Kid ? I never heard it would. If it will, *Ovis* may be render'd literally. If not it is set for *Capra* : However it be, *Dam* takes in Either ; the Foster-Dam, as well as the

Natural. Like that in *Æneid*. 8. ver. 632. *Lambere matrem*. But how can *Ovis* be put for *Capra* ? Not incongruously, perhaps, especially in Poetry ; because *Goats*, and *Sheep* are so like in their nature ; and their Flocks and Herds promiscuous. And peradventure This may be the best Interpretation (among some Others) of That Passage in the holy Scriptures, *Exod.* xii. 5.—Ye shall take it (the Lamb) out from the Sheep, AND (not OR, as we render it) from the Goats : See *Poole's Synopsis Criticorum* upon the Place.

With the Narcissus, and sweet Anise join'd ;
 Then mingling Cinnamon, and other Herbs
 Of fragrant Scent, with the soft Hyacinth
 The Saffron Bloom of Marigolds adorns.
 Myself will gather Quinces white with Down, 65
 And Chesnuts which my *Amaryllis* lov'd :
 Plumbs I will add, like Wax, of yellow Hue ;
 And to That Fruit new Honour shall be paid :
 You too, ye Laurels, and Thee, Myrtle next ;
 Because thus mix'd you fragrant Odours blend. 70
 Thou art a Rustick, *Corydon* ; nor cares
Alexis for thy Gifts : Or if in Gifts
 Thou shouldst contend ; *Iolas* would not yield.
 Wretch that I am ! What would I ? To the Winds
 My Flow'r's I have expos'd, and sent the Swine 75
 (Ah ! frantick !) to pollute my limpid Streams.

Whom

Ver. 62, 63. *Then mingling Cinnamon, &c. adorns.* Tum *intexens* [illos flores] *casâ*, &c. (I would rather read *casâ*.) *PINGIT*, i. e. *diversify*, *recommends*, *sets them off* ; as Colours are mix'd in *Painting*, or *Tapestry*.

Ver. 65—68.—*Quinces—shall be paid.* Malum signifies several sorts of Fruit.

Here the Words *cana tenerâ lanugine* determine it to the *Quince*. The Word *cereâ* added to *pruna*, may mean either their *Softness* or *Yellowness* ; or *Both*. *Pomum* (though strictly an *Apple*) often signifies any *Fruit*, that grows on *Trees*.

Ver. 74—76. *To the Winds—limpid Streams.*

————— *Floribus Austrum*
Perditus, & liquidis immisi fontibus Apros.

Among the several Interpretations of These *Allegorical*, and *Proverbial* Expressions, I chuse This: “ By my Folly in indulging This mad Passion, “ I have rais'd a Tempest in

“ my Breast, which before was “ quiet ; confounded and ruin'd “ my Affairs, which before “ were well manag'd, flourish- “ ing, and successful.”

PAST.2. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 21

Whom fly'st thou, Thoughtless? Gods have liv'd in Woods;
And *Trojan Paris*: In the Towers she built
Let *Pallas* dwell: The Woods be our Delight.

The savage Lions pursues the Wolf; 80

The Wolf the Goat; the Goat the Trefoil's Flow'rs;
Thee *Corydon, Alexis*: All their Love.

Behold, the Oxen homewards draw the Plough,
Less lab'ring with its Weight; and now the Sun,
Retiring, doubles the increasing Shades: 85

Yet Love me burns; What Bounds are set to Love?

Ah! *Corydon*! What Frenzy turns thy Brain?

Thy Vine, half-prun'd, creeps round yon leafy Elm:

Why

Ver. 84. *Less lab'ring with its Weight.* *Aratra*—*suspensa* [ex] *jugo*: So *De La Cerda*. *Sublevata jugo*: So *Ruæus*. Both very dark. I take *suspensa* here to imply (though not exactly to signify) the same with *inversum*, *Hor. Epod. 2. ver. 63.* They drew the Plough, backwards, the Share not cutting the Ground; therefore it must be *suspensum, light*, i. e. less heavy, as sliding upon the Surface. Thus in *Terence*; *suspensa grada*, for treading lightly. And that of *Virgil* himself, *Georg. I. ver. 68.*—*temi sat erit suspendere sulco*, i. e. *perstringere*. As for *jugo*, it means no more than that they draw with the Yoke; as Every body knows they cannot draw without it. Thus *Ovid* upon the very same Occasion;

—*Versa jugo referuntur aratra.*

Fast. Lib. V. ver. 497. *Servius* therefore, with Submission, takes it wrong: *Bobus jugo solutis* (says He) *adeft quies*: They are, not as yet *jugo soluti*; though they are going to be so; or will be so, as soon as they come home.

Ver. 88, 89. *Thy Vine half-prun'd, &c. Why* rather, &c.

Semiputata tibi frondosa vitis in ulmo est:
Quin tu aliquid saltem, &c.

Some Expositors (see *De La Cerda*) will have *Semiputata tibi*, &c. to be a Proverbial Expression, for *Thou art mad*. If it be; 'tis a strange one to my Apprehension. They say it cannot be taken

Why rather try'st thou not with Oſier Twigs,
And Ruſhes, ſomething for thy Uſe to weave? 90

Na-

taken literally; becauſe Corydon would then talk of pruning his Vines in the Middle of Summer; which is abſurd. To ſay, as Some do, that He ſpeaks of plucking off the Leaves (*Putare* for *Avellere*) in order to ripen the Grapes, is, I confeſs, a great Strain. But why cannot He be ſuppoſed to have been Thus in Love, at leaſt half a Year? or three Quarters, either? And ſo to have neglected the Pruning of his Vine, when it was the proper Season? For he does not talk of pruning it Now; What He adviſes himſelf to do at preſent, is, *Viminibus mollique—detexere junco*. Upon the Whole, Thus: “ You

“ have long neglected your
“ Buſineſs; Why do You not
“ now apply yourſelf to it?”
Quin tu aliquid, &c. *Quin* (ſays one of the *varii Interpretes*) i. e. *quinimo*. *Hortantis eſt*. Whereas 'tis plainly *Interrogantis: Cur non. Paras detexere aliquid [eorum] quorum indiget, &c.* The Word *ſaltem* muſt be join'd to *paras*. Why do you not ſet about it, or endeavour it, at leaſt? In the laſt Line, ſome Copies have it *Alexis*; others, *Alexin*. The latter is the ſtronger, and more elegant.

Moſt elegant indeed is this Paſtoral, from the Beginning to the End.

O crudelis Alexi, nihil mea carmina curas?
Nil noſtri miſerere? &c.
Nonne fuit ſatius triſtes Amaryllidis iras, &c.
Nonne Menalcan?
Quamvis ille niger, &c.
Deſpectus tibi ſum, nec quis ſim quæris, Alexi:
Quàm dives pecoris nivei, &c.
Nec ſum adeo informis, nuper me in littore vidi, &c.
Huc ades, ô formoſe puer; tibi lilia plenis
Ecce ferunt Nymphæ calatbis, &c.
Ruſticus es, Corydon; nec munera curat Alexis.

Here one would have thought | yet preſently afterwards,
he had left off in Deſpair. And

Quem fugis ab! demens? habitârunt Dii quoque Silvas, &c.
Aſpice aratra jugo, &c.
Me tamen urit amor—
Ab! Corydon, Corydon; quæ te dementia cepit?

Even

PAST.2. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 23

Nature has more than one *Alexis* form'd ;
Thou'lt find Another, tho' disdain'd by This.

Even when he resolves to for- | ly repeats the beloved Name :
get the beloved Person, he fond-

Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexin.

The *shifting Gusts*, and *Self-* | were never, in so few Lines,
Contradictions of this Passion | better represented.



PASTORAL the THIRD.

PALEMÓN.

THIS Pastoral (and the Seventh, is of the same Kind) contains an elegant *Trial of Skill* in Musick and Poetry, between two Shepherds. It is in Imitation of the Fifth and Eighth *Idylliums* of *Theocritus*. How ingenious and entertaining it is, no Reader of a true Taste wants to be inform'd. We shall, however, touch upon some of the most remarkable Particulars as we go along.

MENALCÆS,

MENALCAS, DAMÆTAS, PALÆMON.

MENALCAS.

ARE These, *Damætas*, *Melibæus*' Sheep?

DAMÆTAS.

No; *Ægon*'s: *Ægon* gave them to my Care.

MENALCAS.

O Sheep, still hapless Cattle! While he wooes
Næra, and my Rival Int'rest fears;
 Twice in each Hour this Hireling milks his Flock, 5
 And drains the suckling Ewes, and starves the Lambs.

DAMÆTAS.

Less liberally tho', at least on Men,
 (Remember That) such Scandal should be thrown:
 We know by Whom, and in what sacred Cave
 You too were—While the He-Goats look'd askance: 10
 But thank the easy Nymphs; They saw, and smil'd.*

MENALCAS.

Ver. 3. *O Sheep, still hapless Cattle!*] *Infelix & semper oves pecus!* Some read *Ovis*; very improperly, and absurdly.

Ver. 7. *Less liberally tho', at least on Men, &c.*] *Servius* points it thus; *Parcius: ista viris tamen objicienda memento.* And Thus explains it; "Throw not the Scandal upon Me; or however, if you do, remember 'tis Scandal which may be thrown upon a Man: but You (as will appear from what I am going to say, *No-vimus & qui te, &c.*) are unworthy of that Name." This indeed is not necessary; yet it is perhaps better, and stronger Sense, than according to the common Pointing; *Parcius ista viris, &c.* And tho' I do not follow it; yet I have (as Mr. Dryden did before me) added the Words *at least*, to put the greater Emphasis upon the Word *Men*: Which is certainly very Emphatical, even according to the common Acceptation, and Pointing, which I follow. "Think not, *Men* (*i. e.* such as have the true *Spirit*, and *Honour* of their *Sex*, whatever *Others* may do) will bear such Affronts as These."

PAST. 3. VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES. 25

MENALCAS.

'Twas then belike; when Me they saw, for Spight,
Bark *Mycon's* Trees, and cut his tender Vines.

DAMOETAS,

Or here, by This old Beech; when *Daphnis's* Bow
And Shafts You broke: Which when thou saw'st (perverse
Menalcas) on the harmless Youth bestow'd; 16
With Envy Thou wert stung, and if no way
Thou could'st have done him Mischief, would'st have dy'd.

MENALCAS.

If Slaves thus dare; What will their Masters do?
Did not I see You, Varlet, by Surprise 20
Filch *Damon's* Goat, *Lycisca* barking loud?
And when I cry'd, Now whither runs That Thief?
Look sharp there, *Tityrus*, and count thy Flock;
You skulk'd behind a Bush, and slunk away.

DAMOETAS.

Vanquish'd in Piping, ought he not to yield 25
The Goat which my excelling Reed had won?

Ver. 12. 'Twas then belike, signify Both. Though after
&c.] These Ironical Repar- all, 'tis odd enough: and if I had
tees, *Tum credo, cum me, &c.* Authority, instead of *Et cum*, I
(not unlike That of *Ovid*, would rather read *Quando*. Some
Metam. B. 13. nec in his quis- Commentator might have ta-
quam damnatus, & exul) and ken notice of This. In the
ver. 12. Orig. *Aut hic ad ve-* next Line, *aliqua subaud. ra-*
teres fagos, &c. are exceeding tionem.

sharp, and satyrical.
Ibid. For spight.] *Mala falce,*
i. e. *maligna, invidâ.*

Ver. 14. Or here, &c.] *Aut*
hic ad, &c. The Words *fa-*
ciles Nymphæ risere are again
understood. At ver. 14. Orig.
Et must have a reference to the
Et in the next Line, and so

Ver. 19. Slaves.] *Fures.*
The Word *Fur* in Latin ancient-
ly signify'd a Servant, or Slave:
As *Knave* and *Villain*, did in
English.

Ver. 23. Count.] This tho'
not express'd, is imply'd in *Coge.*
Bring them together, in order
to count them.

26 VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

If yet you know it not, That Goat was Mine :
Damon himself confess'd it, own'd the Debt ;
 Only pretended that he could not pay.

MENALCAS.

Thou Him in Piping ! Had'st thou e'er a Pipe 30
 Jointed with Wax ? Wert thou not wont, Thou Dolt,
 In the Cross-ways, upon a screeching Straw,
 To murder a vile Tune with viler Notes ?

DAMOETAS.

Please you to try then what we Both can do ?
 I stake this Heifer ; That you may'nt refuse, 35
 Two Calves she suckles ; twice is milk'd each Day :
 Name you your Stake, and let the Match begin.

MENALCAS.

Nought from my Flock I dare : At Home I live
 With a hard Stepdame, and a jealous Sire ;
 Both number o'er the Cattle, One the Kids, 40
 Twice ev'ry day. But, what Thyself shalt own
 Of greater Value, (since thou art resolv'd
 To be so Mad) two Beechen Bowls I'll lay,
 The Carv'd-work of divine *Alcimedon* ;

Round

Ver. 30, &c. *Thou Him, &c.*]

*Cantando tu illum [vicisti ?] aut unquam tibi fistula cera
 Juncta fuit ? non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas
 Stridenti miserum stipula disperdere carmen ?*

The extraordinary satyrical Smartness of These Lines, especially in the emphatical Force of the Words *Stridenti, miserum, stipula, disperdere*, one after another, is known almost to a Proverb ; and we need lay no more of it. *Aut un-*

quam tibi fistula cerâ juncta fuit ? i. e. You never had such a Pipe as deserves the Name of a Musical Instrument. Pan primus calamos cerâ conjungere plures Instituit, &c. Ecl. ii. 32, 33.

PAST.3. VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES. 27

Round which the easy Graver has entwin'd 45
An Ivy's Berries, cloath'd with paler Leaves,
And mingled with the Tendrils of a Vine :

Ver. 45, 46, 47. Round which—of a Vine.]

*Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis
Diffusus hedera vestit pallente corymbos.*

Some render the former Verse Thus. "To which a Vine" is added by the Turner's "Chizzel." But how can This be? That Instrument cannot carve or engrave Figures of Trees, Men, &c. Those therefore are certainly in the Right who make *Quibus* the Ablative Case, and *Torno facili* the Dative; meaning by the latter the Wood, after it is polish'd, and smooth'd by the Turner; *Metonymia effecti*. "ON" which a Vine is added [by the "Carver"] TO the Work of the "Turner:" *Facili* expressing the easy and natural Workmanship.

But there is a yet greater Difficulty in This Passage.—*Vitis Diffusus hedera vestit pallente corymbos*. How can a Vine cover Ivy-berrys, or any thing else, with Ivy-leaves? Or can *Vitis* signify Ivy? Or if it signifies a Vine, can *Hedera* be put for *Pampinis*; or *Corymbos* for *Racemos*? *Servius*, and *De La Cerda* are silent upon This great Difficulty: And so are all the Rest, except *Ruæus*. Who says, that *Pliny* (I wish he had told us Where) uses *Vitacula* for *Vimen hederae*. This, if it be true, goes a great way. For if *Vitis*

may here signify Ivy; all is plain. The Rest understand Ivy and a Vine, intermingled: but then they tell us not how to account for the manner of Expressing, which is the only Point to be clear'd. They say, This is meant: but the Question is, how can such Words mean such a Thing? For my part, I think *Ruæus's* Opinion may be right; if his Quotation from *Pliny* be true: especially considering how nearly Ivy and a Vine are a-kin to each other in the Property here express'd by *Lenta*, i.e. *flexilis*, and in creeping up, or round, some other Body: and moreover, that *Vitis*, and *Vimen* spring from the same Root, *vico*. Yet I dare not render *Vitis* by Ivy; and so in my Translation I have followed the other Opinion: According to which, I would Thus account for the Expression. The Vine is so twisted and interwoven with the Ivy; that it seems to sprout from the same Trunk; and so That is Poetically ascrib'd to the Former, which really belongs to the Latter: By this, the Closeness of the Union, and the Confusion of the mingled Branches is represented.

28 VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

Two Figures in the Midst ; *Conon*, and — Who
Was He that with a Wand describ'd the Globe
Distinct thro' all it's Realms : and thro' the Year 50
The Seasons when to reap, and when to plough?
New they are kept, and never touch'd my Lips.

DAMOETAS.

The same *Alcimedon* for Me too made
A Pair of Bowls, and with soft Foliage wreath'd
Their Handles ; *Orpheus* in the Midst he plac'd, 55
Follow'd by list'ning Woods. New they are kept,
And never touch'd my Lips. If you regard
The Heifer ; little Praise the Bowls deserve.

MENALCAS.

Thou shalt not 'scape me so : Where-e'er You lead,
I follow ; and your own Conditions take. 60
Let

Ver. 48. — *And who was He.*] *CONON*, & *quis fuit alter*, &c. There is an Agreeableness in This rustick Simplicity. He mentions one Name ; but has forgot the other. 'Tis suppos'd he means *Aratus*, or rather *Archimedes* ; No matter, which. In the next Line, *Descriptis* — *totum qui gentibus orbem*. Either He describ'd the Globe to Men, or for their Use : Or else *Orbem* [distinctum] *gentibus* [suis :] *Describere* itself often signifies to divide, distinguish, distribute, &c. Some understand it only of the Celestial Globe ; because *Conon*, and *Archimedes* were Geometricians, and Astronomers : But

were they not *Geographers* too ? According to the former Sense of *Gentibus*, *Orbem* may signify the Celestial or Terrestrial, or Both : According to the latter, it can signify only the Terrestrial. The Celestial (which, no doubt, they described likewise) is intimated in the next Line ; *Tempora quæ Messor*, &c. For 'tis That which teaches the Seasons ; and which *Virgil* in his *Georgicks* makes great Use of. *Præterea tam sunt Arcturi sidera*, &c. *Georg. i. 204*, &c.

Ver. 54. *Foliage.*] We have no good English Word for *Acanthus*.

Ver. 57. — to 60. *If You regard*, &c. — *Your own Conditions take.*]

Si ad vitulam spectes, nihil est quod pocula laudes.
Men. *Nunquam hodie effugies ; veniam quæcumque vocâris.*

Many

PAST.3. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 29

Let but *Palæmon* (see he comes this way)
Hear, and be Judge: I'll teach you to beware,
Henceforward, how you challenge Swains to sing.

DAMOETAS.

Many Passages in *Virgil* (This among Others) must be read with great Care, and Attention: Otherwise, we shall lose not only the *Beauty*, but the *Sense* of them: And yet they are easy enough if duly attended to. This, I doubt not, has been read by Many, who thought they perfectly understood it, because they could construe it; and yet had no Idea of the Author's true Meaning. *Ruæus* is the only Commentator who rightly represents it, so far as he goes: For he does not take in All. *Damætas* had propos'd an *Heifer* as the Stake: which *Menalcas* refus'd. *De grege non ausim*, &c. And gave the Reason for it; *Est mihi namque domi*, &c. Instead of That He propos'd two *Bowls*; [for two (though not express'd) are understood; as appears from what *Damætas* afterwards says, *Et nobis idem Alcimedon duo pocula fecit*.] *Damætas* therefore answers, that He (if he pleases) can match him in his way; but waves it by adding, *Si ad vitulam spectes, nihil est quod pocula laudes*; and so seeming to insist upon his former Wager. *Menalcas* replies, *Nunquam hodie effugies*. "You shall not get off so:" *Veniam quocunque vocaris*. "I'll take you even upon your own Terms, rather than fail;

" though I incur the Anger of my Father, &c. Or rather, I am safe as to That; for I am sure I shall be too hard for You." Accordingly, the *Bowls* are laid aside; and a *Heifer* is the Prize, as first propos'd. *Et vitulâ Tu dignus, & Hic*; says *Palæmon*, who is Judge of the Dispute.

Ver. 61. Let but *Palæmon*, &c.] *Audiat hæc tantum vel, qui venit ecce, Palæmon*. "If we can but (*tantum, tantummodò*) get even (That is meant by *vel*, and *ipse*) *Palæmon* to judge between us." The Reason of using these Words is, because He is the *First* they happen to meet. "Even He, without going any further." *Ruæus* makes it stronger, by pointing it Thus. *Audiat hæc tantum vel qui venit: Ecce Palæmon*. As if he had said, seeing somebody at a distance, before he knew who it was; Even He shall be Judge, let him be who he will: I am so sure, that I'll be try'd by any body. Then, *ecce Palæmon*; when, upon his nearer Approach, he discerns who he is.

Ver. 63. — Challenge Swains to sing.] — *Ne quenuquam voce laceffas*. All Expeditors, except *Ruæus*, render it by *maledictis*: He only by *cantu*. I am entirely of his Opinion: And have These Reasons for it; tho:

30 VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

DAMOETAS.

Come on then, if Th' hast aught of Skill; In Me
There's no Delay; nor any do I shun.

65

Only do Thou This Contest well attend;
Neighbour *Palæmon*; 'Tis no small Concern.

PALÆMON.

Sing then; since on the verdant Turf we sit,
And now the Fields all teem, and ev'ry Tree:
Now bloom the Groves, now smiles the beauteous Year.
Begin, *Damætas*; Thou come in by Turns,

71

Menalcas:

He gives None. First, Their mutual abusive Reflections upon one another, in the Beginning, are now past and forgotten; and they are not upon something else, *viz.* their Skill in Musick and Poetry. Secondly, *Menalcas* began Those Reflections, without any manner of Provocation; and therefore could not, without the Height of Impudence and Folly, put the Word *laceffas* upon *Damætas*, in That Sense; Whereas in the other (which I chuse) he very well might: For *Damætas* had actually challeng'd him. *Vis ergo inter nos, &c?* Ver. 28. Thirdly, 'Tis not Sense to say, that his being Conquer'd would make him leave off *Railing*; 'Twould rather make him *rail the more*: But 'tis very good Sense to say it would make him leave off *Challenging*. As for the *Expression*, it favours our Interpretation, as

much as the other; if not more. *Laceffas* *voce* for *ad certandum voce*, is a less Ellipsis than many Others in *Virgil*. But though I take That to be the real Meaning; yet there is no Necessity of recurring to it. Let *voce* signify no more than *ore, verbis, loquendo*; As *Georg. iv.* 320. and in an hundred other places: Still *laceffas* may here mean *challenging*, as it very often does; (not barely *provoking* and *vexing*;) and I am satisfy'd, *does* mean so in This Place.

Ver. 66. *Well attend.*] *Sensibus*; meaning *mentis sensibus*, Thoughts.

Ver. 69. *Teem.*] The Commentators take *parturit* for *parit*: But sure there is a great difference between *breeding* and *bringing forth*. The Poet here plainly describes the *Spring*; When the Fruits of the Earth are in *Embryo*.

PAST.3. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 31

Menalcas: In alternate Measures sing:
Alternate Measures please the Muses best.

DAMOETAS.

With *Jove*, ye Muses, let the Song begin:
All Things are full of *Jove*: He for the World 75
Provides indulgent, and my Verse regards.

MENALCAS.

Me *Phæbus* loves; His Gifts are still with Me,
His sweetly-blushing Hyacinth, and Bays.

DAMOETAS.

Young *Galatea*, wanton Girl, in Sport
Pelts me with Apples: To the Willow-Grove 80
Then flies; but wishes not to fly unseen.

MENALCAS.

To Me, unsent for, my *Amyntas* comes;
Nor *Delia* to our Dogs is better known.

Ver. 72. *Alternate Measures*, est quodcunque vides. It is
&c.] What they call the *Car-* true both of the Gifts, and the
men Amœbaum. The Nature Presence of the Supreme Be-
of which consists not (as it is ing.

commonly imagin'd) in Dia- Ver. 76. *Provides*.] —colit
logue only, but in such a *par-* terras, i. e. curat, protegit,
ticular Turn of it, that what amat. So *Æneid*. i. 20. *Postba-*
the First says shall be reply'd to bitâ coluisse Samo.

by the Other, upon the same, Ver. 77. *His Gifts*.] Munera,
or a like Subject. The Reader i. e. the Things in which he
may observe it all along in This delights; and which are There-
Dialogue; and so likewise in fore offer'd to him by his Vota-
the viith Eclogue. ries. 'Tis us'd passively.

Ver. 74. *With Jove*, Ye Ver. 83. *Nor Delia to my*
Muses, &c.] Ab *Jove* [fit] Dogs, &c.] I cannot under-
principium. That next, *Jovis* stand This of *Diana*; but of
omnia plena, is most Noble: his Mistress, or Servant so
Like That of *Lucan*, *Jupiter* called.

32 VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

DAMOETAS.

Presents for my dear Love are sure ; I've mark'd
The Covert where the ærial Stock-Doves build.

MENALCAS.

Ten golden Apples from a Woodland Tree 86
(The best I could) to the dear Youth I sent ;
To-morrow I will send as many more.

DAMOETAS.

O ! what to Me did *Galatea* say !
How oft repeat it ! Some of those sweet Words, 90
Ye Winds, waft upwards ; that the Gods may hear.

MENALCAS.

What boots it me, *Amyntas*, that my Love
By Thee is not disdain'd ; if, while the Boars
Thou huntest, I am set to watch the Toyls ?

DAMOETAS.

Iolas, 'Tis my Birth-day ; *Phyllis* send 95
To Me : and when a Heifer for the Fruits
We sacrifice, do Thou thy self assist.

MENALCAS.

Phyllis above all Others is my Love,
Iolas : at our Parting, much She wept ;
And long Adieu, she cry'd, fair Youth, Adieu. 100

DA-

Ver. 85. *Build.*] *Congeffere.*
Have heap'd up, or laid toge-
ther [*subaud.*] Leaves, Straws,
and other Materials of their
Nests.

Ver. 93, 94.—*If while the*
Boars, &c.] Si dum tu festi-
ris apros, ego retia servo. What
signifies Your Love to Me ;
if You will not let me shew
Mine to You by sharing Your

Dangers ? For all the Danger
was in hunting the wild Beasts ;
None in watching the Nets.
Thus *Rucus*. But perhaps it
means no more than simply
complaining of his *Absence*.

Ver. 97. *Sacrifice, &c.] —*
Faciam : i. e. sacra faciam.

Ver. 99. *Iolas.*] The Order
of the Construction Thus. *Iola,*
amo Phyllida, &c. Et inquit
[mihi]

PAST.3. VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES. 33

DAMOETAS.

By Flocks the Wolf is dreaded; soaking Show'rs
By the ripe Harvests; By the Trees the Wind;
By Me my *Amaryllis*' angry Frown.

MENALCAS.

Grateful is Dew to springing Corn; sweet Browze
To new-wean'd Kids; the bending Sallow's Leaves
To pregnant Ewes; *Amyntas* sole to Me. 106

DAMOETAS.

Pollio, tho' She be rustick, loves my Muse;
Ye Nine, a Heifer for your Reader feed.

MENALCAS.

Pollio himself surprizing Verse indites:
Feed the Bull for him, which with pushing Horns
Already butts in Air, and spurns the Sand. 111

DAMOETAS.

Who loves Thee, *Pollio*, may he Thither rise
Whither he joys to see Thee ris'n: For Him
May Honey flow, and Spices bloom on Thorns.

[*mihi*] *Formose*, &c. This I observe, because *formose* seems to agree with *Iula*; which yet it does Not.

Ver. 101. By Flocks the Wolf, &c.] *Triste Lupus stabulis*, i. e. *Tristis res*, (as in the next Verse but one, *Dulce satis humor*) or subaud. *Animal. Stabulis* for *Ovilibus*; and That again for *Ovibus*. Metonym. *Contentis pro re contenta*.

Ver. 104. Sweet Browze.] Orig. *Arbutus*. We have no good English for many Latin

Names of Trees, Herbs, Flowers, &c.

Ver. 107, to 114. *Pollio*, though She be, &c. — bloom on Thorns.] This is a fine Complement upon *Pollio*; to make Both the Contenders agree, and strive to out-do each other, in his Praises.

Ver. 109. Surprizing.] *Novum*: i. e. *mirabilia*; because new Things are apt to raise Admiration.

Ver. 113. Whither he joys, &c.] — *Veniat, quo se quoque gaudet [venisse].*

34 VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

MENALCAS.

Who hates not *Bavius*, be he damn'd to love 115
Thy Metre, *Mævius*: And may That same Wight
With harness'd Foxes plough, and milk He-Goats.

DAMOETAS.

You, who crop Flow'rs, and Strawb'ries on the Ground,
Fly hence, Ye heedless Children; O! beware:
A deadly Snake lies lurking in the Grass. 120

MENALCAS.

Trust not, my Sheep, the faithless Bank too far:
Ev'n now the Ram himself just dries his Fleece.

DAMOETAS.

Ver. 115, 116, 117. *Who hates not Bavius, — He-Goats.*] The wonderful Satirical Sharpness of these Lines, *Qui Bavius non odit*, &c. is likewise known to a Proverb. 'Tis pleasant to see the Poet *dashing two Dunces against one another*; to make Sport for Himself, and his Reader. We may be sure they were not only dull, but *envious*, and *malicious* Scriblers: *Virgil* had certainly been abus'd by them; Otherwise He, who was the *most candid*, and *best-natur'd* Man in the World, would not have been so severe upon them.

Ver. 120. *A deadly Snake.*—] *Frigidus* may signify either *deadly* by a *Metonym. effecti*; or literally, *cold*, as Snakes are. I therefore Here render it by the Former, and in the viiith Eclogue by the Other.

Ver. 122. *The Ram himself just dries his Fleece.*] That is, He has lately fallen into the

River: Which ought to make You beware. It is suppos'd, that *Virgil* here alludes to *Himself*; when he was forced to swim for his Life, being pursued by *Arius* the Centurion, But This, at best, is *gratis dictum*: Besides, to put the Ram for the Shepherd, however *Allegorical* it may be, is not very *Natural*: And there is little Agreement between falling into a River accidentally, and leaping into it designedly. Upon the foregoing Line, *Parcite oves*, *nimum procedere*, strange is the Interpretation of *Servius*: O pueri, *parcite oves procedere*, i. e. *Cavete ne procedant*. But besides that here is no such Word, as *pueri*, tho' there is in the former Couplet; there is no Example for such a Way of Expressing. 'Tis plainly Thus; O oves, *parcite procedere*: i. e. *ne procedite*.

PAST. 3. VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES. 35

DAMOETAS.

Back from the River, *Tityrus*, remove
The feeding Goats : My self, when 'tis the Time,
Will wash them all, plung'd in the limpid Spring. 125

MENALCAS.

Boys ; Fold your Sheep : If Summer dry the Milk,
As lately ; we shall squeeze the Teat in vain.

DAMOETAS.

Alas ! How meagre in a fertile Field
Is This my Bull ! Love, the same Love alike
Both to the Herd, and Herdsman fatal proves. 130

MENALCAS.

That These are lean, Love is not sure the Cause ;
Yet thro' the Skin their starting Bones appear :
Some ill Eye fascinates my tender Lambs.

DAMOETAS.

Say Where, and my *Apollo* thou shalt be,
The Sky in Breadth three Ells, no more, extends. 135

MENALCAS.

Ver. 123. Back.] *Reice* for
Rejice.

Ver. 126. Fold your Sheep,
&c.] *Cogite*, i. e. *congregate in*
ovilia. Which must be sup-
pos'd to be in a shady place ;
lest their Milk should be dry'd
up by the Heat. *Si lac præ-*
ceperit [i. e. *præoccupaverit*]
astus ; *Ut nuper frustra*, &c.

Ver. 131—133. That these
—tender Lambs.] *His* [scil.
Agnis] *neque* [for *non*]. *Amor*
causa est [scil. *quod macri sint* :]
Vix offibus hærent. They scarce
hang together in, by, or with,
their Bones, i. e. *ossa eorum vix*

cobærent. I could not with any
tolerable Grace render This li-
terally : But the Sense is in
effect the same. *Nescio quis*
—*fascinat agnos*. Some [evil]
Eye fascinates, &c. *Nescio quis*
for *aliquis* : *Mibi* for *meos*.
This foolish Notion of an evil
Eye, and Fascination, or Be-
witching with it, still obtains
among the ignorant, supersti-
tious Country-People :

Ver. 134. Say where, &c.]
Servius tells us from *Asconius*
Pedianus, (who profess'd to have
had it from *Virgil's* own Mouth)
that the Poet intended by This

Enigma

36 VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

MENALCAS.

Say, Where grow Flow'rs with Names of Kings inscrib'd:
And *Phillis* shall be Thine, and Thine alone.

PALÆMON.

'Tis not in Me This Contest to decide:
The Heifer He deserves, and Thou no less;
And Whoso'er, like Both, shall sing of Love: 140
It's

Enigma to torture the Gram-
marians, *Crucem figere Gram-
maticis*. I can hardly believe
the Fact. 'Tis but a poor Jest,
in my Opinion: And, as *Ser-
vius* understands it (*viz.* of one
Cælius, who, having wasted
his Estate, erected himself a
Monument of three *ulnæ* in
breadth) a very indifferent Pun
into the bargain. See *Ruæus*,
for the various Conjectures to
unriddle it. For my part, I
am for the *Well*, or the *Oven*:

'tis no great matter which.

Ver. 136. *Say, where grow
Flow'rs, &c.*] *Inscripti no-
mina regum: i. e. habentes no-
mina regum inscripta*. For the
Unriddling this again, see
Ruæus. I am of his Opinion,
that it is meant of the *Hyacinth*.
De La Cerda's Conjecture is
very ingenious: But, it seems,
Chronology does not favour it.

Ver. 140, 141. *And who so-
e'er—when refus'd.*]

— — — — — *Et quisquis amores
Aut metuet dulces, aut experietur amaro.*

i. e. *Quisquis cantaverit* [sicut
Vos.—*Ellips.*] *Istum metum,
aut istam experientiam*. Those
are Poetically said to *do*, or
suffer a Thing, who naturally
describe it. See *Ecl.* vi. 62.
Orig. and the Note on ver. 74.
Translat. *Metuet dulces: i. e.*
fear lest they should not be
lasting. *Res est solliciti plena
timoris amor*. The other, ex-

perietur amaro, is plain of it-
self. And they are Both pro-
perly mention'd Here; because
Menalcas had hinted at the For-
mer; *Quid prodest si me ipse
animo non spernis, &c?* and
Dametas at the Latter; *Triste
Lupus stabulis, &c.*

Ver. 142. *Swains, stop your
Streams, &c.*]

Claudite jam rivos, pueri; sat prata biberunt.

i. e. Sing no more; I am fully
pleas'd and satisfy'd. It is an
Allegory from Rivers refreshing
the Meadows, to Musick and
Poetry delighting the Ear,
Fancy, and Judgement. *Streams*
of

PAST. 3. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 37

It's Fears, when crown'd ; It's Torments, when refus'd.
Swains, stop your Streams: The Meads have drank
their Fill.

of Eloquence, — Exundans ingenii fons, &c. are usual, and well-known Metaphors. Not unlike That of the Holy Scriptures ; *My Doctrine shall drop* as the rain ; my Speech shall distill as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass. Deut. 32. 2.



PASTORAL the FOURTH.

POLLIO.

THIS Eclogue is one of the most remarkable Pieces of Heathen Antiquity ; inasmuch as it contains a manifest and illustrious Prophecy of our *Blessed Saviour*, utter'd, in Ignorance, by a Pagan Writer ; and that too in the Reign of the same Emperor in which our Saviour was born. I say in the Reign of the same Emperor : For a learned Author, (as I find him quoted by the excellent Bishop *Bull**, who Himself seems to be in the same Mistake) carries it too far ; when he asserts that *Virgil* wrote This at *Rome*, at the same time that our Saviour was born in *Judea*. It was Forty Years before. See the learned Dr. *Prideaux's* Connexion, &c. Part II. Book VII. However, it is plain that from the *Sibylline Verses*, then in great

* *Primitiva & Apostol. Tradit. Cap. iv.*

38 INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Vogue at *Rome*, *Virgil* applies to the Son of *Pollio* those Predictions which are evidently meant of our Saviour. For a true Account how they came to be inserted in the *Sibylline* Oracles, and for a clear Confutation of some Criticks, who with great Confidence affirm, that those Verses of the *Sibyls*, which are alledg'd by the primitive Fathers, are altogether spurious, and upon that foot speak very contemptuously of Those glorious Worthys, *Origen*, *Justin Martyr*, *Clemens Alexandrinus*, &c. see Bishop *Bull* in the Place before cited; and Dr. *Prideaux's* Connection, Part II. Book IX. *Lesley's* Short Method with the *Jews* and *Deists*; and the ingenious Mr. *Bayley* of *Bristol*, in his excellent *Essay on Inspiration*; Part II. p. 226,—to 291. All I shall do upon this Head, shall be to point out some of the most remarkable Passages in This Eclogue, as so many Prophecies of the *Messiah*.

Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas.

The *last Days*, the *Ends of the World*, the *latter Times*, &c. are known Expressions in the New Testament, denoting the Age of the Gospel: That being the last Dispensation.

*Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo :
Jam redit & VIRGO———
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
——Nascenti puero, quo ferrea primum
Desinet, ac toto surget gens aurea mundo.—
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetuâ solvent formidine terras.
Ille deum vitam accipiet, divisque videbit, &c.
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.*

And

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS. 39

And the next is very particular.

—*Nec magnos metuent armenta leones.*

The Wolf shall dwell with the Lamb, &c. The Calf, and the young Lion, &c. The Lion shall eat Straw like the Ox. Isai. xi. v. 6, 7. and Chap. lxxv. v. 25.

But wonderful is the next!

Occidet & SERPENS:

This is too plain to be descanted upon.

—*& fallax herba veneni*

Occidet; Assyrium vulgo nascetur Amomum.

By the Former understand the false Doctrines of Heathenism; by the Latter the true ones of Christianity, propagated from *Judæa*, a part of *Syria* in the *Roman* Account: And *Syria*, in Poetry, may very well be confounded with *Affyria*: Or *Virgil* might very well by Mistake put the one for the other. The Truth is, the whole Eclogue throughout (excepting some Heathen Names) has the Air of an *Evangelical Prophecy*, and seems to be translated from *Isaiab*.



Sicilian

Sicilian Muses, raise a loftier Strain;
 Not All in Groves, and lowly Shrubs delight:
 If Woods we sing; so let the Song proceed,
 That ev'n Those Woods may claim a Consul's Care.
 The last great *Æra*, by *Cumæan* Verse
 Of old predicted, is at length arriv'd;

Ver. 1. *Sicilian Muses, &c.*] so too: far beyond the ordinary
 As the Subject is sublime, more Strain of Pastoral. He there-
 sublime than the Poet imagin'd; fore judiciously prefaces it with
 the Thoughts and Diction are This Exordium;

Sicelides Musæ, paulo majora canamus, &c.
 to—Consule dignæ.

This short Poem is the first Pre- self; and gives a Hint of what
 lude to the *Æneis*. Here the it is able to perform.
 sublime Genius first exerts it-

—Tuus jam regnat Apollo.

*Teque aded, decus hoc ævi, te Consule, inibit,
 Pollio; & incipient magni procedere menses.*

*Ille deum vitam accipiet, divisque videbit
 Permissos heroas, & ipse videbitur illis.*

*Aggredere o magnos (aderit jam tempus) bonores,
 Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum.*

*Aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,
 Terrasque, Tractusque maris, &c.*

Yet that here is nothing contrary to the Nature of Pastoral, in a Poem call'd *Bucolical*, I
 tho' Much above the ordinary have elsewhere shewn*: and
 Strain of it, and therefore that shall not now repeat it.
Virgil is unjustly accus'd of Ver. 2—4. Not All in
 Impropriety for being so sublime Groves—Consul's Care.]

*Non omnes arbusa juvant, bumilesque myricæ:
 Si canimus silvas, sitæ sint Consule dignæ.*

Woods, Shrubs, &c. [by a Metonym. Adjunct.] signify the
 Style, in which they are usually sung, or treated of. The
 Meaning therefore is, "All
 " delight not in the common
 " low Strain of Pastoral. We
 " can write even upon high

Subjects in the Pastoral way:
 " And if we do so; let it be
 " in such a manner, that our
 " Thoughts and Style may
 " equal the Dignity of our Sub-
 " ject: Which is the Birth of
 " a Consul's Son."

* *Præf. Pect. De Poem, Pastoral.*

PAST.4. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 41

The mighty Round of Years again revolv'd ;
 The Virgin now, and Saturn's Reign return ;
 And a new Offspring from high Heav'n descends.
 Thou only, chaste *Lucina*, aid the Birth 10
 Of this auspicious Boy ; by whom the Race
 Of Iron first shall end, and That of Gold
 Shine on the World : Thy own *Apollo* reigns.
 Beneath thy *Fasces*, *Pollio*, to adorn
 Thy Consulship, This Glory of the Age 15
 Shall rise ; and mighty Months begin to roll.
 Beneath thy Sway, the Relicks of our Guilt
 (If such be still remaining) quite effac'd
 Shall from all future Terrors free the World.
 He shall partake the Life of Gods ; see Gods 20

Ver. 7. *The mighty Round of Years again, &c.*] *Magnus ab integro, &c.* i. e. *de integro, de novo*. For the *Annus Platonicus*, and the other Interpretations of This Passage, see *Rueus*, and the rest.

Ver. 8. *The Virgin now, &c.*] *Virgil* certainly means *Astræa* : But as our Saviour was born of a *Virgin* ; the Word is *Hers* very remarkable.

Ver. 10. — *Aid the Birth, &c.*] This does not relate to bringing him into the World ; For the Child was actually born, when *Virgil* wrote This : Otherwise, how should he call him a *Boy* ? It might prove a *Girl*, for aught he knew. The Meaning therefore is, that *Lucina* should continue (as her office of Midwife requir'd) to take care of the Child in his first Infancy ; during which he might, in a wide poetical sense, be call'd *nascens*, tho' he was really, and naturally

natus ; A Child being, as it were, not fully born, 'till he is in some degree of Health, and Strength, and likely to live.

Ver. 13. *Thy own Apollo, &c.*] Some by *Apollo* understand *Octavius Cæsar*, and by *Lucina* his Sister *Octavia* : because, it seems, he once at a Feast represented That God, and wore his Habit ; and *Servius* tells us, that his Statue was adorn'd with the *Insignia* of *Apollo*. Others suppose the Meaning to be, that *Apollo* reigns, because his Predictions are fulfilled. The Reader may take Either ; or Both, if he pleases.

Ver. 16. *Shall rise.*] *Inibit*, i. e. *incipiet, orietur*. Thus, *ineunte anno*. Some take *decus hoc ævi* for the glorious Age itself ; as if *ævi* were for *ævorum*. But I rather understand it of the *Child*, who shall prove to be the *Glory* of the *Age*.

And Heroes, and Himself by Them be seen ;
 And with his Father's Vertues rule the Globe,
 In Peace. To Thee, sweet Infant, shall the Earth,
 Yield her first Presents, by no Culture forc'd,
 The wandring Ivy, and soft Violet, 25
 The smiling *Crocus*, and the blushing Rose.
 The Goats spontaneous homewards shall return,
 Their Teats with Milk distended ; and the Herds,
 Unterrify'd by monstrous Lions, feed.
 Thy very Cradle with fresh Flow'rs shall spring ; 30
 The Serpent too shall die ; the fraudulent Herbs
 Of noxious Poison wither, and decay ;
 And Syrian Spices bloom o'er all the World.
 But when the Fame of Heroes thou shalt learn,
 Read thy Sire's Deeds, and know what Vertue means ;
 Ripe yellow Harvests on the Fields shall wave, 36
 The salvage Brambles blush with pendant Grapes,
 And Honey from hard Oaks in Dew distil.
 Yet of old Guilt some Footsteps shall remain,
 Prompting to tempt the Sea with Ships, with Walls 40
 Towns to inclose, with Ploughs to vex the Soil :
 Another *Tiphys* o'er the main shall waft
 The chosen Chiefs, another *Argo* guide ;

Ver. 25, 26. *Violet*,—*Crocus*,—*Rose*.] —*Cum baccare*, —*Colocasia*,—*Acantbo*.—
 In these Cases, a Dictionary is the only Commentator. For my Translation, see Note on ver. 54. and 104. of the foregoing Eclogue. In the next Verse *ipse*, i. e. *sponte sua*. Thus in English ; He did it of Himself.

Ver. 36. *Ripe*.] So *mollis* is interpreted by the Commentators : And though it may seem

strange, since Corn is *harden'd* not *soften'd* by being *Ripe* ; yet it must be considered that the Word *flavescit* is in the same Verse, and that Corn is *not yellow* 'till it is *ripe*. I think *mollis* therefore must relate to the *Taste* ; which is *softer*, and *mellower*, as any Fruit is *riper*.

Ver. 42, 43, 45. Another *Tiphys*,—*Argo*,—*Achilles*.—] That is *such another* Admiral, Ship, Heroe.

PAST. 4. VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES. 43

New warlike Expeditions shall be form'd,
 And great *Achilles* sail again for *Troy*. 45
 But when thy Age shall ripen into Man;
 The Sailor shall renounce the Sea, no Ships
 Traffick exchange: All Lands shall all things bear.
 No Glebe shall feel the Harrow's Teeth, no Vine
 The Pruning-hook; The sturdy Village-Hind 5
 Shall then release his Oxen from the Yoke:
 Nor chang'd by Art shall various Wool belye
 It's native Colour; But in Pastures green
 The Ram himself with Purple's glossy Hue,
 Or *Crocus*' yellow Teint shall tinge his Fleece; 55
 And unforc'd Crimson cloath the feeding Lambs.
 The Sisters, by th' unmov'd Decree of Fate
 Concordant, bade These Ages smoothly run.
 Advance to mighty Honours, O! advance,

(The

Ver. 47. *The Sailor, &c.*] *Victor*. This is a very particular Word: It signifies both Actively, and Passively; *webens*, and *uictus*: As if *Victor* should signify both the Conqueror, and the Conquer'd. I do not remember any parallel Instance in all the Language.

Ver. 52, 53.—*Belye its native colour.*] in the Orig. *dissemble*, or *counterfeit* [unnatural] Colours. *Mentiri colores*. The Sense is the same; the One supposing the Other.

Ver. 55, 56. *Crocus*,—*Crimson*.—] *Luto*—*Sandyx*. See Note on ver. 25, 26. And so for all other Things of This Kind. I shall say no more of

them for the future. *Mutabit*, i. e. *tinget*: because it is changed by being so tinged.

Ver. 57, 58. *The Sisters*—*run*.] *Parca*, *concordes*, &c. *dixerunt suis fufis, & talia sæcla, currite*: The Ages being supposed to be spun upon the Spindles of the Fates. The Word *smoothly* is not express'd; but it is imply'd. At ver. 4. 'tis *venit ætas*; at ver. 52. 'tis *venturo sæclo*. They are very reconcileable; if we distinguish the several Parts of the same Age; the Former relating to the Beginning, the Latter to the Perfection of it.

44 VIRGIL's ECLOGUES.

(The Time now comes) Thou great Increase of Jove, 60
Heav'n's darling Offspring! See the globous Weight
Of Earth, of Heav'n, of Ocean, nod, and shake!
See how all Things enjoy the future Age!
O! May my Life's last Scene so long endure,

So

Ver. 60. Increase of Jove.] *Jovis Incrementum*: i. e. *proles*. A Man is said to be *liberis auctus*, increas'd by having Children: They being, as it were, *Himself multiply'd*.

Ver. 61, 62. The globous Weight—nod and shake!] Orig. *Convexo nutantem pondere Mundum*. *Convexo*; because the World is round, and therefore convex. For *convexo pondere* is here the same with *convexi ponderis*, or *molis*; not govern'd of *nutantem*, as Most imagine. It being impossible that the Globe should bend, or reel, with its own Weight. But what then is the Meaning of *nutantem*? *With*, or *under* what does it nod or stagger? With its *Guilt*, and *Misery*, say Some; and so wants to be succour'd by This New-born Heroe. But That, to Others, seems not to agree with the Happiness which is ascrib'd even to the first Division, to the Beginning of This happy Age. And therefore They say it either *nods*, i. e. *moves* and *shakes itself*, with Joy and Exultation; which is pretty harsh to my Apprehension: Or (which is not much better) *inclines* and *tends* to

another, i. e. a yet more happy State: *vergentem* (say they) *nutantemque in meliorem statum*. After all, I like the first Interpretation best; For as to the Reason alledg'd against it, the Change of the World from bad to good, from miserable to happy, could not be *Instantaneous*. 'Twould be idle for Virgil to say, that while he wrote *This*, the World was actually in so good and happy a State, when all the World knew the contrary: His Meaning therefore must be, that the Child being now born, the Age is as good as come; it will commence *very speedily*; even in his *Infancy*. 'Twas excellent Sense therefore to say; the World at present labours with its *Guilt*, and *Misery*; but yet rejoices at the very near Prospect of the happy Change; which is in a manner begun already. So that *Aspice Mundum nutantem*, i. e. *malis suis presentibus*, is perfectly reconcileable with the next Words, *Aspice venturo latentur ut omnia sæclo*.

Ver. 62. Heav'n.] *Cælumque profundum*. See the Note on *Æneid*. I. 71.

PAST.4. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 45

So much of Spirit, as to sing Thy Deeds! 65
 Nor *Thracian Orpheus*' self should me excel,
 Nor *Linus*: Tho' his Mother *Him* should aid,
 His Father *Him*; *Calliope* inspire
Orpheus, *Apollo* dictate *Linus*' Verse.
 Should *Pan* himself, ev'n tho' *Arcadia* judg'd, 70
 Contend with Me; *Pan*, tho' *Arcadia* judg'd,
 Would yield Himself outsung. Begin, sweet Babe,

To

Ver. 65. *So much of Spirit*, distinct from what follows——
as to sing, &c.] *Spiritus* may
 signify either *Breath*, i. e. *ani-*
mal Life; or (which I rather
 think) the *Spirit of Poetry*:
 Like That of *Horace*; *Spiri-*
tum Graia tenuem Camenæ. It
 may be taken literally, and as
& quantum, i. e. tantum [pote-
statis] quantum, &c. or rather
 in conjunction with it, by a
ἐν δὲ δυνάμει: *Tantum spiritus,*
quantum sat erit, &c.
 Ver. 72, to 77.——Begin
sweet Babe——Goddes' Bed.]

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem:

Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses.

Incipe, parve puer; cui non risere parentes,

Nec deus hunc mensâ, dea nec dignata cubili est.

In what Sense *risu* is to be taken in the First Verse, will appear from the Examination of the Third. I render *cognoscere* by *know* and *own*; For both are included; it means the same as *agnoscere*. Expositors start unnecessary Difficulties about the second Line, *Matri longa*, &c. 'Tis plain of itself. For though nine Months be the usual Time of Women's going with Child; yet it is often longer; and besides, when it is Not, 'Tis the Expiration of the Ninth Month; and consequently the Entrance upon the *Tenth*; which is enough to justify the Expression of *Decem Menses* in Poetry; one of whose elegant Licences is to use a Part for the Whole. In the same Line, *Tulerunt* for *Attulerunt*, *Fastidia*, i. e. *Languores*, Sickliness, Squeamishness, and Niceness of Stomach, &c. *Cui non risere parentes*. Some read *qui*, and interpret *risere parentes*, by *risere ad parentes*: But then they are forc'd to take *hunc* in the next Verse, for *hos*; which (notwithstanding That useful Figure called *Enallage numeri*) is intolerable in This place; where the Poet might as well have said *hos*, had That been his Meaning. *Cui* therefore must be the true Reading: And even according

46 VIRGIL's ECLOGUES.

To know, and own thy Mother with a Smile;
 Thy Mother ten long Months sick Qualms endur'd:
 Begin sweet Babe: Unless the Parents smile; 75
 Th' ill-omen'd Offspring never is advanc'd
 To a God's Board, nor to a Goddeſs' Bed.

to That, it would be tedious to recite, and confute the various Opinions of Others, with whom I do not agree. That which I ſtick to is This, *Incipe parve puer riſu*, &c. i. e. *riſu tuo. Arride parentibus, ut illi viciffim tibi arrideant.* For, *cui non riſere parentes, Nec deus*, &c. I confeſs *Ruæus's* Expoſition, in which he follows *Erythræus*, and *Bembus*, is no ill one: who interprets *riſu* of the Mother's ſmiling, not the Child's—*Cognoſcere matrem riſu* [ejus.] For tho' he could not be properly invited, or exhorted to make her ſmile; yet he might be immediately to diſcover, and recognize her by it. But I chuſe the other as the better Interpretation. The Whole therefore runs Thus. " Smile upon
 " Your Mother; You owe her
 " That, to requite the Pains
 " You gave her: And beſides;
 " If you ſmile not on Your
 " Parents, they will not on
 " You: And if They do not;
 " 'Tis an unfortunate Omen,

" and You will forfeit Thoſe
 " Honours in Heav'n, which I
 " have above promis'd you, [*Ille*
 " *Deum vitam accipiet*, &c.]
 " and to which you will other-
 " wiſe be advanc'd." I am ſenſible it may be ſaid; It is not true in Fact, that the Parents thus wait for their Children's Smiles, before they ſmile on them: Not ordinarily, I confeſs; but the Poet is ſpeaking of Heroes and Demi-Gods; which alters the Caſe. And upon This ſublime Subject, I think we ſhould chuſe the moſt ſublime Senſe. For the ſame Reason, I have choſen That Interpretation of the laſt Verſe *Nec Deus*, &c. which I have above aſſign'd in This Note, and render'd in my Verſion. For there is Another very good one, as applicable to common Perſons; concerning the *Genius*, as to *Menſa*; and *Juno*, as to *Cubile*. See it in *Ruæus*, and others. In him too ſee a more particular Account of This Interpretation, which I have choſen.



PASTORAL the FIFTH.

DAPHNIS.

THE Subject of This sweet and most elegant Pastoral is the Death of some great Person, under the Name of *Daphnis*. Who is meant by it, is not certain: Most probably *Julius Cæsar*: See the Reasons for it in *Ruæus*; which leave little room for doubt. A great Person He certainly was; as appears from the whole Tenour of the Poem: Which consists of Two Parts; One of the Dialogists lamenting his *Death*; the Other deifying him, and singing his *Apotheosis*.

MENALCAS, MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

WH Y, *Mopsus*, since we Both are skill'd in Song,
In piping Thou, and I in chanting Verse,
Sit we not Here, beneath These branching Elms,
With which the mingled Hazles blend their Boughs?

MORSUS.

Ver. 1. *Skill'd.*] *Boni*, i. e. | *Non* [for *nondum*] *confedimus* :
periti. | And then 'tis the same as *non*
Ver. 3. *Sit we not, &c.*] *confedimus.*

48 VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

MOPSUS.

The Elder Thou, *Menalcas*; 'Tis but just, 5
I should obey thee: Whether underneath
Th' uncertain Shades which with the *Zephyrs* wave;
Or rather in some Grot we sit: Behold
How the wild Vine creeps mantling round This Grot,
And with thin sprinkled Clusters cloaths it's Sides. 10

MENALCAS.

Of all the Shepherds, who frequent These Hills,
Amyntas only can with Thee contend.

MOPSUS.

And what if He with *Phæbus* should contend?

MENALCAS.

Begin Thou, *Mopsus*; if Th' hast aught to sing 15
Of *Phyllis*' happleſs Fires, or *Alcon*'s Praise,
Or *Codrus* reſolute to die: Begin;
Here's *Tityrus* ſhall tend thy feeding Kids.

MOPSUS.

Rather Thoſe Strains, which on a Beech's Bark
I lately noted, and alternate ſung,
I'll try; Then bid *Amyntas* vie with Me. 20

MENALCAS.

As the tough Willow to the Olive yields,
The Cowſlip to the crimſon Roſe; ſo much
Amyntas, in my Judgement, yields to Thee.

MOPSUS.

Ver. 13. *And what if He*
with Phæbus, &c.] Meaning,
He may as well vie with *Phæ-*
bus as with Me.

Ver. 16.—*Codrus reſolute to*
die.] To tranſlate *jurgia Codri*

literally, would be intolerable
in Engliſh. But what I have
render'd answers the Senſe;
as appears from the Hiſtory:
Which ſee in *Ruæus*, and the
other Commentators.

PAST. 5. VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES. 49

MOPsus.

Shepherd, no more: We now have reach'd the Cave.
Daphnis, snatch'd hence by unrelenting Death, 25
 The Nymphs deplor'd: Ye Hazles, and ye Rills,
 You heard it; Witness, how the Nymphs deplor'd:
 When, hugging her lov'd Son's lamented Coarse,
 His Mother blam'd the cruel Gods and Stars.
Daphnis, not One at That ill-omen'd Time, 30
 Drove his fed Cattle to the cooling Streams:
 No Steed would taste the Brook, or touch the Grass.
 Thy Death, the Woods and desert Mountains tell,
 Dear *Daphnis*, ev'n the *Libyan* Lions mourn'd.
Daphnis Armenian Tygers taught to join 35
 In Harness; *Daphnis* taught the *Bacchian* Dance,
 And with soft Leaves to wreath the bending Spears.
 As of the Trees the Glory is the Vine;
 Grapes of the Vine; of Herds, the Bull; the Corn,
 Of fertile Fields; so thou of all the Swains: 40
 Ev'n *Pales*, when the Fates Thee snatch'd away,
 And ev'n *Apollo's* self forsook the Fields.
 Oft in Those Furrows, where plump Wheat we sow'd,
 Unlucky Darnel, and wild Oats prevail:
 Instead of the soft Violet, and gay 45
 Glossy Narcissus, Thorns, and Thistles rise;
 And Burs, and prickly Brambles choke the Glebe.

Ver. 29. *Blam'd.* —] Vocat
crudelia: For *vocabat*.

Ver. 35. *Daphnis Armenian*
Tygers, &c.] *Curru subjungere*:
 For *curru*. So *Æneid*. i. 261.
 ix. 605, &c. For the History,
 see *Ruæus*.

Ver. 41. *Snatch'd away.*]
Tulerunt, for *Abstulerunt*: The
Simple for the Compound.

Ver. 43.] *Hordea*, I know,
 signifies *Barley*, not *Wheat*.
 But These are Trifles. The
 Thing is the same.

50 VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

Ye Shepherds, Strew the Ground with Flow'rs; O'ershade
The Brooks with Boughs: *Daphnis* Those Rites demands.
And raise a Tomb, and on That Tomb inscribe: 50
" Fam'd in These Woods, ev'n to the Starry Sky,
" (*Daphnis* my Name) sweet Shepherd Here I lie;
" Fair was my Flock, but much more Fair was I. }

MENALCAS.

Such, heav'nly Poet, is Thy Verse to Me,
As Slumbers to the Weary on the Grass; 55
Such as fresh purling Rills, in Summer's Heat,
To thirsty Travellers. Nor by thy Pipe
Alone, but by thy Voice thy Master's Skill
Is equal'd. Happy Youth! To Him the next
Thou shalt be deem'd. Yet I too in my Turn, 60
Such as they are, My Numbers will repeat;
And raise thy *Daphnis* to the Stars; To Heav'n
Daphnis I'll raise: Me too thy *Daphnis* lov'd.

MOPSUS.

Can aught by Me more highly be esteem'd,
Than such a Gift? The Youth deserv'd our Praise; 65
And *Stimichon* long since has prais'd thy Verse.

MENALCAS.

Daphnis in Glory Heav'n's new Court admires;
And sees the Clouds, and Stars, beneath his Feet:

For

Ver. 48, 49. <i>O'ershade the Brooks with Boughs.</i>] <i>Inducite fontibus umbras.</i> A Funeral Ceremony to their Great Men, and Heroes.	Infinitive Mood for a Noun. Ver. 67. <i>In glory</i>] Literally, <i>in White</i>: [<i>Candidus</i>.] The Meaning is the same. <i>Ibid. New.</i>] <i>Infuctum</i>: i. e. To which he was unaccustom'd; or which was new to Him.
Ver. 56. <i>Such as fresh</i>, &c. <i>Quale — reslinguere</i>, &c. The	

PAST.5. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 51

For This the Woods, and all the Fields rejoice;
 And *Pan*, and all the Swains, and Silvan Nymphs. 70
 The Wolf against the Folds no wily Plots
 Now meditates; nor Toyls to catch the Deer
 Are set: Good *Daphnis* Peace, and Freedom loves.
 Now ev'n the unshorn Mountains raise with Joy
 Their Voices to the Stars: Now ev'n the Rocks 75
 And Woods this Verse resound; The God, the God,
Menalcas: Be propitious, O! be kind
 To thy Adorers. See four Altars here;
 Two for Thee, *Daphnis*, and for *Phæbus* two.
 Each Year two Goblets froathing with new Milk 80
 To Thee I'll offer; two of fattest Oil;
 And chiefly with much *Bacchus* cheer the Feast;
 In Winter, round the Fire; in Summer's Heat,
 Beneath the Shade; rich *Cbian* Wine I'll pour,
 Wine rich as Nectar, from capacious Bowls. 85
 To me shall *Ægon*, and *Damætas* sing;

Alphe-

Ver. 69. For this, the Woods, and all the Fields rejoice, &c.]

Ergo alacris silvas, & cætera rura voluptas, &c.

Ipsi lætitiâ voces ad sidera jactant

Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,

Ipsa sonant arbuscula. —————

See the Note on Ecl. i. 52. before the Lord. Let the Hills
 Thus the Holy Scriptures. Let be joyful, &c. Psal. 96. 11, 12.
 the Field be joyful, and all Psal. 97. 9. And our Poet,
 that is in it: Then shall all above: ver. 27.
 the Trees of the Wood rejoice

*Daphni, tuum Pænos etiam ingemuisse Leones
 Interitum, montesque feri, silvæque loquuntur.*

Ver. 77. Kind.] *Felix*. So Ver. 85. Wine rich as Nec-
 Æneid. i. 334. tar—Bowls.]

52 VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

Alphesibæus, like the Satyrs, dance.

These sacred Rites for ever shall be Thine;
 When solemn Off'rings to the Nymphs we pay,
 And when we lead the Victim round the Fields. 90
 While Boars love Mountains' Tops, while Fish the Streams;
 While Bees suck Thyme, while Grasshoppers the Dew;
 Thy Honour, Name, and Praise shall ever live:
 To *Bacchus* and to *Ceres* as the Swains
 Make annual Vows, such shall they make to Thee; 95
 Thou too shalt be invoc'd, and hear our Pray'rs.

MOPHUS.

What Recompense to Thee for such a Song
 Shall I return? For neither does the Breeze
 Of whisp'ring *Zephyr*, when it rises fresh,
 Bless me so much: Nor Waves that beat the Shore; 100
 Nor Rivers, which thro' stony Valleys glide.

MENALCAS.

Vina novum fundam calathis Arvisia Nectar.

Fundam [è] *calathis* *vina* | *trare* may here mean *circuire*
Arvisia [quæ sunt] *novum* | going round, and encompass-
nectar, i. e. *nectari* *similia*. | sing; or *purgare*, cleansing by
 The Word *Calathus* most pro- | Sacrifice; Or rather it really
 perly signifies a *Basket*, or | includes *Both*. For all Com-
Canister: but is sometimes | mentators agree, that it re-
 put for a *Goblet*, *Pan*, or *Vat*. | fers to the *Sacrificium Ambar-*
 Ver. 90. —[Lead the Victim | *vale*; of which our Poet speaks
 round the Fields.] *Cum lustra-* | *Georg.* i. 545.
bimus agros. The Word *luf-*

Terque novas circumfelix eat hostia fruges.

My Translation therefore ex- | 938—9. *Damnalis* for obli-
 presses the true Meaning of the | gabis. "You shall oblige
 Passage. | " [Your Votaries] by their
 Ver. 96. Thou too shalt be | " Vows, i. e. to the Per-
 invoc'd and bear our Pray'rs.] | formance of their Vows:
Damnabis tu quoque votis. See | " i. e. You shall hear their
 the Note on *Æneid.* xii. | " Prayers."

PAST. 5. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 53

MENALCAS.

To Thee This slender Reed I first present :
This taught me, " *Corydon with hopeless Fires ;*
This too, " *Damœtas, Melibœus' Sheep ?*

MORSUS.

And Thou This Sheephook take ; which often begg'd
Of Me, *Antigenes* could never gain ; 106
Tho' oft he begg'd, and then too he deserv'd
My Friendship : See, *Menalcas*, how it shines,
With even Knots, and polish'd Brass adorn'd.



PASTORAL the SIXTH.

SILENUS.

THIS Eclogue is a most noble and elegant Mixture of Poetry, Theology, Mythology, and Philosophy. That the *Learning* and *Sublimity* of it are not inconsistent with the Nature of Pastoral, I have elsewhere shewn*. Of it's Philosophy I have given some Account in my Note on *Æneid* vi. 931. As to the History of it, see *Ruæus*, and Others : That Part is not my Province.

* *Prælect. Poet. De Poem. Pastoral.*

First my *Thalia* in Sicilian Verse
 Deign'd to disport, nor blush'd to haunt the Groves:
 When Kings and Arms I sung; *Apollo* twitch'd
 My Ear, and warn'd me; *Tityrus*, a Swain
 Should feed his fatling Lambs, play humbler Notes. 5
 Now I (for Others, *Varus*, will be found
 To chant Thy Praises, and record Thy Wars)
 Indulge my slender Reed, and rural Muse.
 'Tis by Command I sing: Yet This, ev'n This
 If any smit with fond Desire, shall read; 10
 Thee, *Varus*, Thee our Shrubs, and ev'ry Lawn
 Shall sound; nor any Page please *Phœbus* more,
 Than That which shines, inscrib'd with *Varus*' Name.
 Say, Muses. *Chromis*, and *Mnasyllus* saw
 Stretch'd in his Cave *Silenus* sleeping lie; 15
 His Veins full swoln with yesterday's Debauch,
 As usual: From his Head at distance fall'n

His

Ver. 5. *Humble Notes.*] *De-* demands me to sing) "*Te nostræ,*
ductum carmen: i. e. tenue. "*Vare, myricæ, &c.*"

Ver. 7. *Record thy Wars.*] Ver. 10, 11. *If any, &c.*
Tristia condere bella; i. e. de- Thee, *Varus, &c.*] Because with
scribere: condere carmina, ad the more pleasure any one is
bella cantanda. read, the more Encouragement

Ver. 9. *Yet This, even This,*
 &c.] *Non injussa cano: si quis*
tamen hæc quoque, &c. The
 Word *tamen* refers not to what
immediately goes before it; (for
 That would not be Sense:) but
 has a View farther backwards.
 As Thus: "Tho' *Apollo* for-
 " bade me to sing of Heroes,
 " &c. yet if any one will read
 " These lower Strains, (which
 he not only permits, but com-

Ver. 17.— *From his head*
at distance, &c.] Orig. *Serta*
procul tantum capiti, &c. *Tan-*
tum either signifies that it was
only fallen, not *torn*, &c. Or that
 he had all signs of Drunkenness,
 except having a Garland on.
 For That, it seems, was One.
Capiam coronam mi in caput:
assimilabo me esse ebrium. Plaut.
 Amphitr. i. 4. 16. This Drun-
 kenneſs

PAST.6. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 55

His Garland lay ; and, with it's Handle worn,
 His pond'rous Tankard hung. They (for the Sire
 Had often with the Promise of a Song 20
 Deceiv'd them Both) approach, and bind him fast
 With Manacles from his own Garland made.
 Them, unresolv'd and tim'rous, *Ægle* joins,
Ægle, the fairest Nymph that rules the Streams ;
 And now, ev'n while he sees it, with the Blood 25
 Of Mulberries his Brow, and Temples stains.
 He smiling at their Play ; And why These Bonds ?
 Release me, Boys ; Suffice it that by You
 I have been seen : The Song You wish, attend :
 A Song for You ; The Nymph shall in her Turn 30
 Be otherwise oblig'd. He Then begins.
 Then might you see the *Fauns*, and savage Beasts
 Dance in just Measures, and the rigid Oaks
 Bow their stiff Heads : nor does *Parnassus*' Top

kennels of *Silenus* mythologically signifies the divine *Entbusiasm* of Poetry, and Philosophy.

Ver. 22. *From his own, &c.* *Injiciunt vincula [facta] ex ipsis fertis.* As odd as the Position of the Words in the Orig. may seem ; all is very plain : And there is a *Prettiness*, and an *Elegancy* in Those Licenses ; of which there are innumerable Instances in the Poets.

Ver. 25, 26. — *With the Blood of Mulberries, &c.* This seems to be done in Sport and Jest ; to make him look whimsically ridiculous. Others say it was done in Honour of him,

and by way of Complement. The Reason depends upon the superstitious Heathen Customs. See *Servius*, and *De la Cerda*.

Ver. 28, 29. *Suffice it that by You I have been seen.* That is ; You may be satisfy'd that I now intend to oblige You : Otherwise I had not suffer'd myself to be seen by You : For I could have prevented it, if I would. *Satis est [me] potuisse videri [vobis :] for vos potuisse [permissu meo] me videre.*

Ver. 29. *Attend.* Cognoscite : i. e. *audite, attendite.*

Ver. 33. *Dance.* *Ludere ; i. es Saltare.*

So much rejoice in *Phæbus*, nor so much
 Do *Thracian Mountains Orpheus'* Verse admire. 35
 For There he sung, how thro' the mighty Void
 The Seeds of Earth, and Water, Air, and Fire,
 Consolidated met; How first from These
 The Elements, and the World's recent Globe 40
 Compounded rose: How then the firmer Soil
 Grew hard, and in it's Chancel shut the Sea,
 And by degrees of various Things receiv'd
 Th'unnumber'd Species: How the Earth admir'd
 To see the new-born Sun with glory shine; 45
 How Show'rs from high-hung Clouds distill'd; When first
 The Woods began to rise; and thin, dispers'd,
 The Animals o'er unknown Mountains rov'd.
 Next *Pyrrha's* Race he sings, from Stones transform'd,
Caucasean Vulturs, and *Prometheus'* Theft, 50
 And

Ver. 36. *Thracian Mountains.*] *Orig. Rhodope, and Ismarus*; which are both Mountains of *Thrace*.

Ver. 38. *The Seeds, &c.*] Meaning, the Atoms; or most simple Bodys: Of which the four Elements themselves are compounded. *Anima* (in the same Line) for *Aeris*.

Ver. 39, 40. *From Them The Elements, &c.*] *Us [ex] his exordia, &c. i. e. the four Elements.* Which tho' Themselves compounded of Atoms, are *Exordia*, or Principles, to other Things.

Ver. 42.—*In its Chancel shut the Sea.*] *Orig.——Discludere Nerea ponto. Nerea, the Waters of the Sea, by a Me-*

tonym. Adjunct. *Ponto*, the Place, or Receptacle of them. *Discludere* implies both excluding from one place, and including in, or confining to, another. So here; The Land grew hard, separated the Waters from itself, and confin'd them to their own Chancel.

Ver. 44. *Species.*] Or *Kinds*. For That is the Meaning of *Formas* in This place.

Ver. 46. *High-hung Clouds, &c.*] *Submotis nubibus: i. e. remotis [à terrâ.]*

Ver. 50. *Caucasean Vulturs.*] Those, which prey'd upon *Prometheus* on Mount *Caucasus*. Every School-boy knows all the Fables, and Metamorphoses here alluded to. Those who do

PAST.6. VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES. 57

And Saturn's Reign. To These he adds the Brook,
O'er which the Sailors on lost *Hylas* call'd,
And ev'ry Shore with *Hylas*, *Hylas*, rung.
Pasiphae's Passion for the Snow-white Bull,
He then consoles; *Pasiphae*, happy Dame, 55
Happy, if Herds of Neat had never been:
Ah! wretched Queen! what Frenzy turns thy Brain?
The *Prætides* with fancy'd Lowings fill'd
The Pastures; Yet of Them none sought such foul
Embraces; tho' they fear'd the Plough, and oft 60
In their smooth Foreheads, dubious, felt for Horns.
Ah! wretched Queen! Thou o'er the pathless Hills
Art wand'ring: He, his snow-white Side reclin'd.
On a soft Hyacinth, beneath an Oak
O'er shading, ruminates the paler Grass; 65
Or courts some Female of the num'rous Herd:

do not, must seek the Explanation of them elsewhere. 'Tis a Task which I have disclaim'd, (see the Introductory Remarks to the *Æneis*) and will have nothing to do with.

Ver. 52. Call'd] *Clamâssent*: i. e. *clamando vocâssent*.

Ver. 54, 55. *Pasiphae's* *Pas-*
sion—Consoles.] *Solatur* [de]
amore. Or *solatur* [subaud. *cor-*
reptam] *amore*.

Ver. 57. Ah! wretched Queen.

&c!] In the Orig. 'tis *Virgo*. See the Note on *Æneid*. vii. 134.

Ver. 59. *Of them none sought,*
&c.] *Non ulla secuta est, &c.*
quamvis [unaquæque earum]
collo timuisset, &c. See the
Note on *Æneid*. vii. 65, 66.

Ver. 63. *Reclin'd.*] *Fultus*
commonly signifies *prop'd*, or
supported: *Hero, lying upon.*
So *Æneid*. vii. 94, 95.

Atque harum effultus tergo, stratisque jacebat
Velleribus.

Ver. 65. *O'er shading* ———
paler.—] *Ilice sub nigra*; i. e.
umbrosâ: pallentes, &c. Some
say *pallentes* is set for *virides*;
because *Green* is a *pale* Colour.

But I had rather take it with *O-*
thers of being made *more pale*, or
nearer to white, by being *often*
chew'd, and almost *digested*.

58 VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

Ye Nymphs, *Dyctæan* Nymphs, beset the Glades,
 And Passes of the Thickets ; Chance may bring
 His wandering Footsteps obvious to our Sight ;
 Perhaps some Heifers to *Gortynian* Stalls 70
 May lead him, or with verdant Grass entic'd,
 Or following his own accustom'd Herds.
 The Virgin, who *Hesperian* Apples lov'd,
 He sings the next. Then binds with mossy Bark
 Young *Phaeton's* Sisters, and tall Poplars rears. 75
 Then *Gallus*, wandering near *Permessus'* Stream,
 He sings ; How One among the Sacred Nine
 Conducted him to see th' *Aonian* Mount ;
 How to the Bard all *Phæbus'* Quire arose ;
 And how the Shepherd *Linus*, crown'd with Flow'rs, 80
 And bitter Parsley, Thus in Verse divine
 Address'd him : Take this Pipe, the Muses' Gift,
 Which to th' *Ascræan* Senior erst they gave ;
 With which from Hills the rigid Oaks he drew.
 With This sing Thou the Birth of *Gryneum's* Grove, 85
 And let no Grove be more *Apollo's* Pride.
 Why should I tell how *Scylla*, *Nysus*-born,

With

~ Ver. 67. *Eefet.*] *Claudite*,
 i. e. *indagine retum*, & *canum*,
 as Hunters do.

Ibid. *Glades*, &c.] *Nemorum*
saltus. The Word *saltus* general-
 ly signifies the same as *nemus*,
lucus, *sylva*. But 'tis by a Sy-
 necdoche : For in strictness,
 'tis a void space in a Wood, or (in
 a single Word) a Glade. So 'tis
 used here, and so in *Geor.* iii.
 143. *Saltibus in vacuis pascant.*

Ver. 74. *Binds.*] i. e. Sings,
 how they were bound. See the
 Note on *Ecl.* iii. 140, 141.

Ver. 87. *Why should I tell—*]
Subaud. how he sung, &c. *Quid*
loquar [ut cantaverit] *Scyllam*,
 &c. Whether there should be
 an *aut* after *Nisi*, or not ; let
 Others dispute. If there be not
 (as I think there should not)
 'tis plain, from the Authority
 of *Ovid*, that *Virgil* makes no
 such Mistake about the two
Scylla's, as Some imagine. See
Ræus, upon the Place. *Quam*
fama secuta est—— seems an
 odd Expression. I take *Vexasse*,
 &c.

PAST.6. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 59

With barking Monsters, round her Waist, inclos'd,
 Vex'd the *Dulichian* Ships (so Fame relates)
 And in the gulphy Ocean, dire to see! 90
 With wild Sea-Dogs the trembling Sailors tore?
 Or how of *Tereus*' metamorphos'd Form
 He sung; for Him what Present, what a Feast
 By vengeful *Philomela* was prepar'd,
 With what a Flight he sought the desert Woods, 95
 On the same Wings, with which, (ill-fated Change!)
 He flutter'd round the Palace, once his own?
 All, which of old, by singing *Phæbus* blest'd,
Eurotas heard, and bade its Laurels learn,

Silenus

&c. not to be govern'd of That ('twould be Then more odd) but of <i>cantaverit</i> understood: And, <i>quam fama secuta est</i> , to stand absolutely between two	Comma's. Tho' the Sense is the same either way. Ver. 94, 95. By vengeful <i>Philomela</i> , &c. With what a Flight, &c.
---	---

Quas illi Philomela dapes, quæ dona paravit;
Quo cursu deserta petiverit, & quibus antè
Infelix sua tecta supervolitaverit alis.

Some refer *Petiverit* to *Philomela*, Others to *Tereus*. I understand both the last Verses of the Latter. *De La Cerda* very singularly takes *& quibus antè*, &c. to the End, to be spoken of *Progne*. *Antè*, may signify either before he went into the Desert; or be refer'd (as *Ruæus* makes it) to *sua* in the next Line: *Tecta prius sua*. The One is easy and natural, but bald and flat: The Other is elegant in the Sense, but strain'd in the Expression. However

the Latter is the better in a Translation; and therefore I have chosen it.

Ver. 98. Singing.] *Meditante*; i. e. *canente*. So *Ecl.* i. 2. and vi. 8.

The Author of the Preface before Mr. Dryden's Translation of the Pastorals, justly takes notice, how much Matter is crowded into This short Song of *Silenus*: For it consists but of 51 Lines. And it is no less elegant than full: Especially That of the Creation:

Namque canebat uti magnum per inane—&c.

60 VIRGIL's ECLOGUES.

Silenus fung ; The echoing Vales return 100
 The Sounds, and beat them backwards to the Stars :
 'Till *Vesper* warn'd to fold, and count, the Flocks ;
 And rose unwelcome on the list'ning Sky.

*Jamque novum ut terræ stupeant lucescere solem,
 Altius utque cadant submotis nubibus imbres :
 Incipiant silvæ cùm primum surgere, cumque
 Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.*

And that fine Complement to *Gallus* :

*Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum ;
 Aonas in montes ut duxerit una sororum ;
 Utque viro Phœbi chorus assurrexerit omnis :
 Ut Linus hæc illi, &c.*



PASTORAL the SEVENTH.

MELIBOEUS.

THIS Pastoral is of the same Nature with the Third : In the Remarks upon which, some Account has been already given of it. Only This is differenc'd from That by two Circumstances ; The *Introduction*, which is *There a Quarrel* : Here a pretty Rural Story, and *Description* ;

Fortè sub arguta confederat ilice Daphnis, &c.
 to ———— *referebat in ordine Thyrsis :*

(Than which nothing can be more simply, and naturally elegant and agreeable :) And the *Issue* or *Event* :

PAST. 7. VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES. 61

Event: For There is it a drawn Battle; but Here
One of the Contenders is pronounc'd Conqueror.

MELIBOEUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS.

MELIBOEUS.

BY chance beneath the Covert of an Oak,
That whisper'd with the Breezes, *Daphnis* fate;
And *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* to one Place
Together drew their Flocks; *Thyrsis*, his Sheep;
His milch Goats, *Corydon*; *Arcadians* Both, 5
Both flourishing in Youth, well pair'd to sing,
And ready with Each other's Skill to vie.
Here my He-Goat, the Father of my Flock,
Himself stray'd from me, while a Fence I made
To guard my tender Myrtles from the Cold. 10
Daphnis I saw; and soon as He saw Me,
Come hither, *Melibæus*, strait He cry'd;
Thy Goat, and Kids are safe; If aught Thou hast
Of Leisure, rest a-while beneath This Shade.
Hither thy Bullocks through the Meads will come 15
To War'ring; *Mincius* here with trembling Reeds
Clothes the green Banks, and from a sacred Oak
The

Ver. 7.—*With each other's Skill to vie.*] For that, I think, is the Meaning of *Respondere*: i. e. *alternatim certare*. Though Some take here *cantare* for beginning, or speaking first, and *respondere*, for following, or coming in with the Under-Part. It matters not much.

Ver. 11, 12. *Daphnis I saw*

—cry'd.] This, a young Critick will say, is very dull: But he must consider that the plainest Words, even in the most elegant Poetry, are sometimes the best. The Words in the Original are altogether as plain.

Ver. 15. *Thy Bullocks*] Orig. *Ipsi Juvenci*. See Note on Ecl. iv. 27.

62 VIRGIL's ECLOGUES.

The clust'ring Bees with pleasing Murmur found.
 What should I do ? Nor *Phyllis* was at home,
 Nor yet *Alcippe*, to shut up my Lambs 20
 New-wean'd : Yet since a mighty Match in Song
 'Twixt *Corydon*, and *Thyrsis* was propos'd :
 Their Play to my own Bus'ness I preferr'd :
 Then in alternate Verse They both began ;
 The Muses dictated alternate Verse : 25
 These *Corydon* recited, *Thyrsis* Those.

CORYDON.

Ye Nymphs, *Libethrian* Nymphs, my dear Delight ;
 Or give me, like my *Codrus*, Verse to sing ;
 He

Ver. 21—23—*Yet since, &c.* the Line immediately preceding ; but to *Neque ego Alcippen, &c.*
Their Play, &c.] In the Original the *Expression* is disjointed and incoherent ; tho' the *Sense* plain enough. *ET certamen erat, &c. Posthabui TAMEN, &c.* Ver. 21, 22. *A mighty Match, &c.* 'Twixt *Corydon*, and *Thyrsis, &c.*
 The Word *tamen* refers not to

Et certamen erat, Corydon cum Thyrside, magnum.

That is, *Certamen erat magnum* ; *Corydon* [*certabat*] *cum Thyrside*. By Poetical License all these Things, are not only justifiable, but elegant.
 Ver. 25. *The Muses dictated alternate, &c.*] *Alternos Musæ memisse volebant*. There are several dark Interpretations of This Passage : This which I think the only true one, is not mention'd ; *Volebant* [*me*] *meminisse*. Compare ver. 69. Orig. *Hæc memini*. The Meaning, in the main, indeed is as those Expositors take it, and as I have render'd it : The Muses suggested, or would have them sing, That Sort of Verse : But sure *meminisse* cannot directly signify to dictate ; nor to sing. 'Tis true it sometimes signifies to mention ; but then 'tis always with a Genitive Case, or an Ablative, with the Preposition *de* : And besides the Sense of mention will not do in this Place. But to say it pleas'd the Muses that I should remember they sung alternately, is to say it pleas'd them that they should do so : only with the Addition of something more. That the Ellipsis of *me* is easy and obvious,

PAST. 7. VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES. 63

(He sings the next to *Phæbus* :) Or if That
We cannot All obtain ; my tuneful Reed 30
Shall here hang uselefs on This sacred Pine.

THYRSIS.

Ye Swains, with Ivy crown your rising Bard ;
That *Codrus*' Spleen may burst with envious Spight :
Or if he load Him with immod'rate Praise,
With *Baccar* bind his Brows : lest That ill Tongue 35
Should hurt the future Poet's growing Fame.

CORYDON.

This bristly Boar's huge Head, These branching Horns
Of the long-living Stag young *Mycon* vows,
Delia, to Thee : If such Success be Mine
Perpetual ; in smooth Marble Thou shalt stand, 40
Full Length, thy Legs with purple Buskins bound.

THYRSIS.

vious, I need not take Notice.
It is moreover perfectly proper
that *Melibæus* should take
notice of *his* being able, by
the favour of the *Muses*, to re-
member the Verses which he
heard ; when He is going to
repeat them all, *Word for*
Word.

Ver. 29. *He sings the next to*
Phæbus.] *Proxima Phœbi Versi-*
bus ille facit [subaud. *carmina.*]

Ver. 29, 30. — *If That We*
cannot all obtain.] *Aut si non*
possumus omnes [illud *assequi* ;
i. e. to write so well as *Codrus*.]
Another Ellipsis. There are
many of them in This Ec-
logue.

Ver. 32. *Your rising Bard.*] *Meaning*
Himself ; as 'tis sup-
pos'd.

Ver. 34, 35, 36. *Or if be*

load him, &c. — growing Fame.] *Aut si ultra placitum laudavit.*
" Gives him immoderate Praise,
" and more than he Himself
" cares for." Which (accord-
ing to the Heathen Supersti-
tion) tended to *Fascination*. And
the Herb *Baccar* was deem'd
an Amulet, or Counter-Charms
against it.

Ver. 38. *Mycon vows.*] Af-
ter *Mycon* in the Orig. subaud.
offert, or rather *vowet*. This
Mycon is suppos'd to be *Cory-*
don's Friend, and to do it in his
Name.

Ver. 39. *If such Success, &c.*] *Here*
is another Ellipsis ; and
a great one. *Si proprium hoc*
fuerit : This ? *What ? This Suc-*
cess in Hunting : i. e. *such as I*
have lately had. *Proprium*, i. e.
perpetuum.

64 VIRGIL's ECLOGUES.

THYRSIS.

Suffice it Thee, *Priapus*, to expect
 Each Year a Pail of Milk, and Cakes like These:
 A small penurious Garden is Thy Care.
 In Marble, for the present, Thou must stand: 45
 But if the teeming Ewes with Lambs recruit
 My Flock now lessen'd; Thou shalt shine in Gold.

CORYDON.

Sweet *Galatea*, Nymph to Me more sweet
 Than *Hybla's* Thyme, than Swans more white, more fair
 Than the pale Ivy; Come, if aught Thou love 50
 Thy *Corydon*, soon as the well-fed Steers
 Shall from the Pastures to their Stalls return.

THYRSIS.

And may I, beauteous Maid, to Thee appear
 More bitter than *Sardinian* poys'nous Herbs, 54
 More rough than Gorse, more vile than with'ring Weeds:
 If This Day be not longer than a Year
 To Me: Go Home, fed Bullocks, go for Shame.

CORYDON.

Ye mossy Founts, and Grass more soft than Sleep,
 With

Ver. 48. *Sweet Galatea, &c.*]
 In the Orig. *Nerine Galatea*.
 The *Galatea* he speaks of can-
 not be suppos'd to be That
Galatea who was the Daugh-
 ter of *Nereus*: for Shepherds do
 not court Goddesses; at least
 no Shepherd less than *Polyphemus*
 would presume to do so.
 But he gives her that Ap-
 pellation by way of Comple-
 ment; hinting that she was as
 beautiful as the *Nymph* who
 was her *Name-fake*,

Ver. 58. *Grass more soft than*
Sleep.] *Somno mollior herba.*
 Some interpret *mollior* by *mol-*
lis; and *somno* by *ad somnum*
 [*invitandum.*] That is very
 harsh. And *Theocritus* uses This
 very Expression, ὕπνῳ μαλα-
 κώτερος: which can bear no
 Construction but the literal:
 Besides other Authorities, which
De La Cerda produces. *Grass*
softer than Sleep, may indeed
 sound strangely to a mere Eng-
 lish Reader: But the Antients
 were

PAST.7. VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES. 65

With the Green *Arbutus*, whose thin-spread Boughs
O'ershade you ; from the Solstice' burning Heat 60
Defend the Flocks : Now scorching Summer comes,
And in the fruitful Tendrils swells the Gems.

THYRSIS.

Here glows the Hearth, here pitchy Pines, and Fire
Abound ; Here black with Soot the Lintels smoke.
Here *Boreas*' Cold we just as much regard, 65
As Wolves the Sheep, or torrent Streams the Shore.

CORYDON.

Here Junipers, and husky Chestnuts grow ;
Beneath each Tree it's Apples strew the Ground :
Tho' all things smile ; if fair *Alexis* leave
These Hills, You'll see the very Rivers dry. 70

THYRSIS.

Scorch'd are the Fields ; The Herbage dies with Thirst,
Beneath the vicious Air : Illib'ral grown
Bacchus denies the Hills his viny Shades :
Yet when my *Phyllis* comes ; each Lawn shall smile,
And plenteous *Jove* in fertile Show'rs descend. 75

CORYDON.

were our Masters ; and were
at least as good Judges of
Sense and Expression as We
are.

Ver. 63.—*Pitchy Pines.*] Orig.
Tædæ Pingues. *Tæda* is properly
a Tree out of which Torches
were made ; but here us'd for
any unctuous, or very combustible
Wood ; as the Pitch, Pine,
or Fir : out of which likewise
Torches were made.

Ver. 66. *As Wolves the Sheep,*
&c.] *Aut numerum* [ovium]
Lupus. Here is another El-
lipsis : And a singular one in my
Opinion.

Ver. 68. *Beneath each Tree,*
&c.]—*Sua quæque sub arbore*
poma. It should be read *quæque* ;
as *Virgil* certainly wrote it.
And then there's an End of all
the little Niceties to make Sense
of the Other.

66 VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

CORYDON.

To *Hercules* the Poplar is most dear;
 The Vine to *Bacchus*; To the *Cyprian* Dame
 The Myrtle; To *Apollo* his own Bay:
Phyllis the Hazles loves; While Them She loves,
 Them nought excels the Myrtle, or the Bay. 80

THYRSIS.

In Groves the Beech, in Gardens is the Pine
 Most beautiful; The Poplar near the Streams;
 On the high Mountains' Tops the stately Fir:
 Yet, lovely *Lycidas*, if oft Thou come
 To visit me; Thou, *beauteous*, shalt excel 85
 The Pine in Gardens, and the Beech in Groves.

MELIBOEUS.

This I remember; and that quite outsung
Thyrsis in vain contended: From That Time
 'Tis *Corydon*, 'tis *Corydon* for Me.

Ver. 82. *Near the Streams.*] Orig. 'tis in *fluviis*: partly in, but chiefly *near* them.

Ver. 89. 'Tis *Corydon*, 'Tis *Corydon* for Me.]

Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.

Subaud. [*Victor.*] So 'tis commonly interpreted: But I rather think 'tis a Kind of rustick Expression, Like That of our *English* Mob at an Election.—
A Corydon, a Corydon for Me; Or (if you please) for ever.
 As to the Reasons, why he is pronounc'd Conqueror; In the first Trial, (the First eight Lines) *Corydon* is generous, and good-natur'd; *Thyrsis* spiteful, and malicious. In the second, *Corydon* invokes

Diana the chaste Goddess, and promises no more than he can perform: *Thyrsis* addresses to the obscene God *Priapus*; seems to be in jest; and vows to him more than he is able to pay. In the third, *Corydon* is sweet, and soft; *Thyrsis*, rough, horrid, and full of Imprecations. In the fourth, *Corydon* describes the Pleasures of the Summer, and the Works of Nature; *Thyrsis* the Contrivances of Art to guard against the

PAST.7. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 67

the Inconvenience and Unpleasantness of Winter. But in the fifth, *Thyrsis*, I think, has much the better of it.

Coryd. *Stant & juniperi, &c. ———— to*
——— videas & flumina sicca.

Which last (by the way) seems to be a flat Close. Tho' perhaps (and indeed I am rather of That Opinion) the Poet made it so on purpose, to express the languishing and disconsolate State of Things and Persons in those Circumstances.

Thyr. *Aret ager, vitio moriens fitit aëris herba ;*
Liber pampineas invidit collibus umbras.
Phyllidis adventu nostræ nemus omne virebit,
Jupiter & læto descendet plurimus imbri.

The Sentiments are at least equal (more than equal, I think,) to Those of the Former; and the Expressions far superiour. In the sixth, and last, *Corydon* (if you will believe *De La Cerda*) has it out of sight: For my part, I am so dull, as not to see it; Nor do his Reasons convince me. If we consider the *Closing Lines* of Each;

Nec myrtus vincet corylos, nec laurea Phœbi,

Seems inferiour to

Fraxinus in silvis cedit tibi, pinus in hortis.

Besides; the Opposition is not so full, and complete in *Corydon's* Part, as in *Thyrsis's*: To have made it so, he should have repeated *Veneris* with *Myrtus*, as well as *Phœbi* with *Laurea*. However, upon the Whole, He is Conqueror; according to the Account here given.





PASTORAL the EIGHTH.

PHARMACEUTRIA.

HERE we have a Kind of Twin-Eclogue: Two Poems in One; Tho' it has its Title only from the Latter: Which is taken from the Second *Idyllium* of *Theocritus*, as the Other is in a great measure from the Second, and partly from the First and Third. It is one of the best, perhaps the very best, of all *Virgil's* Pastorals: (The Fourth being always excepted, upon the Account of its divine Subject, and the sublime Manner of treating it.) Both Parts of it turn upon the Passion of Love, and That too unsuccessful: The Former breathing nothing but Despair; The Latter, Magick and Enchantment. The First gives us the sad Pleasure of Tragedy; The Second, the Romantick Amusement of Conjuring, and Incantations: Both, the Delight arising from the most elegant Poetry. In the Introduction to it (as before in That to the Sixth Eclogue, and in the Fourth throughout) the Poet gives us a Specimen of his Sublime: Here again he launches out into Heroics, and preludes to the *Æneis*.

*Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris—————to
—————digna cothurno?*

'Tis

PAST. 8. VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES. 69

'Tis generally suppos'd he means *Octavius Cesar*;
but *Ruæus* makes it pretty plain that he means
Pollio. Noble is That Close;

————— *Atque hanc sine tempora circum
Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros.*

DAMON, ALPHESIBOEUS.

OF *Damon's*, and *Alphesibæus'* Muse,
Contending Swains, Whose Songs the Herds admir'd,
Mindless of Pasture; while the list'ning *Lynx'*
Stood motionless, and Rivers stop'd their Course;
Of *Damon's*, and *Alphesibæus'* Muse 5
The Numbers we repeat. Thou, matchless Chief,
Aid my Attempt: Whether Thou pass the Rocks
Of wide *Timavus'* Stream; or coast along
Th' *Illyrian* Shore. Will that Day never come,
When 'twill be giv'n me to record Thy Deeds? 10
Will it be never given me to diffuse

Thro'

Ver. 4. *Rivers stop't their Course.*] Either *Flumina requierunt cursus*: i. e. *requiescere fecerunt*; which is justify'd by other Authoritys. Or *Flumina mutata* [quoad] *suos cursus*.

Ver. 6, 7. *Thou, matchless Chief, Aid my, &c.*] *Tu mibi* [subaud. *adfis*, or *save*.] *Matchless Chief*, or something like it, must also be understood: And (with submission to *Virgil*) 'tis a little strange, that 'tis not express'd.

Ver. 7, 8. — *Pass the Rocks Of wide Timavus.*] The Expression in the Orig. is such; that did we not know the Contrary, one would think *Timavus* were a Mountain, not a River. As it is; *superas* must mean passing among, and beyond; not passing over.

Ver. 9 *Will that Day never come, &c.*] *En erit unquam, &c.* See the Note on Ecl. i. 86.

70 VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

Thro' all the World Thy Verse, which sole deserves
The *Sophoclean* Buskin's Fame? With Thee
Commenc'd my Labours, and with Thee shall end.
Accept These Lays by Thy Command begun ; 15
And let this Ivy-Wreath, Thy Temples round,
Creep intermingled with Thy conqu'ring Bays.

Scarce had the humid Shades of Night retir'd ;
When to the Cattle, on the Grass, the Dew
Most grateful rises : Leaning on the Trunk 20
Of a round Olive, *Damon* Thus began.

DAMON.

Rise, *Lucifer*, and previous bring the Day ;

While

Ver. 12, 13. *Thy Verse*——*Buskin's Fame.*]

Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna coturno.

Most Expositors take *tua carmina* for *mea carmina te celebrantia*. But That is very

harsh. And since from That
of *Horace*, Od. 2. Lib. 1.

*Paulum severæ Musa Tragædiæ
Desit Theatris*———

It is certain that *Pollio* was a Writer of Tragedy, to which the *Sophoclean* Buskin belong'd ; The Passage is undoubtedly to be understood, as I have render'd it. And besides, it is far better Sense, and a greater Complement, to speak of celebrating both his Actions, as a Hero, and his Writings, as a Poet ; than his Actions only. Even Those who will have *Octavius Cæsar* to be here meant, may be answer'd the same way, though not so well : For He too wrote a Tragedy, (at least

Part of one) though He did not publish it.

Ver. 14. *With Thee shall end.*] *Tibi desinet* : subaud. *Labor meus* : or some such Word.

Ver. 20. *Leaning on the Trunk, &c.*] To interpret *tereti olivæ* of his *Staff* (as some do) is extremely flat and dull. How much more Poetical an Idea is it, to suppose him leaning against the *Trunk* of an *Olive-Tree*, than upon his *Stick* ?

Ver. 22. DAMON. *Rise, Lucifer, &c.*] The Two Speakers
in

PAST. 8. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 71

While I, deceiv'd by ill-requited Love
Of perjur'd *Nisa*, pour forth my Complaint;
And to the Gods (tho' Me, by Oaths invok'd, 25
They nought avail'd) with my last Breath appeal.

Begin with me, my Pipe, *Mænalian* Strains.
On *Mænalus* a Grove of whisp'ring Pines
Still grows; He always hears the Shepherd's Loves,
And *Pan*, who first taught Reeds their tuneful Sound. 30

Begin with me, my Pipe, *Mænalian* Strains.
To *Mopsus* (What may not We Lovers hope?)
Nisa is wedded: Gryffons now shall match
With Horses; in the next succeeding Age 34
The tim'rous Deer with Dogs shall drink the Streams.

New

in This Eclogue speak not in their own Names, but personate Others, like Actors upon the Stage: *Damon* represents an unfortunate Namefake of His: *Alpbefibæus*, the *Pharmaceutria*, i. e. Enchantress. The Former in This Line bids *Lucifer* rise, (*Nascere, præque diem*, &c. i. e. *præveniensque* [Time's] age, i. e. *fer, diem*) that he may complain to him; for This Reason, it seems, because

Lucifer is the Star of *Venus*: from whom the Lover suffers all This Misery.

Ver. 23.—*Ill-requited Love*, &c.] *Indigno amore*. See the Note on Ecl. x. 11.

Ver. 24.—*Perjur'd Nisa*.] For the Word *Conjugis* in the Orig. see the Note on *Æneid*. vii. 240, 241. She is not call'd *perjur'd* directly; but it is imply'd in the Parenthesis in the following Lines,

——— *Divos (quanquam nil testibus illis
Profecti) extremâ moriens tamen alloquer brâ.*

Than which Nothing can be
more beautifully pathetic.

Ver. 28. On *Mænalus a
Grove*, &c.]

Mænalus argutumque nemus, pinosque liquentes

(Fine Verse!)

Semper habet ——— to ——— passus inertes.

By

New Torchés, *Mopsus*, cut ; Thy Bride comes home :
Strew thy Nuts, Bridegroom ; *Hesper* sets for Thee.

Begin with me, my Pipe, *Mænalian* Strains.

O ! worthily espous'd, disdainful Fair,

To a fit Spouse ! While Others are Thy Scorn, 40
While hateful are my Flocks, and Pipe to Thee,

My shaggy Eyebrows, and my unshorn Beard :

Nor think'st Thou Heav'n regards what Mortals do.

Begin with me, my Pipe, *Mænalian* Strains.

Thee, with Thy Mother, in our Meads I saw, 45
Gath'ring

By This he gives a *Reason*, why he uses the Word *Mænalian* in the burthen of his Song. That Hill, by reason of its pleasant murmuring Pines, is frequented by the Shepherds, hears their Loves, and the Musick of their God *Pan*, who first taught them Musick and Poetry. Therefore he denominates his Verse *Mænalian*. This Connexion, I doubt not, has been pass'd over by many a cursory Reader.

Ver. 36, 37. *New Torchés, &c. Strew thy Nuts, &c.* Marriage - Ceremonies among the Ancients.

Ibid. *Hesper sets for Thee.* Orig. *Tibi deserit Hesperus Oetam.* — *Tibi*, i. e. *in tui gratiam*, because the Evening is welcome to new marry'd Persons. *Hesperus*, or *Vesper*, the Evening-Star, is well-known ; and by

its leaving *Oeta*, is meant its Setting : That Mountain being *Westward* to the Person who now speaks. The Gracefulness of These Ironies, *Mopse novat incide faces.* — *Sparge, marite, nuces.* — And afterwards, *O ! digno conjuncta viro, &c.* — is too plain to be unfolded.

Ver. 40. — *Others are thy Scorn.*] — *Despicis omnes* [alios, præter Mopsum.]

Ver. 42. *My shaggy Eyebrows, &c.* How could it be expected she should love him for his *hirsutum supercilium, prolixaque barba* ? Why therefore does he mention *That* as an unreasonable Thing, and matter of Complaint ? The Answer is ; her Cruelty and Scorn had made him negligent of Himself, and so occasion'd the Length of his Beard, &c. And of *That* he complains. The next Line

Nec curare Deûm credis mortalia quenquam,

has a wonderful *Pathos*.

Ver. 45, to 51. *Thee with*

thy Mother, &c. — fatal Error [lost.] *Sepibus in nostris.* — absolute Error.

PAST. 8. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 73

Gath'ring fresh Apples; I myself your Guide;
 Then Thou wert little; I, just then advanc'd
 To my twelfth Year, could barely from the Ground
 Touch with my reaching Hand the tender Boughs:
 How did I look! How gaze my Soul away! 50
 How did I die! in fatal Error lost!

Error. I have elsewhere * taken notice of These five beautiful Verses: And perhaps there are not five more beautiful ones in the World. The Elegancy of That Last especially, is inexpressible.

Ut vidi! ut perii! ut me malus abstulit error!

It imitates, and far exceeds, The first, *Idyl. ii. 82.*
 two Passages in *Theocritus*:

Χῶς ἶδον, ὡς ἐμάνην, ὡς μεῦ περὶ θυμὸς ἰάφθη
 Δειλάϊας ———

The other, *iii. 42.*

Ὡς ἶδεν, ὡς ἐμάνη, ὡς ἐς βαθὺν ἄλλετ' ἔρωτα.

The Last (though Both excellent) is by much the Best of the Two.—ἐς βαθὺν ἄλλετ' ἔρωτα admirably expressing the *Swiftness*, and *Suddenness* of the Passion, and her being plung'd at once into the Depth of Love. But how much preferable to it is—*me malus abstulit error!* giving us the Ideas of his being snatch'd from himself; and of the Nature of Love in general, which like an *Ignis fatuus*, deceives, and misguides us; and of his own in particular; which was erroneous and unsuccessful! Then the Word *perii* goes far beyond ἐμάνην.

Sepibus in the first Line is

either, by way of *Métonymy*, put for the Garden, Orchard, or Meadow, which Those Hedges enclos'd; or the Apples are suppos'd to grow in Those Hedges. *Matre*, (says *De La Cerda*) i. e. *matre mea*. It is so indeed in *Theocritus*, from whom This Passage is taken. But I think it cannot be so here, because of That *Dux ego vester eram*. For how could he be suppos'd to wait upon, conduct, and guide his own Mother, in her own Garden? *Alter ab undecimo*, is by some interpreted *Thirteen*; and it may be so: But *Twelve* will do as well, if not better. See *Ruæus*.

* *Præl. Poet. De Poem. Pastorah.*

Begin with me, my Pipe, *Mænalian* Strains.
 Now what is Love I know: From flinty Rocks
 Him *Ismarus*, and *Rhodope* disclos'd;
 Or the wild *Garamantes* bore; a Boy
 Of Race not Ours, and alien from our Blood.

55

Begin with me, my Pipe, *Mænalian* Strains.
 Inhuman Love th' unnat'ral Mother taught
 To dip her Hands in her own Children's Blood:
 Cruel indeed the Mother; Was She then
 More cruel? Or more impious That dire Boy?
 Impious the Boy, the Mother cruel too.

60

Begin with me, my Pipe, *Mænalian* Strains.
 Now let the Sheep pursue the Wolf; hard Oaks
 Bear golden Apples; on the Alder bloom
Narcissus; Tamarisks rich Amber sweat;
 The Owls in Singing with the Swans contend;
 Be *Tityrus* a second *Orpheus* deem'd,
Orpheus in Woods, *Arion* in the Sea.

65

Begin with me, my Pipe, *Mænalian* Strains.
 Let all Things be confus'd; Sea mix with Land:
 Ye Groves, farewell; From yon æreal Rock
 Headlong I'll plunge into the foamy Deep.

70

Take

Ver. 58, to 62. *Inhuman Love, &c.—cruel too.* *Sævus amor decuit, &c.—crudelis tu quoque mater.* I have likewise remark'd upon the exquisite Elegancy of These delicately turn'd Lines, in my *Præl. Poet.* p. 166.

Ver. 64, &c. *Now let the Sheep, &c.* These wild Thoughts are the Sallies of Despair.
 "After This monstrous un-

"natural Cruelty, &c. the
 "Course of Nature in all
 "Things may be inverted."

Ver. 71. *Sea mix with Land.* *Medium mare: i. e. altum.* The Middle being the deepest.

Ver. 72. *Farewel.* *Vivite: i. e. Valete.* They often go together. *Vive, valeque, Hor. Cum suis vivat, valeatque moribis, Catul.*

PAST. 8. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 75

Take This last Gift which dying I bequeath.

Cease now, my Pipe, now cease *Mænalian* Strains. 75

Thus *Damon*: What *Alphesibæus* sung,

Ye Muses, say: All things we cannot All.

ALPHESIBOEUS.

Bring hither Water, bind the Altars round

With a soft Fillet; Fertile Vervain burn,

And strongest Frankincense: That I may try 80

With sacred Magick Rites to turn the Brain

Of Him I love; Nought here, but Charms we want.

Bring *Daphnis*, bring him from the Town, my Charms.

Charms ev'n from Heav'n can conjure down the Moon:

Circe with Charms *Ulysses'* Mates transform'd: 85

In Meadows the cold Snake with Charms is burst.

Bring *Daphnis*, bring him from the Town, my Charms.

First these three Lists distinct with Colours three

Round Thee I bind; Thrice round the Altars lead

Ver. 77. *All Things we cannot All.*] That is, (says *De La Cerda*) the Poet himself despairs of equalling what *Damon* had sung; and therefore calls upon the Muses to do it. That may be: But I rather take it Thus: "Every one in his Way." *Alphesibæus* could not sing as *Damon* did; nor *Damon*, as *Alphesibæus*.

Ver. 78. *Bring hither, &c.*] Strictly speaking, *Effer* is bring forth; but *hither* must be included. The Enchantress therefore, speaking to her Maid *Amaryllis*, bids her bring the Water out of one Room into an-

other. Or perhaps it should be read *affer*.

Ver. 80. *Strongest Frankincense, &c.*] Orig. *Masculatbura*: i. e. the best, and strongest. Sexes are attributed even to Plants. Thus, among us, *Male-Piony*, *Female-Piony*; *He-Holly*, *She-Holly*, &c. Lord Bacon's Nat. Hist. p. 126. For the Word *Conjugis* in the next Line, see Note on ver. 24.

Ver. 89. *Round thee I bind.*] *Tibi—Licia circundo. Or circundo te liciis.* The Word *circundare*, is very commonly us'd both Ways.

76 VIRGIL's ECLOGUES.

Thy Image: Heav'n uneven Numbers loves. 90

Bring *Daphnis*, bring him from the Town, my Charms.

Three Colours, *Amaryllis*, in three Knots

Industrious knit; Quick, *Amaryllis*, quick:

Knit them; and say, 'Tis *Venus*' Knot I tie.

Bring *Daphnis*, bring him from the Town, my Charms.

As This Clay hardens, and This Wax grows soft 96

By the same Fire; so *Daphnis* by my Love.

Crumble This Cake; and with Bitumen burn

These crackling Bays: Me cruel *Daphnis* burns;

And I on cruel *Daphnis* burn These Bays. 100

Bring *Daphnis*, bring him from the Town, my Charms.

May Love, like That with which the Heifer raves,

When thro' the Thickets, and high Woods, fatigu'd

She

Ver. 90. *Uneven*, &c.] Hea-then Superstition: and I need say no more of it.

Ver. 93. *Quick*.] Immediate-ly. That is the Signification of *modò* in This place; tho' it has many others.

Ver. 97. *So Daphnis by my Love*.] *Sic nostro Daphnis amore*: {subaud. *Durescat*, &

lique scat.] Let him grow *bard* to Others, *soft* to Me. I thought fit to retain This Ellipsis in my Translation: because This Brevity and Obscurity carries an Air of Something *Mystical*; which is proper in *Incantations*. 'Twas not for nothing, by the Way, that *Virgil* made that *Monkish Rhime*:

Limus ut hic durescit, & hæc ut cera liquecit:

No doubt, there was a magical Cant in it.

Ver. 100. *On cruel Daphnis*,

{ &c.]

Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide laurum.

Most Commentators explain *in* here, and *ἐπὶ* in That of *Theocritus*, from which This is taken, by *contrà*. But how That Sense of it can agree with an Ablative Case, I do not understand. I take it, that she burnt the Laurel upon his Image,

which (as she tells us before) she had by her: And That at least may be better call'd *in* him, than *against* him. Or perhaps it is (by way of *Hypallage*) *uro Daphnim in hæc lauro*. By magically burning the Image of any one, They thought

PAST. 8. VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES. 77

She seeks the Bull, then near a River's Stream
 Restless lies down, amidst the verdant Sedge, 105
 Nor minds at latest Ev'ning to return;
 May such Love *Daphnis* seize, nor I take care
 To ease his Frenzy, or abate his Pain:

Bring *Daphnis*, bring him from the Town, my Charms.
 These Relicks, these dear Pledges of Himself 110
 With me long since the faithless Shepherd left:
 These now, ev'n in the Entrance, I commit,
 O Earth, to Thee: *Daphnis* these Pledges owe.

Bring *Daphnis*, bring him from the Town, my Charms.
 These Poisons, and These magick Simples, cull'd 115
 In *Pontus* (many such in *Pontus* grow)
 Sage *Mæris* gave me: Oft with These I've seen
Mæris into a Wolf himself transform,

And howling seek the Woods; oft raise up Ghosts
 From Graves; and Crops to Fields not theirs transfer. 120

Bring *Daphnis*, bring him from the Town, my Charms.
 These Ashes, *Amaryllis*, forth convey;

Throw them into the River, o'er thy Head,
 And look not back: *Daphnis* with These I'll try;
 He nought the Gods, nor aught our Charms regards. 125

Bring *Daphnis*, bring him from the Town, my Charms.

Be-

thought they burnt *Him*: And
 (for aught I know) the same
 may be here ascrib'd to the
Laurel. That agrees perfectly
 with *Daphnis me malus urit*:
 "He burns Me, and I'll burn
 "Him."

Ver. 106. *At latest Evening*
to return.] Orig.—*seræ—dece-*
dere nocti. To go away from it,
 as it were, to avoid it, *Decedere*
alicui, vel ab aliquo.

Ver. 113. *Daphnis These*
Pledges owe.] *Debent hæc pig-*
nora Daphnim. i. e. Being left
 by him as a Pledge, or Pawn,
 for his Fidelity, They are, as
 it were, bound or oblig'd to
 bring him back.

Ver. 117. *Sage.*] That Word
 is not express'd, but it is imply'd
 in *Ipse*; which is emphatical.

Ver. 123. *Throw them into*
the River o'er thy head.] *Ri-*
voque.

78 VIRGIL's ECLOGUES.

Behold, the Ashes, while I thus delay
To bear them hence, now lick the Altar round
With trembling Flames, spontaneous; May it prove
Auspicious: Something sure, I know not What, 130
There is; and *Hylax* in the Entrance bays.
May I believe it? Or do Those who love
Dream of the Bliss which fondly they desire?

Cease: *Daphnis* comes from Town; now cease, my
Charms.

voque fluenti; i. e. in rivum,
&c. Transque caput: i. e. idque
trans caput.

Ver. 127. Behold, the Ashes,
&c.] This must be spoken by
Amaryllis; because she says
dum ferre moror; she being
commanded to do it. But *Credimus*, *an qui amant*, &c. must
be spoken by the Enchantress

herself, resuming, and closing
the Discourse.

Ver. 131. *Hylax in the Entrance bays.*] Some understand
it of *Daphnis's* Dog. But certainly
it is meant of the Enchantress's:
Which bark'd at hearing him Coming to the
Door. That is plainly more
natural, and better Sense.



PASTORAL the NINTH.

MOERIS.

Virgil (as we before observ'd on the First Eclogue) had his *forfeited Estate* granted back to him; but returning to it, found an Officer of *Octavius's* Army in possession of it; by whom he was deny'd Re-entrance, and in great Danger of being kill'd. He therefore goes back to *Rome*, to resolicit his Cause: And commands his Steward (here personated by *Mæris*) to treat the

80 VIRGIL's ECLOGUES.

These Kidlings (may they choak him) We convey.

LYCIDAS.

Why sure I heard, that where the Hills begin
To lessen by an easy soft Descent, 10
Down to the Stream, and the old broken Beech,
Menalcas with his Verse had sav'd it All.

MOERIS.

Thou heard'st it, *Lycidas*, and so 'twas said:
But Verse, in War, has just as much of Pow'r,
As Turtles, when the sowing Eagle comes. 15
But had not, croaking from a hollow Holm,
The Raven warn'd me This new Strife to end
At any Rate; nor had Thy *Mæris* here,
Nor had *Menalcas*' self, been now alive.

LYCIDAS.

Alas! could Any think so foul a Crime? 20
And was (alas!) our Solace, our Delight
With Thee, *Menalcas*, almost snatch'd away?
Who then should sing the Nymphs? Who strew the
Ground

With

Ver. 8. *These Kidlings* — convey. — (*Quod nec bene vertat*) mittimus. — *Nec* for *non*. — *Male vortat*. — Mittimus, for fecimus.

Ver. 9, 10. — *Where the Hills begin To lessen by an easy soft Descent.* — *Quà se subducere colles Incipiunt, mollique jugum demittere clivo.* Subducere, for imminuere; demittere to let down, as it were, *jugum*, i. e. *latus montis*; *molli clivo*, by an easy Declivity, lessening gradually. I cannot imagine what *Ruæus* means, rendring *jugum*

demittere by *incurvare cacumen*.

Ver. 12. *Menalcas.*] Meaning *Virgil*.

Ver. 18. — *At any rate.* *Quâcunque* [ratione.] In the same Verse, *incidere* for *præcidere*, or *abrumper*.

Ibid. *Thy Mæris Here.*] *Nec tuus hic Mæris.* *Hic* may be either the Pronoun, or the Adverb.

Ver. 21. *Our Solace.*] Orig. *Tua solatia* — *nobis rapta* — i. e. *Solatia quæ Nos ex Te percepimus.*

PAST. 9. VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES. 81

With Flow'rs ? Or with green Boughs the Fountains shade ?

Or chant Those Lays, which I from Thee of late, 25

In my lov'd *Amaryllis'* Grot, purloin'd ?

" Feed, *Tityrus*, my Goats, 'till I return ;

" 'Tis but a little Way ; when they are fed,

" Drive them to Wat'ring, *Tityrus* ; and while

" Thou dost it, 'ware the He-Goat's butting Horn. 30

MÆRIS.

Or rather These, which He to *Varus* sung.

Yet uncorrect : " Let *Mantua* still be Ours,

" *Mantua* (alas for her unhappy Fate !)

" Too near *Cremona* ; Be but This bestow'd :

" *Varus*, the singing Swans, with tow'ring Flight 35

" Sublime, shall raise thy Glory to the Stars.

Ver. 24.—*With—Boughs the Fountains shade ?*] — *Viridi fontes induceret umbrâ.* The

Place alluded to is That in *Ecl. v. inducite fontibus umbras.* There the Construction of *inducere* is very plain ; but here it is somewhat singular. To make an *Hypallage* of it (which, generally speaking, is at best, a very harsh Figure) we should read *umbræ*, not *umbrâ* ; and then it would be *fontes induceret umbræ* ; for *umbram induceret fontibus.* But without recurring to This, we may render it by *tegeret* ; Having *Cæsar's* Authority for that Use of the Word ; *Inducere scuta pellibus.* *Ruæus* renders it by that Word ; but gives no Authority for it

&c.] *Vel [caneret] quæ sublegi, i. e. surripui.*

Ver. 26. In my lov'd *Amaryllis'* Grot, &c.] Orig. *When you went to her.* Which would not look tolerably in a Translation.

Ver. 27 — 30. Feed, *Tityrus*, &c.—*butting horn.*] Translated from *Theocritus*, *Idyl. iii.* almost Word for Word.

Ver. 33, 34. *Mantua, alas !* &c. Too near, &c.] Either, *Mantua (væ misera, scil. illi) nimum vicina Cremonæ ;* or *Mantua, væ nimum vicina misera Cremonæ.* For *væ* is sometimes us'd without any Noun govern'd of it ; — *væ meum Feruens difficili bile tumet jecur.* *Hor.* But the Other is much more usual ; and makes the Sense of This Passage much better and stronger.

Ver. 25. Or chant Those Lays,

LYCIDAS.

So may Thy Swarms avoid *Cyrnean* Eughs,
 So may Thy Kine well fed with Trefoil-Flow'rs
 Distend their Dugs; If aught Thou hast, begin.
 Me too the Muses (I too have my Verse) 40
 A kind of Rhimer made: Me too the Swains
 A Poet call; But there my Faith is slow.
 For nothing can I yet, I think, indite
 Worthy of *Varus*', or of *Cinna's* Ear;
 But scream, a Goose among the tuneful Swans. 45

MOERIS.

That, *Lycidas*, I'm conning in my Mind;
 And, could I hit it, 'tis no vulgar Verse.

“ Come

Ver. 41, 42. *A Kind of Rhimer, &c. A Poet, &c.*] Orig.—*Poetam—Vatem*. We must suppose the Latter in This place to signify something greater, and better, than the Former; Otherwise here will be a Contradiction. For he says he is *Poeta*, (the Muses made him so) but not *Vates*: The Shepherds indeed say he is; but he does not believe them. The Sense, I think, must be as I have render'd it.

Ver. 44. *Worthy—Cinna's Ear.*]—*Varo nsc dicere Cinna Digna—Worthy of them*, may mean either worthy to celebrate

them, equal to such a Subject; or worthy to be heard, and read by them; or Both. Or if, (as most Commentators imagine) *Varus* and *Cinna* were Poets; it may mean writing like them. But *Ruæus*, I think, plainly shews that They were not so.

Ver. 46. *That Lycidas, &c.*] *Id quidem ago: i. e. meditor, cogito.* Thus *hoc age*: “Mind what I say:” Or, “Mind your Business.”

Ver. 47. *'Tis no vulgar Verse.*] It is not indeed: For nothing can be more beautiful.

*Huc ades, ô Galatea; quis est nam ludus in undis?
 Hic ver purpureum; varicos hic flumina circum
 Fundit humus flores; hic candida populus antro
 Imminet; & lentæ texunt umbracula vites.
 Huc ades; insani seriant sine littora fluctus,*

PAST. 9. VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES. 83

" Come hither, *Galatea*: What Delight
 " Can the Sea give? Here blooms the Purple Spring;
 " Here various Flow'rs, the winding Rivers round, 50
 " The Earth pours forth! Here the pale Poplar hangs
 " O'er our cool Grot; and intermingled Vines
 " With pliant Tendrils weave a gentle Shade.
 " Come hither; Let the mad Waves beat the Shore.

LYCIDAS.

And what are Those, which once I heard thee sing 55
 In a clear Night alone? The Tune I well
 Remember; could I recollect the Words.

MOERIS.

" *Daphnis*, The rising of the antient Signs
 " Why dost thou still admire? Behold, the Star
 " Of *Dionæan* *Cæsar* rolls along; 60
 " A Star, by which the Fields shall laugh with Corn,
 And

'Tis imitated, but not translated, from *Theocritus* Idyl. xi. In the first Line; *quis est nam*, for *quisnam est*. *Tmesis*. *Nam* in the Sense of *For* would here be very flat. Tho' I am single in This; I am almost confident *Virgil* meant it so.

Ver. 55. And what are Those, &c.] *Quid* [vero? quænam sunt illa] *quæ te parâ*, &c.

Ver. 57.—Could I recollect, &c.]—*Numeros memini, si verba tenerem*. "I remember the one; if I could remember the other." How is This Sense? Why, after the latter, *subaud*. "All would be well;" or some such Thing. See above; *Si valem memi-*

nisse. — These Ellipses are very frequent even in common Discourse; And there is no manner of Obscurity in them. Or in *Latin*, *Si* may have the Force of *O si*; i. e. *utinam*.

Ver. 60. *Rolls along*.] *Processit*. "Is set out upon its Course." There is something very Majestic in This Word. So Eclogue the ivth—*Magni procedere menses*.

Ver. 61. *The Fields shall laugh*, &c.] *Segetes gaudent frugibus*. The Word *Segetes* sometimes signifies *Land*. If it means so here; the Sense is plain. But if, in its usual Signification, it means *Corn*: We must take *Segetes* for the *Stalks*, and

84 VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

“ And on warm Hills the purple Clusters swell.
 “ *Daphnis*, inoculate thy Pear-Trees now,
 “ And late Posterity shall crop Thy Fruit.
 Age all Things, even the Mind itself, impairs. 65
 Oft, I remember, when a Boy, I sung,
 Whole Summers’ Days, the Sun quite down the Sky :
 So many Verses now to Me are lost ;
Mæris ev’n of his Voice is now bereft :
 Wolves have seen *Mæris*, e’er Themselves were seen. 70
 But oft to Thee *Menalcas*’ self shall sing.

LYCIDAS.

By these Excuses, and This long Delay,
 Thou dost but whet my Appetite the more.
 And now behold the Seas lie smooth, and all
 The Blasts of murm’ring Winds are hush’d in Peace. 75
 From hence too ’tis no more than Half our Way ;
 For see, *Bianor*’s Tomb begins to rise.
 Here, where the Shepherds strip the Leaves from Boughs,
 Here,

and *Frugibus* for the Grain.
 The Mood and Tense in *gaudent* and *duceret*, are poetically
 licentious. The Sense must be
 the same, as if it were *gaudent*
bunt, and *ducet*.

Ver. 63. *Daphnis*, inoculate
 thy Pear-trees, &c.] The Con-
 nexion of the Discourse is This.
 The Star of *Cæsar* will have
 such an Influence on Fruit ;
 that Now, *Daphnis*, you may
 with Confidence of Success, in-
 ferere pyros. The Word *Inferere*
 may signify Planting, Grafting,
 or Inoculating. According to
Ruæus it here means the Firſt.
 But he gives no Reason for it ;
 nor do I know of any.

Ver. 65. *Impairs*.] *Fert* for
Aufert. See Note on *Ecl. v. 41*.

Ver. 66, 67. —Sung—
 The Sun quite down, &c.]

—*Cantando* — *condere soles*.
 —*Condere*, i. e. *ad occasum du-*

cere. Meaning, he sung till the
 Sun was down. Thus in Eng-
 lish, when a Man out-lives an-
 other, he is said to bury him.

Ver. 70. *Wolves have seen*
Mæris, &c.] Another Instance
 of vulgar Superstition. “ If a
 “ Wolf sees You, before You
 “ see Him ; it takes away your
 “ Speech.”

Ver. 78. —Strip the Leaves,
 &c.] *Stringere* may signify ei-
 ther

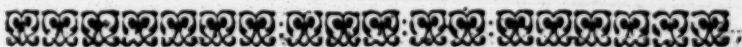
PAST. 9. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 85

Here, *Mæris*, let us sing ; Here lay thy Kids :
 Yet we shall reach the Town : Or, if before 80
 We reach it, Night we fear, and gath'ring Rain ;
 Yet singing let us go : our Walk will less
 Fatiguing prove : That singing we may go,
 I'll ease thy Shoulders, and This Burthen bear.

MOERIS.

Shepherd, no more ; Mind we our present Charge : 85
 We shall sing better, when Himself arrives.

ther binding them up in Bundles, ter ; yet (as Before ; See Note
 as Georg. i. 305. or stripping on ver. 63.) he gives no Reason
 them from the Boughs ; as for it.
 Georg. i. 317. It may here fig- Ver. 84. Burthen.] *Fasce* :
 nify Either, or Both : For tho' i. e. onere. So Georg. iii. 347.
Ruæus confines it to the Lat- Orig.



PASTORAL the TENTH.

GALLUS.

AS This is the *Last* of the Eclogues ; so,
 in the Opinion of Many, it is the *Best*.
 Whether it be so, or not ; it is certainly
excellent. The *Subject* of it I have already re-
 mark'd upon in my Notes on the Second Eclogue.
 This, like That, tho' in a more strong and manly
 Way, and in a Style more sublime, expresses the
 various Turns, and Shiftings, and Self-Contradictions
 of that Tyrannical Passion Love. The Ob-
 jection

jection against introducing a *Soldier* in a Pastoral,
I have answer'd : *Præl. Poet. de Poem. Past.*

Indulge me, *Arethusa*, This my Last
Of Labours : To my *Gallus* must be paid
Some Verse, which even *Lycoris* may peruse :
Who to my *Gallus* can a Verse deny ?
So while Thou glid'st beneath *Sicanian* Waves, 5
May brackish *Doris* never mix with Thine.
Begin ; and while the Goats the Thickets browse,
Let us relate how *Gallus* pin'd with Love.
Nor sing we to the Deaf ; The Woods reply.

What Groves, ye Nymphs, detain'd you hence ? What
Lawns ? 10

When *Gallus* dy'd of Love's tormenting Wound ?
For 'twas not *Cynthus*, nor *Parnassus*' Top,
Nor yet *Aonian* *Aganippe*'s Stream.

Him

Ver. 1. *Arethusa*.] She is invoked ; because she was Goddess of a Fountain in Sicily, where *Pastoral*-Poetry began, and chiefly flourish'd.

Ver. 2. *Gallus*.] He was a great Man ; Prefect, or Governour of *Egypt* ; an excellent Poet ; and a particular Friend of *Virgil*'s.

Ver. 3.—Which even *Lycoris*, &c.] *Pausa meo Gallo*, sed *quæ legat*, &c. " They shall indeed be but few ; but They shall be such as, &c." I remark This ; because, I believe the Word *sed* in This Place is not rightly taken by Every body.

Ver. 7. The Goats.] Orig. *simæ capellæ*. A Translation of *simæ* would have an ill effect in English.

Ver. 11. Love's tormenting, &c.] Orig. *Indigno amore*. The Word *Indignus* (like *Improbus*) sometimes signifies no more than Great. Thus *Georg.* ii. 173. *Indignas hyemes* ; And *Ennius*, *Indignæ turre*s. It may either mean so here, or such a Love as was unworthy of him : Like That of *Horace* ; — *Digne puer meliore flammâ*.

Ver. 12. For 'twas not *Cynthus*, &c.] How knows He That ? *Ans.* He is inspir'd by

PAST. 10. VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES. 87

Him lonely, stretch'd beneath a desert Rock,
 Ev'n the low Shrubs, and ev'n the Laurels mourn'd; 15
 Him piny *Mænalus*, and the tall Cliffs
 Of bleak *Lycæus*. Round him stood the Sheep;
 For they too sympathize with human Woe:
 Them, Heav'nly Poet, blush not Thou to own:
 Ev'n fair *Adonis*, did not scorn to tend 20
 Along the River's Side his fleecy Charge.
 To Him the slow-pac'd Herdsmen, and the Swains,
 And wet with Winter-Mist *Menalcas* came;
 All ask, Whence This thy Love? *Apollo* came;
Gallus, What Frenzy This? Thy Care *Lycoris* 25
 Follows Another, thro' rough Camps, and Snows.
Sylvanus came, with rural Honours crown'd,
 Boughs, and big Lillies nodding round his Head.
Pan came, th' *Arcadian* God; whom We ourselves
 Have seen, with red Vermilion, and the Blood 30
 Of Elder-berries stain'd: Where will This end?
 He said; Love heeds it not: Nor Meads with Streams
 Are satisfy'd, nor Goats with Browze, nor Bees
 With Trefoil-Flow'rs, nor cruel Love with Tears.

But

by the Goddess *Arctusa*; whom | Ver. 14. —Desart Rock.]
 He just now invok'd. | —*Solâ*, for *Solitaria*.

*Illum etiam lauri, illum etiam flevêre myricæ;
 Pinifer illum etiam solâ sub rupe jacentem
 Mænalus, & gelidi flevêrunt saxa Lycæi.*

Those Lines are almost enough | Others Thus, —*rogant tibi?*
 to make a Stone weep indeed. | *Venit Apollo.* This Last is cer-
 Ver. 18. —*Sympatbize with,* | tainly the Best.
 &c.] —*Nostri nec pœnitent illas.* | Ver. 28. *Boughs.*] Orig. *Flô-*
 See the Note on Ecl. ii. ver. 40. | *rentes ferulas.* The English of
 Ver. 24. —*Tby Love? Apollo* | This will not do in a Transla-
came.] Some point it Thus; | tion.
 —*rogant, Tibi venit Apollo.*

But penfive He : Yet You thefe Tears ſhall ſing, 35
Arcadians, on your Hills ; ye only ſkill'd
 In Song : O ! ſoftly then my Bones ſhall reſt,
 If You in future times ſhall ſing my Loves.
 O ! had kind Fortune made me one of You,
 Keeper of Flocks, or Pruner of the Vine : 40
 Were *Phyllis*, or *Amyntas* my Deſire,
 Or any Other ; (and what Fault, tho' black-
Amyntas be ? Violets, and Hyacinths
 Are black :) Sure either would with Me reſoſe,
 Amidſt the Willows, under the ſoft Vine, 45
Phyllis weave Garlands, and *Amyntas* ſing.
 See, here, cool Springs, *Lycoris*, Meads, and Groves ;
 Here I could melt all Life away with Thee.
 Now frantick Love amidſt thick Darts and Foes
 Detains me in the rigid Toil of Arms. 50
 While Thou (but can I yet believe 'tis ſo?)
 Far from thy native Soil art wand'ring o'er

The

Ver. 36. *But penſive.* —] Here again is different Pointing. *Triftis at ille tamen. Cantabitis, &c.* And *Triftis at ille. Tamen cantabitis, &c.* The firſt is Tautological, and Flat: The Laſt extremely elegant, and emphatical. “*Tbo*” (as You “truly ſay) my Tears, &c. “are vain; yet it will be a “Comfort to me to be ſung by “You.”

Ibid. — *Tears ſhall ſing.*] The Word *Tears* is not in the Orig. but the Senſe of it is — *Cantabitis hæc [ſcil. mea mala.]*

Ver. 49. *Now frantick Love, &c.*] Be cauſe He betook him-

ſelf to a military Life (as Many others have done) in order to cure, forget, or divert his Love.

Ver. 51. — (*But can I yet believe 'tis ſo ?*)] — (*Nec fit mihi credere tantum, &c.* or (*nec fit mihi credere tantum.*) According to the firſt Reading, *Tantum* muſt be an Adverb, and relate to *nives*, &c. “You “ſee nothing but; &c.” According to the Other, ‘*Tis Tantum*, ſo much, ſo ſtrange and incredible a Thing. *Nec fit mihi credere, i. e. liceat. Let me not believe it; i. e. I wiſh I could not,*

PAST. IO. VIRGIL's ECLOGUES. 89

The *Alpine* Snows, or near the frozen *Rhine*,
 Ah ! cruel ! Not with me. Ah ! how I fear
 Left the sharp Cold should pierce thee, or the Ice 55
 On the rough Mountains cut thy tender Feet.
 I'll go, and sing my *Ebalcis*' Strains, compos'd
 To the *Sicilian* Shepherd's tuneful Reed :
 It is resolv'd ; To Wilds, and Dens of Beasts
 I'll fly, and any Pain, but This, endure ; 60
 On the Trees' tender Bark inscribe my Love,
 And with the growing Bark my Love shall grow.
 Meanwhile among the Woodland Nymphs I'll rove
 O'er *Mænalus*, or hunt the foaming Boar ;
 In spite of Frosts *Parthenian* Thickets round 65
 I'll pitch my Toyls ; Now, now, methinks I go
 O'er Rocks, thro' sounding Woods, shoot *Cretian* Shafts,
 And twang the *Parthian* Horn : As if Those Sports
 Could prove a Med'cine to my frantick Pain,
 Or Love could learn to pity human Woes. 70
 And now again the Nymphs can please no more ;
 Nor ev'n my Verse ; Ev'n You, ye Groves, farewell.
 No Toils of Ours the cruel God can change ;
 Whether we drink of *Hebrus*' frozen Stream,
 And rainy Winter, and *Sithonian* Snows 75

Endure ;

Ver. 54. — *Not with me.*] as to me. Otherwise it is not
Me sine sola. The Word *sola* true ; for She was with another
 must be join'd with *me sine*, Lover : ver. 23.
 and mean the same ; — *alone*,

Perque nives alium, perque horrida castra secuta est.

Ver. 60. — *Any Pain, but*] ded in the Word *Malle*.
This, &c.] This is not express'd Ver. 73. *The cruel God, &c.*]
 in the Original ; but 'tis inclu- Non illum ; i. e. *Amorem*.

Endure ; or, when the dying Bark is scorch'd
Round the tall Elm, we tend our Flocks beneath
The Tropick of the *Ethiopian* Crab :

Love conquers All, and we must yield to Love.

Thus much, Ye Muses, has your Poet sung, 80
(Let This suffice) while underneath a Shade
He sate, and Baskets with flight Osiers wove.
You shall for *Gallus* dignify This Verse ;
Gallus, for whom my Friendship grows each Hour,
As the green Alder, when the Spring returns. 85
Rife we ; The Shade is noxious, while we sing :
Noxious, if we delay, is ev'n the Shade
Of Juniper : The Shade too hurts the Fruit :
Go, my fed Goats ; The Ev'ning comes ; Go home.

Ver. 83. *You shall for Gallus, &c.* — *Hæc* [carmina] *facietis maxima Gallo*. That is, say Some, *Gallo gratissima, acceptissima*. But I rather take it, with Others, Thus: *Facietis hæc* [carmina] *maximi pretii* ; *Gallo* : i. e. *in gratiam, in honorem Galli*.

Ver. 85. *As the green Alder, &c.*] Orig. — *Viridis se subjicit alnus*. Tho' *sub* signifies under ; yet in Composition, very often (in *Virgil*, almost always) it has a quite contrary Sense. *Se subjicit*, i. e. *erigit*. — *Corpora subjiciunt in equos*. — *Sublatus ad æthera clamor*. —

Alid sublatum consurgit Turnus in ensem,

Ver. 86. *While we sing.*] Instead of *cantantibus*, some Copys have it *cunctantibus*. Which is a very good Reading ; and therefore I have render'd Both.

Ver. 87. *Is ev'n the Shade.*] *Juniperi gravis umbra*. The Word *ev'n* is not in the Orig. But, it seems, it is imply'd. The *Juniper-Shade* is in itself the most wholesome of any ; yet even That is unwholesome, *cunctantibus*, to Those who stay too long. See *Ruæus*.

The End of the Pastorals.



VIRGIL's GEORGICKS.

BOOK the FIRST.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

 F the Georgicks in general, I have elsewhere spoken. To compare them with each other, so as to adjust the Degrees of their several Excellencies, is difficult, if not impossible. The Fourth is commonly suppos'd to be the best; and Mr. *Addison*, in particular, seems to be of That Opinion. For my part, I do not think so; if we consider it barely as a Georgick: For the Episode of *Aristæus*, with the Tale of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, has not perhaps its Equal in all *Virgil's* Works. But, setting aside That; I see no Reason, why the First, or even the Second, and much less the Third, should yield to the Fourth. However, I shall (as far as I am able) mark out the *distinguishing*, and *peculiar* Beauties

92 INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

ties of *Each*; though not pretend to determine *Which*, upon the *Whole*, is the *most Beautiful*. And even in attempting the *Former*, I shall be the more brief; because I have in my *Prælectiones Poeticæ* taken notice of many elegant Passages in the *Georgicks*; and very often endeavour'd to shew the *Reasons* of Those *Elegancies*. To These I shall in my *Notes* only refer; but shall not repeat them.

This First Book is upon *Tillage*, and the Management of all Sorts of *Grain*: And is *properly* the *First*; because the Subject of which it treats is of all the most *useful*, and *necessary* to human Life. The Poet, after having laid down the *Proposition*, or *Argument* of his *whole Work*; and, with his usual exquisite Brevity, comprised the Subject of all his Four Books in as many Lines; *Quid faciat lætas segetes*, breaks out in the middle of a Verse, into That noble Invocation;

—————*Vos ô clarissima mundi*

Lumina—————

—————*Vestro si munere tellus*

Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit aristâ ;
Poculaque inventis Acheloïa miscuit uvis, &c.

and closes it with That more noble Complement to *Octavius Cæsar*;

Quicquid eris (nam te nec sperent Tartaræ regem) &c.
Da facilem cûrsum, atque audacibus annue cœptis ;
Ignarosque viæ mecum miseratus agrestes,
Ingrederere, & votis jam nunc asluesce vocari.

Then enters upon the Work itself with Those inimitable Lines :

Verè

*Vere novo, gelidus canis cum montibus humor
Liquitur, & Zephyro putris se gleba resolvit ;
Depresso incipiat jam tum mihi taurus aratro
Ingemere, & sulco attritus splendescere vomer.*

This first Sentence gives us a Specimen of what we may justly expect ; and is a *true* Beginning of the most *finish'd* and *perfect* Poem in the World. His *particular Precepts* sufficiently shew themselves in their proper places ; and to take notice of them particularly, either Here, or any where else, would be endless, and altogether needless. This Book is especially distinguish'd from the Rest, 1. By the *Lowness* and *Meanness* of its *Subject* ; (Each Book rising above the Other in Respect of its Subject, as will be seen in the Course of These Remarks.) 2. By its *Antiquities*. 3. By its *Astronomy*, and *Geography*. 4. By its *Religion*. 5. By That most elegant *Excursion*, describing the various *Prognosticks*, and *Changes* of the *Weather*. 6. By That heroic *Digression*, concerning the *Prodigies* which attended the *Death* of *Julius Caesar*.

WHAT makes the Fields rejoice ; beneath what Stars
To turn the Glebe ; and Vines adjoin to Elms,
Mæcenas ; what the Care of lowing Herds ;
The Culture apt for Cattle ; and how great

Th'

NOTES.

Ver. 4. *The Culture, &c.*] *sarius*] *habendo pecori, i. e. ut*
Quis cultus sit [necel-] *pecus habeatur, & conservetur.*

Th' Experience of the parsimonious Bee; 5
 I here attempt to sing. Ye brightest Lamps
 Of Heav'n, who with your Influence cheer the World,
 And thro' the Sky roll round the sliding Year;
Liber, and foodful *Ceres*; If the Earth
 By your Indulgence chang'd *Chæonian* Maf 10
 For Corn, and from the new-discover'd Grape
 With *Acheloian* Bev'rage mingled Wine:
 And You, propitious Rural Deitys,
 Ye *Fauns*, and Silvan Nymphs assist my Verse:
 Your Gifts I sing. And Thou, at whose Command 15
 The Parent Earth a sprightly Steed disclos'd,
 Struck with thy awful Trident, *Neptune*, hear;

Thou

Ver. 5. *Tb' Experience of, &c.*
 — *Apibus quanta experientia parcis.* All other Interpreters understand it of the *Experience* which is necessary in us, to manage Bees: Only *Ruæus* mentions this which I have chosen, as another *Sense*, which may be admitted. To me it is by much the best *Sense*; because it is *Literal*, and yet most *Poetical*. According to the other Construction, the Expression is very harsh; and not to be supported by any parallel Place that I know of.

Ver. 6. — *Ye brightest Lamps, &c.*] I cannot imagine (as some do) that *clarissima Mundi Lumina*, and *Liber & alma Ceres* are in Apposition: or that *Bacchus* and *Ceres* mean the *Sun*, and *Moon*. However, see the Reasons for the contrary Opinion in *Ruæus*. I take *clarissima Mundi Lumina*, for the *Sun* and *Moon*; and *Liber & alma*

Ceres, for a distinct Head of Invocation. Tho' I confess the Sentence would be better connected, if it were otherwise.

Ver. 8. *Roll round, &c.*
 — *Labentem Cælo quæ ducitis annum*, i. e. (says *Ruæus*) *anno præsidetis*; which is very untoward; *ducitis annum è cælo*, says *De La Cerda*; which, I think, is not *Sense*. 'Tis plainly *guide*, or *bring round* the Year, *Cælo*; i. e. *per cælum*. Which, by the way, makes it evident that by *clarissima mundi Lumina* are meant the *Sun* and *Moon*: How *Ceres*, and *Bacchus* bring round the Year, I can't imagine.

Ver. 13. *Propitious.*] *Præsentia. Adeffe*, for *opem ferre*, all know is very usual. So in the next Verse, *ferre pedem*, i. e. *adeffe*, i. e. *opem ferre*.

Ver. 16. *The Parent Earth.*] For out of the many Interpretations of *prima*, I chuse that.

BOOK. I. *VIRGIL's GEORGICKS.* 95

Thou too, for whom in fertile *Cæa's* Woods,
 Three hundred snow-white Steers the Bushes browse ;
 Thyself, Protector of the fleecy Flocks, 20
 (If aught thy *Mænalus* employ thy Care)
Tegeæan Pan, be present to my Song,
 And leave a-while thy own *Lycaeus' Groves*.
 Thou too, Producer of the Olive-Plant,
Minerva ; with the Youth who shew'd Mankind 25
 The first Invention of the crooked Plough ;
 And Thou, *Sylvanus*, bearing in thy Hand
 A sapling Cypress from its Roots up-torn.
 And all ye Gods, and Goddesses, who tend
 The Fields, and studious o'er their Fruits preside ; 30
 You, who perpetuate them with Seed ; and You,
 Who with large Show'rs refresh That Seed from Heav'n.
 And Thou, the Chief, whose Seat among the Gods

Is

Ver. 18. *Thou too, for whom, &c.]* *Aristæus*. Of whom Book iv.

Ver. 25. *With the Youth who shew'd, &c.]* *Triptolemus*.

Ver. 28. *From its Roots up-torn.]—Ab radice, i. e. radicatus evulsam.* So I take it ; tho' Some construe *ab radice ferens*, holding it by the Root.

Ver. 31. *You who perpetuate them, &c.]* *Quique novas alitis nonnullis semine fruges.* To take *semine*, for Rain, Dew, &c. is strangely harsh. I take *alitis* for *propagatis*, and *novas* for *perpetuè renovatas* ; and then *semine* is plain of course. Nor is this any strain. By the Pro-

pagation of Individuals, the Species is nourish'd and maintain'd. And *Virgil* himself elsewhere uses *novus* for *renovatus*.—*Positis novus exuviiis.* Neither are the Words (as I have explain'd them) ill put together : For thus *Cicero* : *Altæ, & renovatæ Stellæ.*—*Nonnulli, i. e.* with some, or other, according to their several Kinds.

Ver. 33. *And Thou, the Chief, &c.]* For that is imply'd in the Word added : which has many elegant Significations. There is a great deal of fine Poetry in this Complement to *Osavius*. As for the Flattery ; see Note on *Ecl. i. 8.*

Is yet uncertain ; Whether o'er the Earth,
Cæsar, thy Deity shall chuse to reign, 35
 And o'er it's Cities ; while the spacious Globe
 Shall Thee acknowledge Donor of it's Food,
 And Sov'reign of the Seasons, and thy Head
 With thy celestial Mother's Myrtle bind.
 Or whether thy Divinity shall rule 40
 The boundless Deep ; the Mariners thy Aid
 Alone invoke ; extremest *Thulè* own
 Thy Sway ; while *Tethys* sues to call thee Son,
 And offers all her Ocean's Waves in Dow'r.
 Or whether to the slower Months thou add 45
 Another Constellation ; where a Space
 Between *Erigone*, and *Scorpio's* Arms

Is

Ver. 34.—*Whether o'er the Earth, &c.] Urbisne invisere—Terrarumque velis curam.* Since it is agreed, among all good Editors, and Interpreters, that *Urbis* is here for *Urbes*, I wonder they don't write it so ; since they no where else put *is*, for *es*, in this Case. That it was anciently written so, we all know. —*Velisne invisere urbes, & velis terrarum curam.* —*Invisere* ; because those Powers who protect, or preside over a City, or People, &c. are said to *come to it*, or to its Assistance, to be *present with it*, &c. See the Note on ver. 13.

Ver. 40. *Or whether thy Divinity, &c.] An Deus immensi venias maris.* See the Note on *Æneid.* i. 54.

Ver. 41, 42. *Thy Aid, Alone,*

&c.] —*Tua nautæ Numina sola colant.* This is hard, though, upon *Neptune*, *Nereus*, and the rest of them. Sure this is carrying the Matter too far. The Answer is : exclusive Terms are not always taken in their strictest Sense ; only may sometimes mean no more than chiefly. *Sola* (says *Servius* upon the place) i. e. *magna, præcipua, &c.*

Ver. 45.—*The slower Months.]* i. e. The Summer ones ; because the Days are then *longest* ; and so the Motion seems to be *slower*. He was to *add* himself to them, i. e. to come *immediately* after them ; the Sun being in *Virgo* in *August*. See the next Note.

Ver. 47. *Between Erigone, and Scorpio's Arms.] Orig. Erigonen inter, Chelæque sequentes, subaud.*

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS. 97

Is vacant : See the burning *Scorpion* Now,
 Ev'n Now, contracts his Claws, and leaves for Thee
 A more than just Proportion of the Sky. 50
 Whate'er Thou chuse to be ; (for let not Hell
 Hope to enjoy Thy Reign, nor let so dire
 A Love of Empire harbour in Thy Breast ;
 Tho' fondly *Greece* admires th' *Elysian* Fields,
 Nor cares *Proserpina* to reascend 55
 Following her Mother :) To my Verse indulge
 A smooth Carrier, and aid my bold Design ;
 And pitying, with Me, the simple Swains
 Unknowing of their Way, ev'n now invok'd,
 Practise the God, and learn to hear our Pray'rs. 60
 With

subaud. *Scorpii.* *Erigone* is the Sign *Virgo* : by *sequentes* understand *proximas*, i. e. *Virgini*. The Antients, says *Ruæus*, were a great while ignorant of the Sign *Libra* : And he supposes *Virgil* to be one of those Antients. How then does he reconcile that in ver. 208. of this very Georgick ;

Libra die, somnique pares ubi fecerit boras ?

He mistakes therefore. *Virgil* the Tail making the Sign knew the Sign *Libra* ; but (with *Scorpio* strictly so call'd, Thus Others of his Time) took the *Ovid* *Metamorph.* ii. 195, &c. Claws of *Scorpio* for *Libra* ;

*Est locus, in geminos ubi brachia concavat arcus
 Scorpium ; & caudâ flexisque utrinque lacertis,
 Porrigit in spatium signorum membra duorum.*

Those therefore being contracted, the two Signs would entirely run into One ; and *Oc-tavius* was to make up the Number. not be crowded in the Zodiack.

Ver. 60. *Practise the God.*] *Ingredere.* Enter (in some measure) upon your Office of a Deity ; Thus *ingredi consulatium*, &c.

Ver. 50. *A more than just Proportion, &c.*] So that he was to have full *Elbow-room*, and

With Spring's first Op'ning, when dissolving Snows
 From hoary Mountains run, and Zephyr slacks
 The crumbling Glebe; ev'n Then my Steers and Plough
 In the deep Furrow shall begin to groan,
 And the sleek Share to glitter from the Toil. 65
 That Tith at last rewards the greedy Hind,
 And answers all his Hopes, which twice has felt
 The Sun, and twice the Frost: By this Manure
 Harvests immense shall burst his crouded Barns.

But e'er our Coulter cut the untry'd Mold; 70
 The Winds, and various Temper of the Sky,
 Each Region's Genius, and peculiar Taste,
 And what by each is born, and what refus'd,
 Be it our Care to learn. Here Corn, there Grapes
 More happy grow; Elsewhere, Fruit-Trees, and Grass
 Unbidden. See'st thou not how *Tmolus* sends 76
 It's Saffron Odours? *India*, Ivory?
 The soft *Sabaans*, aromattick Sweets?
 The naked *Chalybes*, their Iron Ore?

Pontus,

Ver. 66. *That Tith, &c.*] yields its Harvest the Summer following.
Illa seges demum, &c. Seges
 generally signifies *Corn*: but
 sometimes, (as Here) the *Land*
 which bears it.

Ver. 67. — *Twice has felt,*
 &c.] *Bis quæ solem, bis frigora sensit.* Among the many
 dark, and perplex'd Interpretations
 of This Passage; I chuse
 This plain one. The Land is
 plough'd towards the Latter
 end of Winter; and lies expos'd
 to the Sun (in order to be
 dry'd) all the next Summer;
 'tis sow'd the next Winter; and

Ver. 69. *Shall burst.*] Orig.
Rupérunt: Have burst. This
 is an Instance of the different
Genius's, and *Idioms* of different
 Languages.

Ver. 72. *Each Region's Genius,*
 &c.] In the Orig. 'tis
Cultura. But as the *Culture* of
 the Soil must be according to
 its *Genius*; I think the latter
 may in Poetry be well put for
 the former. — *Patrios cultusque,*
 &c. i. e. *unicuique patriæ peculiare.* *Habitus*: i. e.
naturas.

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS. 99

Pontus, it's Castor's Drug? *Epirus*, Steeds 80
 Born for the Glory of th' *Eleian* Palm?
 These Laws eternal, these Conditions fix'd
 Nature on ev'ry diff'rent Clime impos'd ;
 What time *Deucalion* thro' th' unpeopled World
 Flung Stones behind him threw : Whence Human Race,
 A hardy Species, was restor'd. Observe 86
 This Precept then ; and in the early Spring
 Let thy strong Oxen turn the richer Soil ;
 And dusty Summer with maturest Suns
 Bake the inverted Clods. But if the Land 90
 Prove light, and steril ; with *Arcturus*' Star
 Appearing, 'twill suffice thee to imprint
 A thinner Furrow. There, lest Weeds molest
 The sturdy Grain : Here, lest the little Moisture
 Exhaling should desert the barren Sand. 95
 Alternate too thou shalt permit to rest

The

Ver. 80. *Castor's Drug.*]
 — *Virosa Castorea. Virus* (and
 the same may be said of *Ven-*
enum) sometimes carries the
 Sense of *Φάρμακον*. And so
 it does here.

Ver. 81. *Born for the Glory,*
 &c.] *Eliadum palmas Epirus*
equarum, i. e. equas quæ repor-
taturæ sunt palmas. So *Æneid.*
 v. 339. — *Tertia palma Dioces.*
 Such Idioms as These are purely
 Poetical, and extremely ele-
 gant.

Ver. 90. — *Inverted Clods.*]
 — *Glebasque jacentes, i. e.*
graves, says One ; inertes, says
Another. Both very jejune,
in my Judgment. I take it,

as if it were ; — *Invertant*
tauri [*glebas :*] *inversasque*
pulverulentas coquat, &c. Thus
 we say in English, “ plough
 “ it, and let it lie [i. e. so
 “ plough'd, or turn'd up] all
 “ the Summer.”

Ver. 92. *To imprint, &c.*]
 — *Sat erit suspendere.* — See
 the Note on *Ecl. ii. 84.*

Ver. 93, 94. *There, &c. Here,*
 &c.] *Illic* [*facies, ut jussi*]
officiant letis nẽ, &c. This re-
 lates to *Ergo age, terræ Pingue*
solum, &c. Illic, [facies, ut jussi]
sterilem exiguis nẽ, &c. This
 relates to *Quod si non fuerit tel-*
lus fecunda, &c.

The late-thorn Fallows, and the idle Mold
 To harden, and with Scurf be overgrown :
 Or, with the Season chang'd, thou There shalt sow
 The yellow Wheat ; first having thence remov'd 100
 The rank luxuriant Pulse, with trembling Pods,
 Or the thin Vetches, and the brittle Stalks
 Of bitter Lupines, and the rustling Grove.
 For Flax, and Oats, and Poppies steep'd in Dew
 Of drowsy *Lethe* dry th' exhausted Fields. 105
 Yet easy will th' alternate Labour prove :
 Only disdain not Thou with fatt'ning Dung
 To feed th' impoverish'd Mold, nor yet to spread
 Unfightly Ashes o'er the heartless Glebe.
 So with a Change of Grain the Land will rest : 110
 Nor

Ver. 101. — *Pulse, with trembling, &c.* *Unde prius lætum, siliquâ quassante, legumen, &c.* For so it should be pointed. *Quassante* is us'd neutrally, for *quassatâ*. Thus *volventibus annis* ; with many other Instances, which I have elsewhere taken notice of.

Ver. 104. *For Flax, and Oats, &c.* *Urit enim lini, &c.* Here is an Ellipsis ; to be supply'd Thus. " Sow Wheat " and Beans, &c. alternately, " by way of Change, to relieve " impoverish'd Land, *not* Flax, " Oats, or Poppies : For That " will make it worse than it " was Before."

Ver. 106. *Yet easy will. th' alternate, &c.* *Sed tamen alternis [agris] facilis labor.* The Connection is This. He returns to his former Precept ;

as if he should say : " *Tbo'* to " Change the Grain is a good " Method ; yet 'tis a good, and " an easy one to let your Land " rest every other Year ; as I " told you Before."

Ver. 107. *Only disdain not Thou, &c.* *Arida tantum Ne saturare fimo pingui pudeat sola.* I apprehend the Import of *tantum* to be, *which* soever of the two Methods You take ; whether You change your Grain, or let your Land lie fallow ; feed it with Dung. Ver. 82, 83. Orig. He compares These two Methods with each other, and pronounces them both good in their Kind.

— *Sic quoque mutatis, &c.* Even the Change of Grain gives it one sort of Rest. *Nec nulla interea est inarata, &c. gratia, i.e. utilitas.*

Nor nought th' Advantage of a fallow Soil.
 Oft too it has been gainful found to burn
 The barren Fields with Stubble's crackling Flames.
 Whether from thence they secret Strength receive,
 And richer Nutriment: Or by the Fire 115
 All latent Mischief, and redundant Juice
 Oozing sweats off: Or whether the same Heat
 Opens the hidden Pores, that new Supplies
 Of Moisture may refresh the recent Blades:
 Or hardens more, and with astringent force 120
 Closes the gaping Veins; lest drizzling Show'rs
 Should soak too deep, or the Sun's parching Rays,
 Or *Boreas*' piercing Cold should dry the Glebe.
 Much too He helps his Tilth, who with the Rake
 Breaks the hard lumpish Clods, and o'er them draws
 The osier Harrow; nor his Toils in vain 126
 Does yellow *Ceres* from high Heav'n regard.
 And He, who having turn'd the Soil, again

Cuts

Ver. 112. *Oft too it has been,* *flammi*: i. e. *agros flammis stipulae*. Hendiad, &c. Innumerable are the Instances of This Kind.
Sæpe etiam steriles incendere, &c. to frigus adurat. This I have taken notice of, *Præl.*
Poet. p. 71, & 217. Edit. Secund. Agros, atque stipulam Ver. 121. — *Left drizzling Show'rs, &c.*

*Ne tenues pluvix, rapidive potentia solis
 Acrior, aut Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurat:*

That *Frigus*, as well as *Calor*, may be said *urere*, i. e. *exsiccare*, is easy enough; but how the same Word can be apply'd to *tenues pluvix*, I cannot imagine. Yet no Commentator takes notice of This; only *De La Cerda* after Those Words adds *herbas perdant*. Some such Thing must certainly be understood, and I have accordingly supply'd this Ellipsis in my Translation.
 Ver. 128. *And he, who having turn'd, &c.* *Et ille etiam juvat arva*, as in the Verse but one before] *qui profcissæ quæ suscitât æquore terga, &c.*

Cuts thro' the Ridges with the Share athwart
 Directed; with repeated Labour plies 130
 The Ground industrious, and commands his Fields.
 For show'ry Summers, and for Winter's Suns,
 Ye Farmers, pray: In Winter's Dust the Corn,
 And Fields rejoice: In no Manure so proud
 Does *Myfia* glory; nor for aught so much 135
 Does *Gargarus* it's plenteous Crops admire.

What should I say of Him; who, having sown
 His Grain, with ceaseless Industry proceeds,
 And spreads abroad the Heaps of barren Sand?
 'Then to the springing Blades sequacious Rills 140
 Entices? and, when with'ring Herbs betray
 The Soil adust, from some steep Mountain's Brow
 In sloping Trenches Water draws; That falls
 With gurgling Murmur down the slipp'ry Stones;
 And with it's Streams relieves the thirsty Mold. 145
 Or

suscitat for *excitat*, or *erigit*; up, and laid ridgy. *Aratro*
 because the Ground lies high, *verso in obliquum*; turn'd across.
 and ridgy, when it is plough'd The next Line is most ele-
 up. *Terga*; the Clods so turn'd gant.

Exerceatque frequens tellurem, atque imperat arvis.

Ver. 136. Does *Gargarus*, nifies actively,) *malè pinguis*,
 &c.] — *Nullo tantum se* (i. e. *sterilis*, like *male sanus*
Myfia cultu *jaçtat*, & [nullo for *insanus*, &c.) *arenæ*. This
 tantum cultu] *ipsa suas mi-* Last indeed is by *Ruæus* other-
rantur Gargara messes. wise interpreted (see him upon
 the Place) but He is singular

Ver. 137. What should I say, in his Opinion; and gives no
 &c.] *Quid dicam* [de illo] Reason for it.

jaçto, qui semine cominus (i. e. Ver. 142. From some steep,
statim, sine intermissione, for &c.] — *Ecce* (i. e. subito) [e]
 so the Word sometimes signi- *supercilio cliuosi tramitis* —
 fies) *arva Insequitur*: (i. e. i. e. ex *supercilio* [montis] ha-
persequitur, non finit quiescere) *bentis cliuosum tramitem.*
cumulosque ruit, (i. e. *dissipat*,
dispergit; the Word often sig-

BOOK I. VIRGIL's GEORGICKS. 103

Or what of Him ; who, lest the Stalks, o'ercharg'd
By the plump Ears, should sink beneath their Weight,
Crops their Luxuriance in the tender Blade,
When first their Tops ev'n with the Furrows rise ?
Or last of Him ; who from the soaking Sand 150
The stagnating collected Puddle drains ?
Chiefly, when Rivers, in th' uncertain Months,
Swell o'er their Banks ; and all the Country round
Cover the Soil with slimy Mud ; from whence
The hollow Dykes with tepid Moisture sweat. 155
Nor nought, besides, (tho' all Those other Ills,
In Tillage are by lab'ring Hinds and Steers
Experienc'd) does the guilty Goose offend ;
Strymonian Cranes ; and Endive's bitter Root ;
And nocent Shade. The Sire of Gods himself 160
Will'd not that Tillage should be free from Toil.
He first sollicitd the lazy Mold

By

Ver. 146. *Or what of, &c.*] *Quid* [dicam de illo] *qui, nō gravidis, &c.*

Ver. 148. *Crops.*] *Depascit*, That is, lets Cattle feed upon it. There is the same Reason for This Poetical Diction in our Language, as in *Virgil's*. Or perhaps *depascit* is for *tondet, amputat*.

Ver. 152. *Uncertain Months.*] That is in Spring, and Autumn: when the *Weather* is most uncertain. Next Line, *tenet*, i. e. *tegit, occupat*.

Ver. 156. *Nor nought besides, &c.*] *Nec tamen, (hæc cum sint — experti) nihil improbus, &c. Cum for quam-*

vis ; as it often signifies. “ *Ths* ”
“ the Toils in Husbandry
“ which have been already
“ mention'd are great ; Yet
“ This is not all. *Improbus*
“ *anser, &c. nonnihil nolet.* ”
Thus all Expositors interpret it ; and They may be right. Though after all, *tamen* may signify, notwithstanding *what has been said* ; or notwithstanding all our Care ; and *cum* be taken in its more usual Signification for *since* ; and then *hæc* will be more properly referr'd to what He is now speaking of.

Ver. 162. *Sollicitd.*] *Movit*, i. e. *vexavit, sollicitavit*.

By Art; and whetted mortal Wit with Cares,
Permitting not his Reign to rust with Sloth.

E'er *Jove* was King, no Hinds subdued the Glebe: 165
Nor lawful was it held to sever Lands,
Or mark their Bounds: In Common all things lay;
And Earth without Compulsion yielded Food.
He baneful Poyson to fell Serpents gave;
Commanded Wolves to proul, the Sea to tofs; 170
From Trees the Honey shook; conceal'd the Fire;
And all in Streams repress'd the running Wine.
That Want by Thought might strike out various Arts,
Gradual; in Furrows seek the Blade of Corn;
And by Collision from the Veins of Flint 175
Extund the latent Fire. Then Rivers first
Felt hollow'd Timber: The Sea-faring Crew
Then first gave Names, and Numbers to the Stars,
The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, and the Northern *Bear*.
'Twas then invented to intangle Beasts 180
In Toyls; and Fowl with Bird-lime to deceive;
And with stanch Hounds the Thickets to inclose.
One with his Casting-Net, launch'd on the Deep,
Beats the broad River: From the deeper Sea
Another drags along his dropping Twine. 185
Then rigid Iron, and the grating Saw,

(With

Ver. 167. *Mark.*] *Signare*: To distinguish by Landmarks. Ver. 171. *Conceal'd.*] *Ignem-*
que removit: not out of the
To distinguish by Landmarks. Next Line; *Quærebant* [vic-
World, but out of Sight.
tum] in medium; i. e. in com-
Ver. 181. *Fowl with bird-*
mune bonum. lime, &c.] *Laqueis captare fe-*

Ver. 169. *Fell.*] *Atris.* See the Note on Georg. iv. 480—1. Those who apply *Visco* to *Feras*
are very absurd.

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(With Wedges, first, the splitting Wood they riv'd)
Then various Arts ensued. All things give way
To pressing Penury, and ceaseless Toil.

'Twas *Ceres* first taught Mortals with the Share 190
To cut the Ground ; when now the sacred Grove
For human Use no longer yielded Mast,
Nor Cherries ; and *Dodona* Food deny'd.

Soon after, to the Corn new Labours rose :
That noxious Mildew's Rust should eat the Stalks ; 195
And idle spiky Thistles croud the Fields.

The full Grain dies ; a prickly Grove succeeds,
And Burrs, and Tares ; and thro' the fertile Lands
Unlucky Darnel, and wild Oats prevail.

Unless then with assiduous Rakes thou work 200

The Ground, and chase the Birds with scaring Noise ;
And with the crooked Pruner lop the Shades

Of spreading Trees, and pray to Heav'n for Show'rs ;
Another's Store, in vain, alas ! admir'd,

Thou shalt behold ; and from a shaken Oak 205

Thy hungry Appetite in Woods relieve.

The

Ver. 189. *Ceaseless.*] *Labor*
— *improbis.* See Note on
Æneid. ix. 237.

Ver. 193. *Cherries.*] The
Fruit of the *Arbutus*, it seems,
was like a Cherry ; but we
have no distinct Name for it.

Ver. 194. *To the Corn.*]
— *Frumentis labor additus ; i. e.*
Hominibus, in frumentis curan-
dis : or frumentis addita ma-
teries laboris. There is a great
Poetical Elegancy in These,
and such like Expressions.

Ver. 198. *Fertile Lands.*]
— *Nitentia culta ; i. e. pingues*
agros. What is fat is apt to

shine. *Culta* is us'd Substantively
for *jugera*, or *arva culta*. So
Æneid. viii. 63. *Stringentem*
ripas, & pingua culta secan-
tem.

Ver. 200. *Unless then.*] *Quod*
nisi must be (tho' I confess I
know not how) for *Nisi igitur*.
For *Quod si*, or *sed si*, is not
Sense in This Place.

Ver. 202. *Lop the Shades.*] *Umbras.* The *Shades* for the
Boughs which cause them.
Metonym. See the last Note,
but two. *Premes* for *Supprimes*.
Ruris opaci for *agri umbrosi*.

The Instruments by hardy Rusticks us'd
 We next must tell ; without which, could no Seed
 Be sown, nor rise the Harvests. First the Share,
 And heavy Timber of the bending Plough : 210
 And *Ceres'* slowly-rolling Car ; and Sleds ;
 And Flails ; and Harrows of unwieldy Weight ;
 Ofiers, and Hurdles ; homely Implements
 Of *Celeus* ; and *Iacchus'* mystic Van.
 All which with long Fore-Thought thou shalt provide ;
 If rural Glory, from the Art divine 216
 Of Tillage, justly wait thee. In the Woods,
 The pliant Elm with mighty Strength is bent,
 And takes the Figure of the crooked Plough.
 To it's Extremity the Beam is join'd, 220
 Eight Feet in length: two Ears, and Dentails broad :
 (But the light Linden first, and lofty Beech
 Are hewn to form the Yoke :) And the Plough-Tail,
 By which, behind, the Wheels depress'd are turn'd
 This Way, or that: And Smoke exp'oes the Wood

In

Ver. 209. *Be sown.*] i. e. To any purpose.

Ver. 212 *Unwieldy Weight.*] — *Iniquo pondere* : i. e. *magno*. See the Note on Ver. 189.

Ver. 214. *Iacchus' mystic Van.*] *Vannus* may mean either a *Van* (or *Fan*) or a *Sieve*. For its belonging to *Bacchus*, and the ridiculous Mystery of it, see the Commentators.

Ver. 216. *If rural, &c.*] *Sit digna manet divini gloria ruris. Digna* ; i. e. *vera* : or *quâ tu dignus es ; tibi debita*. The Country is called *divine* ; because of its primitive Innocence, and its being anciently inhabited by Gods.

Ver. 217. *In the Woods.*] Continued in *silvis*, &c. to *torqueat imos*. Here is the Description of a *Plough* in all its Parts. *Buris* is the main *Plank* or *Body* of it. *Temo* the *Beam* ; a *Stirpe*, i. e. *ab extrema parte*. *Dentalia* the *Parts*, to which the *Share* is fix'd ; *duplici dorso*. i. e. *lato dorso*. See Note on *Æneid*. v. 529. *Stirva* the *Handle*, or *Tail*. *A tergo*, i. e. *behind* ; *currus*, signifies the *Plough* itself, having *Wheels*. *Imos* ; the *lowest* part of it, or That which sinks *deepest* into the *Ground*.

In Chimneys hung. Of antient Rules like these, 226
 Many I can recite ; if you attend
 Patient, and deign to learn these little Cares.
 Chiefly, consolidate with binding Chalk
 The Threshing-Floor ; and knead it with your Hand,
 And smooth it with the huge Cylindrick Stone : 234
 Left Grass spring up, lest vitiated with Dust
 It cháp in Chinks : then various Vermin breed
 Noxious to Farmers. Oft the tiny Mouse
 Nests under Ground, and stores her Granaries : 235
 Or eyeless delving Moles their Mansions dig :
 And Toads in Cranies found : And num'rous Pests
 Which Earth produces : The high Stacks of Corn
 Are wasted by the Weevil ; and the Ant
 In time providing for the Wants of Age. 240
 Observe too, when in Woods the Almond tall
 Blossoms with Flow'rs, and bends its smelling Boughs :
 If Fruit prevail, the same thy Crop will prove,
 And mighty Store the Thresher's Sweat reward.
 But if by Leaves luxuriant Shade abound ; 245
 Thy Flail shall beat thin Chaff and Straw in vain :
 Many I've known to medicate their Seed,

In

Ver. 230. *Knead.*] *Vertenda* ;
 i. e. to be *turn'd*, and *work'd*
 backwards, and forwards ; as
Dough is, when it is *kneaded*.
 In the next Line, *vitiata* for
vitiata. In This Precept here
 is plainly a *Hysteron Proteron* :
 It must be *work'd* with the
 Hand, *before* it is *roll'd* with
 the Stone.

Ver. 234. *Noxious.*] *Illudunt*.
 See Note on *Æneid*. ii. 77.

Ver. 244. *And mighty Store,*

&c.] *Magnaque cum magno ve-*
niet tritura calore. Tritura for
fructus, or *proventus, triturae*.
 The Words *cum magno calore*,
 may signify only the *Heat* of
 the *Summer* ; but I rather take
 it for the *Sweat* of the *La-*
bourer, or *Thresher*. However,
 they very well stand together,
 and the one may be included in
 the other.

Ver. 246. *Thy Flail, &c.*] *Ne-*
quicquam pingues. Pingues
galea

In Nitre steep'd, and the black Lees of Oil ;
 That in the Bean's fallacious Shell, the Grain
 Might bigger grow : And tho' o'er mod'rate Fire 250
 Moist, and precipitated, and with Pain
 Long try'd and chosen, oft they have been prov'd
 Degenerate, in Spight of so much Care ;
 Unless by human Industry and Art
 The largest, one by one, have from the rest 255
 Yearly been cull'd. So all things to the Worse
 By Fate still backwards run : Like him who stems
 The Tide adverse ; if chance he slack his Arms,
 Down the prone Stream his Sculler whirls away.

Besides ; not less by Us must be observ'd 260
Arcturus' Stars, the rising Kids, and Snake
 Celestial : than by Those who homewards bound
 Sail the tempestuous Ocean, and the Straits
 Of Oyster-breeding *Hellepont* explore.
 When *Libra* weighs the Hours of Day, and Sleep, 265
 Equal, and parts the Globe 'twixt Light and Shade ;
 Then Farmers, work your Steers ; sow Barley's Grain,

'Till

palea, (or rather *paleæ*, for so I would read it, as Some do) may seem harsh. But I take it to be a pretty *Catachresis* : Fruitful of Chaff, and nothing else. As for Those, who would have *Nequicquam* stand for non ; see the Note on Ver. 500. *Terret area culmos*, for *culmi terentur in area*. Metonym. Ad-junct.

Ver. 249. *That in the Bean's, &c.*] *Grandior ut fœtus siliquis fallacibus esset*. Fœtus the Grain : *Siliquis* the Shells, or Husks.

The Latter are called *fallacious* ; because they are often large, when there is very little within them.

Ver. 251. *Moist, &c.*] For they will ooze and sweat by being held to the Fire. *Properata*, precipitated : i. e. The Growth of them is hasten'd by This Art ; As Things grow in Hot-Beds.

Ver. 259. *Down, &c.*] *Atque* Here signifies *statim*.

Ver. 265. *Day.*] *Die*. See the Note on *Æneid*. i. 762. *Somni-*

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'Till sleety Winter tow'ards it's Period tends.
 Flax too, and Cerealian Poppey's Seed
 'Tis time to hide in Furrows, and to urge 270
 The Ploughman's Labour; while the drier Soil
 Permits, and Clouds hang hov'ring in the Sky.
 Sow Beans in Spring; then too the crumbling Glebe
 Receives thee, Median Flow'r; and th' annual Toil
 For Millet comes: when now with golden Horns 275
 The shining Bull unlocks the op'ning Year;
 And, setting, to the Ship the Dog gives Way.
 But if for Wheat, and Bread-Corn's sturdy Sheaves
 Thou till, industrious for That Crop alone;
 First let the Morning Pleiades forsake 280
 Th' Horizon, and the Starry Gnosſian Crown
 From the Sun's Rays emerge; before the Seed

To

Somnique. The Poet (if he had pleased) could have said *Noctis*, as well as *Somni*: It would have stood in the Verse as well. But I have already (too much perhaps) remarked upon the Elegancy of These Metonymys.

Ver. 268. 'Till sleety, &c.] *Usque sub extremum brumæ intraſtabilis imbrem*: Towards, or very near; not 'till, or quite to.

Ver. 270.—to urge.] *Jam dudum incumbere*, &c. See the Note on *Æneid*. ii. 121. 'Tis more than high time; i. e. 'tis full high time. Thus *nimum* for *multum*. Instead of *Aratris* in This place, Some read *Raſtris*: Which is much better: Because the Poet is now upon Sowing: And though we sow

and barrow together; yet we do not plough, while we sow, nor after we have sown.

Ver. 274. Median Flow'r.] Suppos'd to be the Clover; which bears a Flower.

Ver. 277. And setting to the Ship the Dog gives way.]—*Et averso cedens canis occidit astro*. So I read it, with *Heinsius*, and *Ruæus*; not *adverso*. The Ship is not here mention'd: but That is the *Astrum* intended. For the Astronomical Explanations, the Cosmical, Acronychal, and Heliacal Rising, and Setting of the Stars, &c. here, and every where else, see *Ruæus*.

Ver. 280. First let the Morning, &c.]

*Ante tibi Eoæ Atlantides abscondantur,
 Gnosſique ardentis decedat Stella coronæ.*

Eoæ;

To Furrows thou commit, or trust the Earth
Unwilling with the Promise of the Year.

Many e'er *Maia's* Setting, have begun: 285
But them th' expected Harvest has deceiv'd.
If Vetches, and the hungry Pulse thou sow,
And think *Egyptian* Lentils worth thy Care;
Signs not obscure *Böotes* sinking gives:
Begin, and to the middle Frosts proceed. 290
For Purposes like these, the golden Sun
Thro' twice six Constellations rules the World,
Sever'd by equal Parts. Five Zones divide
The Heav'ns; Of which One red with Solar Fire
For ever burns: Two (one on either Hand, 295
And in the Globe's Extreme) round this are drawn,
Stiff with green Ice, and black with low'ring Clouds:
'Twixt These, and That which fills the middle Space,
Two by th' Indulgence of the Gods were giv'n
To weary Mortals; and between them Both 300
A Way describ'd, thro' which in Course oblique
The glittering Order of the Signs might roll.

As

Eoa; *matutinae*, not *orientales*: not from us, but from the Sun's
See the Reason in *Ruæus*. *Atlantides*: the *Pleiades* were the Rays; i. e. rise *Heliacally*.
Daughters of *Atlas*. *Decedat*; Ver. 291. &c. The golden
Sun—equal Parts.]

Idcirco certis dimensum partibus orbem
Per duodena regit mundi Sol aureus astra.

Astra here signifies not so many single Stars but Constellations: per. Tho' *Ruæus* explains all
For Every body knows that These things very justly; yet
Each of the 12 Signs is such. they cannot be rightly under-
Mundi may relate either to stood by One who understands
orbem, or *astra*: Rather to the not the Globe: Which a School-
latter. Boy who is able to construe
Virgil very well may, and ought
to do.

Ver. 293. Five Zones.] *Quin- que tenent cælum Zona, &c.*
—to accendit lumina Ves-

Ver. 294 Red, &c.]—Sole
rubens [est] & torrida, &c.

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S GEORGICS. 111

As tow'rd's bleak *Scythia*, and *Riphaean Hills*,
 The Globe is elevated ; just so much
 Depress'd to *Libya*; South, it downward tends. 305
 This Pole to Us is still sublime ; but That
 Black *Styx*, and the *Tartarcan Manes* see
 Beneath their Feet. Here huge with sinuous Fold
 The *Snake* twines round, and like a River flows
 'Twixt the two *Bears*; the *Bears* that dread to tinge
 Themselves in Ocean. There, as 'tis believ'd, 311
 Eternal Dead of Night in Silence reigns ;
 Or to That Clime from Us *Aurora's Car*
 Brings back returning Day ; and when the Sun
 On Us breaths, Orient, with his panting Steeds, 315
 There *Vesper* reddens late, and lights the Stars.
 From hence in doubtful Air we may foretel
 The Weather ; hence the Times to reap, and sow :
 And when 'tis fit to sweep the faithless Sea
 With Oars ; and when to launch our armed Fleets ; 320
 Or when in Woods to fell the season'd Pine.

Nor is it vain that we with Care observe
 The Stars, the rising and the setting Signs,
 And by four Seasons the distinguish'd Year.

When

Ver. 303. Hills:] *Arces* :
 i. e. montes. So *Flerunt Rhodopeia arces*. Georg. iv, 461.

Ver. 306. Pole.] *Vertex*. *Hic vertex nobis semper sublimis*, at illum, &c. The Words *Hic*, and *Ille*, tho' generally, are not always us'd so, that *Hic* should be referred *ad proximum*, *Ille ad remotum*. 'Tis the Contrary here ; For the *Northern Pole* is elevated in These Parts of the World.

Ver. 308. Here huge, &c.] The Order Thus. *Hic maximus anguis elabitur sinuoso flexu, in morem fluminis, circum [populum] perque duas Arctos*.

Ver. 313. Or to That, &c.] *Aut redit [ad illos] à nobis, diemque reducit [ad illos]*. Ver. 250. Orig. *Oriens subaud.* [Sol.]

Ver. 324. Distinguish'd.] *Pariter* ; for *pariter*, i. e. *æqualiter*, distinctum.

When the cold Rain confines the Farmer Home ; 325
 At Leisure various Things he may provide,
 Which should be hasten'd, were the Sky serene.
 He sharpens his blunt Share ; scoops Boats from Trees ;
 Or marks his Cattle, or his Sacks of Corn.
 Some point their Stakes, and double-spiky Prongs ; 330
 And Osiers twist to bind the flexile Vine :
 With *Rubean* Wicker now slight Baskets weave :
 Now parch Your Grain, now grind it in the Mill.

Some Labours ev'n on sacred Days the Laws
 Indulge us: No Religion e'er forbade 335
 To drain the Fields; to hedge the Corn around ;
 Brambles to burn ; or Snares to lay for Birds ;

Or

Ver. 326, 327. — *At leisure*, &c. Which should be hasten'd, &c.] *Multa forent quæ mox cælo properanda sereno*, *Maturare datur*. The Word *Maturare* is sometimes us'd as synonymous with *properare*; but here it is manifestly set in opposition to it. "In wet Weather *datur* [agricolæ] *maturare* (i. e. *cum maturitate*, & *otio facere*) *multa*, quæ *forent properanda, cælo sereno*. "He may now do these things *at leisure*, because he can do *nothing else*: Whereas in *fair Weather* he would have Business of greater Importance, and so be forc'd to dispatch *These in Haste*." See the Authoritys for This Use of the Word referred to by *De La Cerda* upon the Place.

Ver. 328. *He sharpens his*, &c. *Vomeris obtusi dentem*: i. e. *acumen*. In the Line before; *procudit*, i. e. *cutendo producit*, & *extenuat*.

Ver. 329. *Sacks*.] Or if You please *Stacks*. *Acerwis*. 'Tis uncertain whether He speaks of Corn *thresh'd* or *untresh'd*: Of *Barns*, or of *Granarys*.

Ver. 332. *Rubean*.] i. e. which grows near *Rubi* a Town of *Campania*. This Interpretation I chuse. For *rubeus* from *rubus* a Bush (as Some take it) is a Word I nowhere meet with. Ver. 269. Orig. *Rivos deducere*, i. e. *derivare* [ex agris.]

Ver. 334. — *Ev'n on* — *Quippe etiam* in the Orig. must mean the same as *Quinetiam*. And had I Authority, I would read it so.

Or plunge the bleating Flocks in healthful Streams.
Oft too the Driver of the sluggish As,
With Oil, or viler Apples loads his Ribs; 340
Or, from the Town returning, with him brings
A dented Millstone, or a Mass of Pitch.

The Moon herself has certain Days ordain'd.
Happy of Toils, in certain Order rang'd.
Avoid the *Fifth*: Then griesly *Dis* was born, 345
And all the Furies: then the Parent Earth,
Teeming with Monsters, to the Light disclos'd
Cæus, *Iäpetus*, *Typhæus* dire,
Those rebel Brothers leagu'd to rend the Sky.
Thrice they assay'd on *Peliön* to heave 350
Ossa: on *Ossa* still more high to roll
Woody *Olympus*: thrice the Sire of Gods
Lanc'd the red Bolt, and hurl'd the Mountains down.
Next to the Tenth the Seventh is happy prov'd,
To plant the Vine; to break the new-yok'd Steers; 355
And add the Woof to Looms. The Ninth to Flight
Is found propitious, but adverse to Theft.

In humid Night Things not a few succeed
More prosp'rous; Or when Morn bedews the Ground,

With

Ver. 343. *Certain Days*, &c.] According to the antient Heathen Superstition, some *Days* of the *Month* were lucky; Others unlucky. *Alios*, i. e. *quosdam*, *diversos*; *alio*, i. e. *diverso quodam*. I have render'd both by *certain*: Which amounts to the same Sense, in our Language. Ver. 279. Orig. *creas* for *creavit*.

Ver. 350. *Thrice They assay'd*,

&c.] See *Præl. Poet.* p. 79. *Edit. Secund.* I hope the particular Turn of these admirable Lines is imitated in the Translation.

Ver. 354. *Next to the Tenth*, &c.] "*Septima post decimam felix*"; The *seventeenth* is fortunate; "*nate*," say Some; "*The seventh is the most fortunate*," "*next to the tenth*," say Others. My Translation expresses either; as the Original does.

With the first rising Sun. Stubble by Night, 360
 And the dry Meadow's Grass is better mow'd :
 Moisture by Night is never known to fail.
 One watches late by Light of Winter Fires ;
 And with the sharpen'd Steel for Torches splits
 The spiky Wood : Mean while his Spouse with Songs 365
 Relieves her tedious Toil, and thro' the Web
 Along the Loom her whistling Shuttle whirls ;
 Or of sweet Must boils down the luscious Juice ;
 And skims with Leaves the trembling Cauldron's Flood.
 But the strong yellow Corn in Mid-Day's Heat 370
 Is reap'd ; in Mid-Day's Heat the Threshing-Floor
 Groans with the Flail, that beats the roasted Grain.
 Plough naked ; naked sow ; The lazy Hinds
 With the Earth in Winter rest : That Time they pass
 In mutual Feasting, and enjoy their Store : 375
 The genial Season to those Feasts invites
 The jolly Farmers, and dispels their Cares.
 As when the laden Vessels touch the Port ;
 The jovial Crew with Garlands crown their Sterns.

Yet

Ver. 368, *Boils.*] Orig. *Vulcano decoquit* : i. e. *Ignē*. These things are well known.

Ver. 369. *Trembling.*] *Trepidī*, certainly ; not *tepīdī*, as 'tis stupidly read in many Copies.

Ver. 371, 372. *The Threshing-Floor—The Flail.*] Whether the Romans in Virgil's time thresh'd their Corn with a Flail ; or drove Cattle over it. to tread it out, according to the antient Eastern Custom ; or Both ; I

cannot say. As I am uncertain ; I express myself according to the Mode of our own Age and Country.

Ver. 373. *Naked.*] That is, *in hot Weather*. Metonym. *Effecti.*—*Hyems ignava colono*, i. e. (say all the Expositors) *ignavum reddit colonum*. The Expression is untoward ; and I believe 'tis not Virgil's.

Ver. 378. *Laden.*] *Pressa* [*mercibus* :] i. e. *onusta*.

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS. 115

Yet then too is the Time to strip the Oil 380
 From Olives; Mast from Oaks; from Myrtle and Bay
 The bloody-colour'd Berries: then to set
 Springs for Cranes, and Toys for Stags; to hunt
 The Hare; and from the *Balearian* Sling
 With twisted Thong whirl'd round to shoot the Doe. 385
 While Snow lies deep; while heavy Cakes of Ice;
 Push'd by the Tide, down the dull Rivers float.

Autumnal Tempests, and uncertain Stars,
 Why should I tell? And what by Hinds with Care
 Must be provided; when the Day contracts, 390
 And Summer softens? Or when show'ry Spring
 Hastes to it's Period; when the trembling Ears
 Wave with the Wind; and now the growing Grain
 On the green Stalk with milky Moisture swells?
 Oft have I seen, when now the Farmer brought 395
 The

Ver. 380. *Oil.*] I may be allow'd to put *Oil* for the *Fruit* which yields it. *Olea* signifies the *Tree*, the *Boughs*, and the *Fruit* of the *Olive*. 'Tis the *Last* here. *Tum tempus* [te] *figere*, &c. *Stupea torquentem*, &c.

Ver. 392. *Hastes.*] *Ruit*, when apply'd to *Sol*, *Nex*, *Ver*, and such like, has quite contrary Significations: Sometimes it means *coming on*; sometimes *going off*. The Context must explain, which we are to chuse.

Ver. 392. — *Trembling.* —] *Inborruit.* — *Trembling* in *Animals* being the Effect of *Fear*; the Word *inborruit* is elegantly transfer'd to *Corn*, &c. *trembling* with the *Wind*.

Ver. 395. *Oft have I seen*, &c.] Nothing can be more beautiful, and noble, than This Description of a *sudden Storm*, and *Land-Flood*:

*Sæpè ego, cum flavis messorum induceret arvis
 Agricola, & fragili jam stringeret bordea culmo;
 Omnia ventorum concurrere prælia vidi:
 Quæ gravidam latè segetem ab radicibus imis
 Sublimè expulsam eruerent; ità turbine nigro
 Ferret hyems culmumque levem, stipulasque volantes.
 Sæpè etiam immensum cælo venit agmen aquarum,*

Et

The Reaper to his yellow Fields, and bound
 His Sheaves with brittle Straw, the warring Winds
 All rise at once, and from the Roots uprend
 His full-ear'd Corn, and whirl it high in Air.
 With such a Gust a Hurricane would drive 400
 Light, flying Stubble. Oft too Floods immense
 Of Waters gush from Heav'n; and gather'd Clouds
 Brew the black Storm aloft, with dusky Show'rs:
 The rushing Sky descends, and with vast Rain
 Drowns the rich Crop, and Labours of the Plough. 405
 The hollow Dykes are fill'd: With roaring Noise
 The foaming Rivers swell; and in the Friths
 Toss'd by the Wind the wintry Ocean boils.
 Great Jove himself, amidst the Night of Clouds,
 Hurls with his red Right-hand the forky Fire: 410
 Earth trembles; savage Beasts to Coverts fly;
 And Mortals' Hearts o'er all the World with Dread

Sink

Et sædam glomerant tempestatem imbribus atris
 Collectæ ex alto nubes; ruit arduus æther, &c.
 Ipse pater mediâ nimborum in nocte, coruscâ
 Fulmina molitur dextrâ; quo maxima motu
 Terra tremit, fugere feræ, &c. mortalia corda
 Per gentes humilis stravit pavor. Ille flagranti
 Aut Atbon, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia, &c.

Ver. 400. Hurricane.] Orig. *Turbine nigro*. The *Whirlwind* is not black; but the Storm and Clouds which accompany it make *Darkness*. See Note on *Æneid*. i. 830.

Ver. 403. Aloft.] *Ex alto* may here signify either *ex cælo*, or *ex mari*. So likewise Ver. 443. Orig. *ab alto*.

Ver. 408. Boils.] Orig. — *servetque fretis spirantibus æquor*. As hot boiling Water seems to

breathe, *spirare*, by sending out a Steam; the same Word is here elegantly transferr'd to the Water of the Sea, boiling in a Storm. See the Note on Ver. 392.

Ver. 411. Fly.] Orig. *Fugere feræ*. Wonderful is the Force of That *Tense* in This place. See Note on *Æneid*. iv. 776. We see the Beasts *fleeing away*; and they are gone, and out of sight in a moment.

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS. 117

Sink shudd'ring, and appall'd. He with his Bolts
 Or *Thracian Rhodope*, or *Athos* strikes,
 Or high *Ceraunia*: With redoubled Force 415
 The Winds condense the Tempest: Woods roar loud
 With struggling Blasts; and Rivers lash their Shores.
 Thou fearing This, observe the Months, and Stars;
 Whither cold *Saturn's* Planet wheels it's Course;
 And thro' what Orbs of Heav'n *Cyllenius* roves. 420
 Chiefly adore, and supplicate the Gods;
 And annual Off'rings to great *Ceres* bring,
 On the green Turf performing sacred Rites;
 When Winter ends, and Spring now smiles serene.
 Then Lambs are fat; and Wines most soft; Then Sleep
 Most sweet; Then leafy Trees the Mountains shade. 426
Ceres let all thy Rustick Youth adore;
 For Her do Thou with Honey mingle Milk,
 And gentle Wine: And round the recent Grain
 Let the propitious Victim thrice be led: 430
 Her in full Chorus let the Peasants all
 Singing attend, and with loud Shouts invite.
Ceres beneath their Roofs: Nor Any thrust
 His Sickle to the Corn; 'till wreath'd with Oak
 To *Ceres* he has paid the Honours due, 435
 With uncouth Dances, and unpolish'd Verse.
 That we by sure Prognosticks might foreknow

The

Ver. 417. *Rivers, &c.*]—*Lit-
 tora plangunt.* There is an Ele-
 gancy in That Word *plangunt*
 in This place, not to be ex-
 press'd in our Language.

Ver. 423. *Performing, &c.*] *Ope-
 rari* like *facere* (*Ecl.* iii. Ver.

77.) is us'd for *sacrificing*. Ver.
 343. Orig. *Tibi* for *tua*.

Ver. 428. — *With Honey,
 &c.*] *Cui tu lacte favos, &
 miti dilue Baccho:* i. e. *Cui tu
 offer favos, lacte & miti Bac-
 cho* (i. e. vino) *dilutos*.

118 VIRGIL's GEORGICKS.

The Heats, the Rains, and Cold-producing Winds;
 What by the Monthly Moon should be advis'd,
 Great Jove himself ordain'd: Beneath what Star 440
 Auster's rough Blasts should fall; and what the Swains
 Observing, should near Home their Flocks confine.
 • When Winds are rising, strait the tossing Sea
 Begins to swell; Or a dry crashing Noise
 Is in the Mountains heard; Or more confus'd 445
 The distant Shores, and murm'ring Woods resound.
 With difficulty Then the Billows spare

The

Ver. 438. — *Producing.*] — *Et agentes frigora ventos.*
 This Word (like *ruit* above-
 mention'd) has quite contrary
 Significations. Here 'tis pret-
 ty plain it means *bringing*; but
 ver. 420. Orig. it means *driving*
away; and so likewise ver. 462.
 At least, That is the more pro-
 bable Sense.

Ver. 441. — *fall* —] 240
signo caderent Austri. Here is
 such another Word; at least
 according to some Commenta-
 tors. *Caderent*; i. e. *desinerent*,
 says *Seruius*; and most of the

rest. *Caderent*, i. e. *ruerent*,
 say Others. I am for the For-
 mer; and the Word *fall* is
 used in the same Sense in Eng-
 lish.

Ver. 443. *When Winds, &c.*] This Description of the various
Signs of all Sorts of *Weather*
 from ver. 356. Orig. *Continuò*
ventis surgentibus, — to ver. 460.
 — *claro sylvas cernes Aquilena*
moveri, is one of the finest
 Pieces of Poetry in the World.
 The first Lines of it give us a
 sufficient Specimen of what we
 are to expect.

Continuò ventis surgentibus, aut freta ponti
Incipiunt agitata tumescere; & aridus altis
Montibus audiri fragor; aut resonantia longè
Littora misceri, & nemorum increbrescere murmur.

One cannot but observe the won-
 derful Effect in the Multitude of
 R's, especially in the last Verse;
 expressing the *Hoarseness* of the
 Wind.

Let the Reader attentively con-
 sider These 105 Verses; and he
 will find almost every Word in
 them worthy of his particular
 Observation. They contain no
 fewer than 43 different Prog-
 nosticks; describ'd, with admi-

nable *Brevity*, and great *Variety*;
 in the most elegant, and delight-
 ful manner imaginable.

Ver. 445. *Confus'd.*] *Mis-*
ceri: i. e. *perturbari*. So *Ju-*
venal; — *res humanas miscuit*.

Ver. 447. *With difficulty, &c.*] *Jam sibi tum curvis mole tem-*
perat unda carinis. That is,
Vix sibi temperat à carinis; et
quin carinas [voret.]

BOOK I. *VIRGIL's GEORGICKS.* 119

The crooked Ships; when flying nearer Land
 The swift-wing'd Cormorants forsake the Deep,
 And send their Screams before them to the Beach. 450
 And when the Sea-Gulls sport upon the Sand;
 And when, deserting her accustom'd Ponds,
 The tow'ring Hern soars high above the Clouds.
 Oft too, when Wind impends, you shall behold 454
 Stars glide from Heav'n; long Streaks of Fire, behind,
 Stream thro' nocturnal Shades; Light Chaff, and Leaves
 Fall'n from the Trees, in Eddies whirl around;
 Or Feathers on the Water's Surface play.

But from the Quarter of the boist'rous North 459
 When Lightnings flash; and from the East and West
 The grumbling Thunder rolls: Then all with Rain
 The Country swims; and Floods in Ditches swell: .
 Then ev'ry Mariner, sea-faring, furls
 His humid Sails: None e'er have aught, unwarn'd,
 Suffer'd from Show'rs. Or them æreal Cranes 465
 Fled, rising from the Vales: Or, tossing high
 Her Head in Air, the Heifer snuff'd the Storm
 In her broad Nostrils: Or, oft flying round
 In Rings, the prattling Swallow skim'd the Lakes:
 Or Frogs in Mud their antient Complaints renew'd. 470.

Oft

Ver. 460. *From the East, &c.*] *Eurique, Zephyrique tonat domus: i. e. regio.* That Part of the Sky from which This, or That Wind blows, seems to be its House, or Habitation. This is perfect Poetry.

Ver. 462. — Swims —] *Rura natant.* See the Note on

Æneid. vi. 907. Ver. 374. Orig. *Surgentem [è] vallibus.*

Ver. 470. — *their antient Complaints—*] They were turn'd into Frogs; who before were Men. Ovid *Metamorph.* Lib. vi. This they are poetically suppos'd still to complain of, by their Croaking.

Oft from her secret Cell the painful Ant,
 Marking a narrow Path, brings forth her Eggs :
 The show'ry Bow drinks deep : And Flocks of Crow,
 With mingled Clang their clatt'ring Pinions shake,
 Return'd from Feeding. Now the various Birds, 475
 Which haunt the Sea, and Those which range around
Asia's soft Meads, and lov'd *Cæyfler's* Lakes,
 You shall behold in emulation tofs
 Large Water on their Wings, now plunge their Heads
 Beneath the Waves, now run into the Stream, 480
 And, sporting, strive to wash their Plumes in vain.
 Th' unlucky Raven with full Throat invites
 The Rain ; and in her solitary Walk
 Alone expatiates on the harden'd Sand.
 Nor do the Damsels, who industrious ply 485
 Their nightly Spinning, not foreknow These Storms :
 When in their Potsherd-Lamp they see the Oil
 Sputter in Sparks, and fungous Clots adhere.
 Nor less Serenity succeeding Show'rs,
 And sunny Skies, by sure unfailing Signs 490
 Thou may'st foretel. For then with keener Edge
 The Stars shine brillant : Rises bright the Moon,

As

Ver. 473. *The show'ry Bow*
 drinks deep.] The ignorant Vul-
 gar, among the Ancients, sup-
 pos'd that the Rain-bow suck'd
 up Water with its Horns from
 Fountains, &c. And the Poet
 accommodates his Expression to
 Their Notion.

Ver. 481. *In vain.*] Because
 the Water does not wet their

Feathers : and because they
 are so clean, or white, or both ;
 that Nothing can make them
 more so.

Ver. 489. — *succeeding* —]
Ex imbri : i. e. *post imbrem*.
 Thus, *aliud ex alio malum*,
 &c. *A*, and *ab* are used in the
 same Sense.

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S GEORGICS. 121

As nought indebted to her Brother's Beams.
 No thin light Clouds, like Flakes of fleecy Wool,
 Fly thro' the Air: Nor to the tepid Sun 495
 Do *Halcyons*, lov'd by *Thetis*, stretch their Wings
 Along the Shore: Nor fordid Swine delight
 With their foul Snouts to toss the bundled Straw.
 But lower, near to Earth the Mists descend,
 Incumbent on the Fields: And now the Bird 500
 Of Night, observant of the setting Sun,
 Sings her late Song from some high Tow'r in vain.
Nisus appears sublime in liquid Air;
 And *Scylla* rues the ravish'd purple Hair.
 Where-e'er She flying cuts the yielding Sky, 505
 Lo! fierce, revengeful, with a mighty Noise
Nisus pursues; where-e'er fierce *Nisus* wheels,

She

Ver. 493. *As nought indebted, &c.*] *Obnoxia*: bound, beholden to. So the Word is us'd by *Plautus*, *Terence*, and Others. I have added the Word *as*, for *as if*: For That must be *Virgil's* Meaning; It being false to say that the Moon is really not so indebted.

Ver. 498.—*Bundled Straw.*] —*Solutos maniplos*, i. e. *Bundled* 'till they have torn them; for then they are *soluti*.

Ver. 500. *And now the Bird, &c.*] *Nequicquam seros exercet noctua cantus*. *Nequicquam* for *Non* is intolerable: And *Servius* gives us no Authority for it, but *Persius's*; which, considering the Obscurity of That Writer, is nothing at all. Be-

sides; 'tis well known that the Musick of the Owl (such as it is) is a Prognostick of dry Weather. I therefore take it Thus; That dark Bird delighting in Rain and Clouds makes this Noise, by way of Complaint, not of Joy (for 'tis a dismal Ditty indeed) at the Approach of fair Weather: But does it *nequicquam*, in vain: For That Weather will come, for all her *Hoating*.

Ver. 503. *Nisus appears, &c.*] *Apparet liquido, &c.* to ver. 409.—*roptim secat æthera pennis*. That is, in short, the Hawk pursues the Lark. For the Story of *Nisus*, and *Scylla*, see *Ovid Metamorph.*

She swiftly flying cuts the yielding Sky.
 With Throats compress'd the Crows their clearer Notes
 Thrice, and four times repeat; and, in their Nests 510
 High tow'ring, with I know not what Delight
 Unusual fill'd, their mutual Joy express,
 And caw among the Leaves: The Storms now past,
 To their lov'd Homes with pleasure they return,
 Shake their glad Wings, and feed their callow Young.
 Not that I think an Ingeny Divine 516
 To them is giv'n, or Prescience of Events
 In Fate superior: But when changeful Winds
 Alter the various Temper of the Sky;
 And the moist Ether what before was dense 520
 Re-

Ver. 509. — *the Crows* —]
Crows are mention'd Before, as
 foretelling *Wet* Weather; ver.
 381, 382. Orig. Now we have
 them, as foretelling *Dry*. But
 'tis with different *Signs*, and
Symptoms. There 'tis — *è pastu*
decedens agmine magno Cor-
vorum increpuit densis exerci-
tus alis. Here 'tis — *Liquidas*
corvi presso ter gutture voces
Aut quater ingeminant, &c.
Presso; because the narrower
 the Passage of the Throat is,
 the more *shrill*, or *clear* (*li-*
quida) is the Sound. Those
 Words, *shake their glad Wings,*
 and *feed*, are not in the Orig.
 expressly, but they are plainly
 imply'd. *Actis*: i. e. *exactis*.

Ver. 516, to Ver. 527. Not
that — *in the fields*.] *Haud*
equidem credo, &c. to *ovantes*
gutturæ corvi. I have remark'd
 upon This curious, and most

true Piece of Philosophy join'd
 with the most delicate Poe-
 try; *Prælect. Poet.* p. 223.
 Ver. 416. Orig. — *Rerum*
fato prudentia major. Prudence
 greater than Fate (as This is
 generally render'd) is flat Non-
 sense. Take it thus: *Agreater*
Knowledge [than we have] in
 the Fate of Things. The next
 Line; *Cæli mobilis humor* in-
 cludes the *Winds*, which pro-
 ceed from *Vapours*, &c. Next
 Line: *vias*: i. e. *modos, ra-*
tiones, qualitates [aëris,] says
Ruæus. *Vertuntur species ani-*
morum: i. e. *species*, five ima-
 gines *rerum in animis*. *Motus*;
 i. e. *Affectus, Passiones*. *Nunc,*
 (i. e. when 'tis wet, when *Ju-*
piter humidus, &c. as above)
conciunt alios motus; alios [con-
 ciuebant] *dum nubila ventus*
agebat; i. e. when 'twas *dry*.
Agebat, for *dissipabat*.

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS. 123

Relaxes, and condenses what was rare :
 The shifting Phantasms of their Minds are turn'd ;
 And now within their Breasts new Passions move,
 Diff'rent from Those they felt, when driving Blasts
 Dispers'd the Clouds: Hence That Concert of Birds
 Chirping in Chorus ; Hence the Joy of Beasts ; 526
 And Flocks of Crows exulting in the Fields.

But if the rapid Sun thou shalt regard,
 And the just Order of succeeding Moons :
 Thou ne'er shalt by To-morrow be deceiv'd, 530
 Nor aught from faithless Starry Nights endure.
 If, when the Moon collects returning Light,
 Her blunted Horns include a dusky Air ;
 Then mighty Rain impends o'er Land and Sea.
 But if a Virgin Blush be o'er her Face 535
 Diffus'd ; 'Twill then be Wind : With Blasts of Wind
 Still golden *Phæbe* reddens. But if bright
 At her Fourth Rising (for the Fourth predicts
 Most certain) and with sharpen'd Horns she wheel
 Along the Sky ; Then all That Day, and Those 540
 Succeeding, 'till the Month completed ends,
 Nor Rain, nor Winds shall know : And on the Shore
 The Mariners shall for their Safety pay
 Their Vows to *Melicertes*, *Ino*-born,
 And *Panope*, and *Glaucus*, Ocean-Gods. 545
 Nor less the Sun, when rising in the East,
 And when descending to the Western Waves,

G 2

Will

Ver. 529.—*succeeding Moons.*] the several *Phases* of the Moon;
Lunasque sequentes ordine, i. e. | *succeeding each other in order.*

Will Tokens give; The Sun sure Signs attend,
 Both in the op'ning Morn, and Starry Eve.
 When, rising in a Cloud, his Face with Spots 550
 He varies, and with half his Orb retires;
 Be Show'rs suspected: *Notus* from above
 Threatens, to Trees, and Flocks, and Corn adverse.
 Or when among dark Mists, at Dawn of Day,
 The breaking Rays stream diverse; or with faint
 Pale Aspect, from *Tithonus'* saffron Bed 556
Aurora rises; then alas! the Leaves
 Shall ill defend the rip'ning Grapes: so thick
 Dire Hail shall dance, and rattle on the Tiles.
 These Tokens too, when now he leaves the Sky, 560
 'Twill more import to learn: For oft we see
 How various Colours wander o'er his Face;
 The livid, Rain foretels; The fiery, Winds:
 But with the glowing Red if Spots begin
 To mingle; all things then with Winds and Rain 565
 Confus'd thou shalt behold: Ah! then let None
 Persuade me ill-advis'd to tempt the Deep,
 And

Ver. 548. *Attend.*] *Sequuntur*, for *comitantur*. Thus *Comites*, and *Pedisequæ* sometimes mean the same. And in English, his *Attendants*, his *Fol-*

lowers. Next Line, *refert*, for *fert*.

Ver. 550. *When rising in a Cloud, &c.*

*Ille ubi nascentem maculis variaverit ortum,
 Conditus in nubem, medioque refugerit orbe, &c.*

This is exquisitely Poetical. *Medio* is for *dimidio*. In the next Verse, *urget* (us'd neutrally) for *ingruit*, *imminet*, *instat*.

Ver. 560. *These Tokens too,*
 a. *Hæc etiam* (quod dicturus

sum de eo) *emenso cum jam decedet Olympo, Profuerit meminisse MAGIS*. For, it seems, Those Prognosticks, which he gives, when he is setting, are the best of all. So says *Servius*.

And loose my Cable from the safer Shore.
But if at both the Dawn, and Close of Day,
His Globe be lucid ; Vain shall prove thy Fears 570
Of Tempests ; and the Woods thou shalt behold
With the clear Northern Blasts serenely wave.

In fine, What *Vesper's* Ev'ning Planet brings,
From whence the Wind dispels the drier Clouds,
What humid *Auster* meditates, the Sun 575
Will best advise. The Sun who dares pronounce
Erroneous ? He too, oft foretels the Storms
Of Tumults, Treasons, and approaching Wars.

He too, at *Cæsar's* Murder, pitying *Rome*,
With dusky Scurf obscur'd his beamy Head ; 580
And impious Mortals fear'd eternal Night.
Tho' at that Time Earth too, and spacious Seas,

And

Ver. 573. *In fine, what Vesper's, &c.*] Having dispatch'd his Subject ; and pray let the following Verses be attentively consider'd.
the Signs of the Weather, he now winds up That Part of

*Denique, quid Vesper serus vebat, unde serenas
Ventus agat nubes, quid COGITET humidus Auster,
Sol tibi signa dabit : Solem quis dicere falsum
Audeat ? Ille etiam cæcos instare tumultus
Sæpè monet, fraudemque, & aperta tumescere bella.*

*Ille etiam extincto miseratus Cæsare Romam ;
Cum caput obscura nitidum, &c. ———
Tempore quanquam illo Tellus quoque & æquora ponti
Obscænique canes, importunæque volucres, —&c.*

Not to engage in the endless Task of descanting upon the several Beauties of every Line here cited, and so on to the End of the Book ; the judicious Reader will observe the elegant Transitions, as I have mark'd them in a different Character ; how delicately he slides from one Thing to another, in order to introduce That noble, and never enough to be admir'd Digression, concerning the *Prodigies*, at *Julius Cæsar's* Death.

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And Dogs obscene, and ill-presaging Birds
 Gave dire Portents. How oft have we beheld
 Loud thund'ring *Ætna* from *Volcanos* burst, 584
 Deluge with liquid Fire *Cyclopean* Fields,
 And tofs huge Balls of Flame, and molten Stones?
 O'er all the Sky *Germania* heard the Clank
 Of Arms: Unusual Shudd'rings rock'd the *Alps*:
 And oft in silent Woods were Voices more 590
 Than human heard: And Spectres wond'rous pale
 Seen in the Dusk of Ev'ning: Oxen spoke,
 (Horrid to tell!) Earth yawn'd, and Streams stood still
 In Temples mourning Iv'ry wept; and Brass
 Sweated: *Eridanus*, Supreme of Rivers, 595
 With roaring Inundation, o'er the Plains,
 Whirl'd Woods away, and Cattle with their Stalls.
 Nor did, mean-while, th' ill-boding Fibres cease
 To menace Fate; nor Blood to rise in Wells;
 Nor Cities loudly to resound with Wolves 600
 Howling by Night. Ne'er from unclouded Sky
 Did Lightnings with more nimble Flashes glare;
 Nor e'er so thick did baleful Comets blaze.

For

Ver. 584. — *How oft, &c.*] — *Quoties Cyclopum, &c. Vidimus undantem, &c.* Præl. Poet. p. 61.

Ver. 590. *Oft.*] *Vul.* d. It means commonly; both as to time and place: and so has the Signification both of *sæpe* and *passim*.

Ver. 595. — *Supreme of, &c.*] *Fluviorum Rex Eridanus.* This Redundancy of the Syllables was not for nothing. It elegantly

expresses the *Overflowing* of the River; and I have imitated it in my Version.

Ver. 598. *Fibres.*] i. e. in the Entrails [*extis*] of the Victims.

Ver. 600. *Loudly.*] *Altè.* Some read *altæ*. Which may be right enough: Because it adds to the Wonder, and the Greatness of the Image, that it should be so in the noblest Cities.

Ver. 601. *Ne'er.*] *Non alias:* i. e. *aliq tempore*.

BOOK I. *VIRGIL's GEORGICKS.* 127

For This, *Philippi* saw the *Roman* Troops 604
Twice in like Arms engage ; and Heav'n thought fit
That twice *Emathia*, and th' extended Fields
Of *Hæmus*, should be fatten'd with our Blood.
Nay, and the Time shall come ; when in Those Coasts
The lab'ring Peasant, with the crooked Share 609
Turning the Glebe, shall plough up Jav'lines furr'd
With eating Rust ; and with the pond'rous Rakes
Clash against empty Helmets ; and admire
Big, manly Bones, digg'd from their open'd Graves.

Ye Tutelary Gods, Thou *Romulus*,
And Parent *Vesta*, whose Indulgence guards 615
Etrurian Tyber, and the *Roman* Tow'rs ;
Permit at least This wond'rous Youth to prop
The reeling Globe : Long since our Blood has paid
Due Forfeit for the Perjuries of *Troy*.

Long

Ver. 604. *For This.*] Ergo indignum [justitiâ & providen-
inter sese, &c. i. e. Because of tiâ suâ.]

Cæsar's Death. For the Geo- Ver. 610. *He turns, &c.*]
graphical Difficulty about *Phi-* Terram molitus aratro : fer
lippi and *Pbarsalia*, see *Ruæus*. exercens. The Expression is

Ver. 605. *And Heav'n thought* somewhat particular. The next
fit.] Nec fuit indignum superis, Lines strike me wonderfully.
i. e. Nec [visum] fuit superis

Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila ;
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.

Ver. 614. *Tutelary.*] For the
various Etymologies of the Word
Indigetes, see the Commenta-
tors, and Lexicographers.

Ver. 617. *This — Youth.*]
Osævius.

Ver. 618. *The reeling Globe.*]
Everso seculo. Seculum (like

ἀιών in Greek) for *Mundus*,
So above: ver. 468. Orig. *Im-*
pia secula. Everso ; i. e. *ruenti*.
penè everso.

Ver. 619. *Perjurers of Troy.*]
Laomedontæcæ luimus perjuræ
Trojæ. The *Romans* being, as
They imagined (or at least
pretended)

Long since, O *Cæsar*, the Celestial Court 620
 Has envy'd Us Thy Presence ; and repines
 'Thou shouldst on mortal Triumphs be employ'd.
 Where Right and Wrong are blended ; O'er the World
 So many Wars, such various Forms of Vice:
 Tillage has lost it's due Regard ; The Hinds 625
 Press'd into Soldiers, Fields lie waste, and wild ;
 And crooked Scythes are hammer'd into Swords.
Euphrates here, There *Germany* makes War :
 The neighb'ring Cities break their Leagues, and rush
 To Arms: *Mars* impious storms all o'er the World. 630
 As when the Racers from their Barriers start,
 Oft whirling round the Goal ; The Charioteer
 Vainly attempts to check the flying Steeds :
 Himself is born away : The dusty Car 634
 Swift smokes along ; nor, bounding, hears the Rein.

pretended) derived from the
Trojans ; the Poet here sup-
 poses them to be punish'd by the
 Calamities of War for the Per-
 juries of *Laomedon* King of *Troy*.
 What Those were, the Com-
 mentators tell you.

Ver. 623. *Right and Wrong*,
 &c.] *Fas verum, atque nefas* :
 i. e. confounded, transpos'd, or
 put for each other.

Ver. 625. *Tillage has, &c.*
Non ullus aratro [restit] *di-*
gnus bonos.

Ver. 631. *As when, &c.*
Ut cum carceribus, &c. The
 uncontrouled Licentiousness of

the Times is here compared to
 the Rapidity of unmanaged
 Horses in a Race. *Addunt se*
in spatia, i. e. Either *dant se*
spatiis, for *ingrediuntur spatia*,
 or rather *sæpe decurrunt eadem*
spatia ; meaning the bounds of
 the Race round the *Meta*, or
 Goal. *Tendens* ; straining them,
 holding them stiff. *Neque au-*
dit currus habenas ; for *neque*
equi obtemperant habenis. This
 is a nobly bold, and elegantly
 Poetical Expression. In this
 Simile I was obliged to be a lit-
 tle paraphractical, to keep up the
 Spirit of the Original.

The End of the First Book.



VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS.

BOOK the SECOND.

CORN indeed is of greater Use, and more necessary to human Life, than Wine, or Oil; yet the Vine, and the Olive, and other Trees here treated of, stand higher in the Order of Vegetables than any Grain whatsoever. This Book therefore, upon *That* Account, rises in its Subject above the Former: And wonderful is the Elegancy of the Poet, in ascribing *human Passions*, Dispositions, and Habits, with so much Variety, to the *Trees*, concerning which he delivers his Precepts. I shall not specify Particulars; The Reader will observe them in almost every Page: And I have * elsewhere instanced in a few of them. Besides This Circumstance, the Second Book is distinguish'd from the Rest by the *Multitude* of it's *Precepts*, the Rules and Directions, concerning the Management of *Trees*, of *Vines* especially, being far more numerous, than Those upon any of the other Subjects. It is likewise distinguish'd, by Those beautiful Digressions; the Praises of *Italy*, and the

G 5

Hap.

* *Præl. Poet.* p. 65.

Happiness of a *Country-Life*. Which Last gives us such an Idea not only of *Virgil's* Poetry, but of *Virgil Himself*, that (as I have in another * Place observ'd) we seem to *see* him, while we *read* him. With regard to his Genius and Inclination, and the Turn of his Thoughts, He perfectly draws his *own Picture*.

As it is the Subject of *This Book*, which is nearly a-kin to That of Mr. *Philips's* Poem upon *Cyder*; That learned and most ingenious Gentleman has made an excellent Use of it: his Imitations of *Virgil*, as well as his own Original Thoughts, being admirable. And here it may seem strange, that as Mr. *Philips* has been copious upon the Art of *Making*, and *Preserving* *Cyder*, *Virgil* should not be so too upon That of *Making*, and *Preserving*, *Wine*; should restrain his Precepts to the *Trees*, and *Fruit*, and give None about the *Liquor*. One would think *That* Part should appear as beautiful in Poetry, as the Rest; and the *Pressing*, *Running*, and *Casking* of the *Wine*, together with the Art of *Fining* it, and the *Time* of *Using* it, according to it's *Strength*, &c. be as good Matter of Description, as any thing he has taken notice of. I presume the Reason is, that the Manner of *Making* *Wine* had nothing of *Science*, or *Difficulty* in it, but was well known to every common Farmer; (whereas there is a great deal of *Both*, with a Mixture of *Philosophy*, in the Management of *Trees*, and *Soils*, &c.) and *Virgil*, who does nothing *superfluous*, and has no *ambitiosa ornamenta*, would not make *That* a Part of his Poem, *merely* for the sake of Poetical Description. His Business was to be *Useful*, as well as *Delightful*; and tho' in giving his

* Pref. to the Transl. of the *Æneid*.

BOOK 2. VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS. 131

is Precepts he shews exquisite Address in singling out such *Circumstances* as do *nitere in carmine*; yet still he gives Precepts (of any *Length* at least) about Nothing but what is of Moment, and in which he can *really* instruct, not only *seem* to do so. To shew us that it was not through *Forgetfulness* that he omits This Part of Husbandry in the Body of his Poem, he *mentions* it in the Introduction, tho' by the Way;

—————*Spumat plenis vindemia labris.*
 —————*—nudataque musto*
Tinge novo, mecum, direptis crura cothurnis.

But would not *insist* upon it; probably, for the Reason which I have alledg'd. The same may not perhaps be said of Mr. *Philips*; There may be as much Skill and Difficulty in Making, and Preserving *Cyder*, as in any other Part of *That* Husbandry.

THUS far of Tillage, and the heavenly Signs:
 Thee, *Bacchus*, now I sing; nor less with Thee
 The late-grown Olive's Plant, and Woodland Trees.
 Hither, *Lenæus*, Father, (With thy Gifts
 All here abounds: For Thee the Field full charg'd 5
 With viny Autumn flourishes: For Thee
 In red o'er-flowing Vats the Vintage foams:)

Hither

Ver. 3. Trees.] *Virgulta*; | Here, for Trees in common.
 Strictly *Sbrubs*, or *Under-Wood*. | *Species pro Genera*.

Hither, *Lenæus*, Father, come ; and tinge
Thy Legs, unbuskin'd, in new Must, with Me.

First, Trees by various Propagation grow : 10
(So Nature has ordain'd :) For some, unforc'd
By human Industry, spontaneous rise,
In Fields abroad, and shade the winding Streams :
As the soft Sallow ; and the flexile Broom ;
The Poplar ; and grey Willow. Some from Seed : 15
The lofty Chestnut ; and *Jove's* spreading *Æsculus*,
Supreme of Woods ; and Oaks, by *Greece* esteem'd
Oracular. A num'rous leafy Race
Springs from the Roots of others : As the Elm,
And Cherry ; Thus too sprouts the infant Bay 20
(*Parnassus*-born, and by the Muses lov'd,)
Beneath it's Parent's more diffusive Shade.
These Means by Nature were at first ordain'd :
By these Productions ev'ry Species blooms
Of Trees, and Shrubs, and Woods, and sacred Groves. 25
Others there are, which long Experience found,
And Art improv'd. One has in Trenches set

The

Ver. 16. *Æsculus*.] We know not what English Word to apply to the *Æsculus*. [The same may be said of some *Trees*, as of some *Herbs* and *Flowers*. See Note on *Ecl. iiii. 104.*] It is here distinguish'd from an *Oak* [*Quercus*]; and yet is itself one Species of *Oak*; as *Ilex* is another. Some make it a *Beech*; but not rightly. It is here called *Jupiter's* Tree; which every body knows to be the *Oak*. *Ovid. Metam. i. 106.*

Ver. 26, 27.— *Experience*—

Art—&c.] *Sunt alii* [modi] *quos ipse* [certa aliqua] *via sibi repperit usus.* Tho' *Art* is not express'd in the Original, yet 'tis imply'd. We partly find, or discover some Things by casual Observation, and Experience; but *Art*, or further Invention, improves, and refines upon them. Otherwise they are not *reperta*; as *Virgil* here means it. For from the Natural Growth of Trees he here passes to the Artificial Management of them.

BOOK 2. VIRGIL's GEORGICKS. 13 ³

The Layers, from their Mother's tender Trunk
 Slip'd off: A Second buries Roots in Mold,
 And Stocks, and Stakes, cut sharp, or split in four. 30
 Some Twigs depress'd, and into Arches bent,
 Expect Increase, and living Tendrils, shot
 From their own Bed. Others no Root require;
 Nor fear the Gard'ner in the Ground to plant
 A Scion ravish'd from its top-most Boughs. 35
 Nay (wond'rous to relate!) the sapless Wood
 Of Olive, stript, and of its Branches shorn,
 Emits new Fibres, and shoots deep in Earth.
 Oft too we see one Tree's ingrafted Sprays
 Change to another's, nor repent That Change: 40
 The Pear's hard Trunk with alien Apples bend:
 And on the Plumb's the stony Cornel grew.
 Then mark me well, Ye Farmers; learn of Each

The

Ver. 31. *Some Twigs depress'd, &c.*]

*Silvarumque aliæ pressos propaginis arcus
 Expectant, & viva suâ plantaria terrâ.*

Silvarum, poetically for *Arborum*. *Propago* is That Branch, or Shoot of the Tree (the Vine especially, if not solely, is here intended) which is bent from the Trunk into the Ground Arch-wise, in order to Propagation: For by That Means other Shoots spring from it. The Trees expect or desire, the depress'd Arches of This Propago; i. e. They are to be increas'd, or propagated, in This manner. I have a little alter'd the Turn of Expression in my Translation; but the Sense is altogether the same. *Viva*; because the new Shoots [plan-

taria] are not slipp'd off, as in other Cases; but still grow to the parent Tree. For the same Reason, *suâ terrâ*: i. e. their own native Mould.

Ver. 35. *A Scion ravish'd, &c.*] Orig. *Cacumen*. The Top: i. e. a Branch taken from the Top. *Referens*; restoring it: i. e. to the Earth; from whence it originally came, notwithstanding its distance from it at present.

Ver. 40. *Change.*] *Vertere*, for *verti*. Thus Georg. iii. 336. *Æneid*. i. 108. and in many other Places the Active is us'd for the Passive.

The proper Culture ; and with due Manure
 Soften the Wildness of your barb'rous Fruits. 45
 Let not your Land lie idle : What Delight
 On *Ismarus* to plant the *Bacchian* Vine,
 And cloath with Olives huge *Taburnus*' Sides !
 And Thou, my Glory, justly of my Fame
 The greatest Part, be present to my Aid, 50
Mecenas ; Thou This Enterprize with Me
 Pursue ; and, flying on the open Main,
 Unfurl the Sails. Not all could I propose
 To comprehend within my scanty Song ;
 Had I an hundred Tongues, an hundred Mouths, 55
 An iron Voice : Be present yet, and coast
 Near the first Shore ; The Land is in our View :
 No Tales superfluous shall detain thee here,
 Nor Long Preambles, nor fictitious Verse.

Those, which unbidden spring to upper Air, 60

Steril

Ver. 44. *The proper Culture.*]
 —*Proprios generatim discite
 cultus : i. e. cultus unicuique
 generi proprios.*

Ver. 53, 55. *Propose—Had I.*—]
Non opto—Non mihi si—
 I do not desire to do it ; because
 it would be too tedious. [Nay, I
 could not do it] if I had an
 hundred, &c. Ellipsis.

Ver. 57. *Near the first Shore ;
 the Land is in our View.*—]
*Primi lege littoris oram : In mani-
 bus terræ.* How is This re-
 conciliable with *pelago da vela
 patenti*, just Before ? *Patens*,
 says *Ruæus*, signifies *non clau-
 sum ventis*. But This, I think,
 is harsh ; and he gives us no
 Authority for it. 'Tis enough

that any Sea we sail upon
 may be said *patere* ; as it very
 well may, though we are in
 Sight of Land. *Servius*'s Ex-
 plication of *in manibus terræ*,
 (viz. That 'tis easy to describe
 the Country) is very strange.
 For besides the Oddness of the
 Expression ; 'tis false in fact,
 and contrary to *Virgil*'s De-
 clarations : who more than
 once complains of the Difficulty
 of his Subject. *Terræ* here
 signifies Land, as oppos'd to
 Sea ; and *in manibus*, the same
 as *in potestate*. (So *Æneid. ix.*
*132. Terra autem in manibus
 nostris.*) And That, again,
here, the same as *in propin-
 quo*.

Steril indeed, but strong, and healthy rise;
 Because by Nature favour'd. Yet ev'n These,
 If grafted, or, in Trenches well prepar'd,
 Chang'd and transplanted, will in time unlearn
 Their salvage Temper; and not slow obey, 65
 With frequent Culture, what Your Art commands.
 The same will Those perform, which barren sprout
 From the low Roots; if o'er the open Fields
 They be dispos'd: Their Mothers' shady Tops
 Now check them, and forbid their Fruits to grow. 70
 The Tree, which springs from Seed by slow Degrees
 Advances, and to late Posterity
 Adjourns it's Shade: It's Fruit degen'rous proves,
 Losing its native Juices; and the Vine
 Bears worthless Clusters, Food for Birds alone. 75
 Thus must they all be labour'd, all confin'd
 To Trenches, and with much Expence subdued.
 From Trunks the Olive, from the Arch the Vine
 More happy answers; From the solid Stock
 The Paphian Myrtle; From the Layer's Slip 80

The

Ver. 62. *Because by Nature favour'd.*] *Quippe solo natura subest. Natura for vis nativa; subest for latenter, or occultè, inest. Solo, either the Root of the Tree, or the Soil in which it grows: I am for the Latter; tho' it is true of Borb.*

Ver. 63. *Grafted.*] Either grafted into other Trees, or having other Trees grafted into Them. The Word *Inserere* signifies *Borb.* In the same Line, *subactis*, with *serobibus*, well work'd, or manag'd. Thus

subactum solum, ingenium, judicium, &c.

Ver. 70.—Check them, and forbid their Fruits, &c.—*Uruntque ferentem [fructus.] Urens* has a great Variety of Significations, besides its most common one. To fret, gall, nip, dry, consume, wither, &c.

Ver. 73.—It's Fruit degen'rous, &c. to ver. 75.] *Pomaque degenerant, &c. Et turpes avibus, &c. i. e. unless due Care be taken of 'em. [Ellipsis.] Scilicet omnibus est labor impendendus, &c. Uva for Vitis,*

The hardy Hazle springs; and the tall Ashe;
 The shady Tree which binds *Alcides'* Brows;
Jove's Dodonæan Oak; The lofty Palm;
 And Pine for future Storms at Sea reserv'd.
 But with a Filberd's Twig the prickly *Arbutus* 85
 Is grafted: Oft the barren Plane has born
 The ruddiest Apples; Chesnuts bloom'd on Beech;
 The Wild-Ashe blossom'd with the Flowers of Pears
 Snow-white; and Swine crack'd Acorns under Elms.
 Nor single is the Manner to ingraft, 90
 Or to inoculate. For where the Gems
 Bud from the middle Bark, and gently burst
 The filmy Coats; ev'n in the Knot is made
 A small Incision: From an alien Tree
 An Eye is here inclos'd, and taught to grow 95
 Congenial, blending with the humid Rind.
 Or else into the knotless solid Trunk
 They force a Cleft with Wedges; then insert
 The fertile Sprigs: Nor long the Time; to Heav'n
 The Tree with loaden Branches shoots away, 100
 Admires new Leaves, and Apples not her own.
 Besides; Not single is the Species found
 Of the strong Elm, the Willow, and the Lote;
 Nor of th' *Idæan* Cypress: Nor is one

The

Ver. 85, &c. But with a
Filberd's Twig, &c.] *Inferitur*
verd ex fœtu nucis, &c. to non
sua poma. I have remark'd
 upon the Beauties of These
 14 incomparable Lines, *Prel.*
Poet. p. 69, 70, 72. I entirely
 agree with Those who read
 ver. 71. Orig. *Castaneas fagus*,

or *Castanea fagus*, in *Abra-*
mus's Sense; [see *Ruæus*:] not
Castanea fagos. Nobody in his
 Wits would graft a *Beech* upon
 a *Chesnut*. See Note on ver. 63.
 See also *Ruæus* upon This place.
 Ver. 81. There is a great
 Elegancy in *Exiit ad cælum*,
 for *exit*. See Note on B. i. 411.

BOOK 2. VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS. 137

The Form, in which the fruitful Olive springs; 105
 The *Orchite*, *Radius*, and the *Pausia* known
 By bitter Berries. Nor the Shoots the same
 Of Apples, and *Alcinous*' Groves, and Pears;
 Diff'rent the *Syrian*, and *Crustumian* grows,
 And *Warden* of distinguish'd Weight and Size. 110
 Nor on our Trees does the same Vintage hang,
 Which *Lesbos* crops from *Methymnaean* Vines.
Thasians there are, and *Marcotics* white,
 These fit for richer Mold, for lighter those;
 And *Psythian*, best when dry'd; and thin *Lageos*, 115
 Potent to try the Feet, and bind the Tongue;
 The purple, and the early-ripen'd Grape;
 And with what Verse, Thee, *Rhætic*, shall I sing?
 Nor yet contend thou with *Falernian* Cells.

Th'

Ver. 110. *And Warden of distinguish'd Weight, &c.*] *Gravibusque volemis*. According to *Ruæus*, *Volemus* is the *Bon chrétien*. And it may, for any thing I know; but 'tis as likely to be the *Warden*, from the Epithet *gravibus*, and the Etymology of the Word itself; if it be so call'd, *quasi volam implens*. It is certain, *Bon chrétien* would sound strangely in a Translation of *Virgil*; 'Tis, at best, a very ridiculous Name for a Pear, not to say an irreligious one. Sure I am, (that I may Here observe it by the Way) *Lacrymæ Christi* is a most *Unchristian* Name for any sort of Wine; such an Instance of *Italian Prophaneness*, as must be abhorred by all true *Chri-*

stians. Among all the Names of Wines which *Virgil* here reckons up, there is not One that has any *Blasphemy* in it: OLD Rome had too much Religion for That.

Ver. 115. *And Psythian, best when dry'd.*] *Et passio Psytbia utilior*: i. e. *utilior ad faciendum vinum passum*: i. e. *vinum factum ex uvis passis*; i. e. again *coctis*, *adustis*, dry'd in the Sun.

Ibid. Thin Lageos.] i. e. *Penetrating, insinuating*; Like *Champaigne*, and the other most spirituous Wines. *Olim*, in the next Line, at any time; as it often signifies. *Taubman's* Opinion upon This Passage (see it in *Ruæus*) is in my Judgment very extraordinary.

Th' *Ammineans* too, most during Wines ; to which 120
 Ev'n *Tmolus*, and ev'n King *Phanæus* bows ;
 And the less *Argite*, None with which can vie,
 Either to flow so much, or last so long.
 Nor, *Rhodian*, Thee in silence would I pass,
 Still grateful to the second Cheer, and Gods ; 123
 Nor Thee, *Bumastus*, with plump swelling Grapes.
 But of the various Species, and their Names,
 No Number is ; nor profits it to know
 Their Number : Which whoe'er would learn, as well
 May seek to learn how many are the Sands, 130
 Which *Zephyr* tosses in the *Libyan* Sea ;

Or,

Ver. 120. *Most during Wines.*] So I rather understand *firmissima* as apply'd to *Vina* ; though it may mean full in the Mouth, or strong-body'd.

Ver. 121. *Ev'n Tmolus, and ev'n King, &c.*] *Tmolus*, & *assurgit quibus*, & *rex ipse Phanæus*. Two Mountains famous for Vines. *Phanæus*, a King, or Chief among such Mountains. *Assurgit*, i. e. ce-

dit. A Mountain rising up, and bowing to another Mountain, in Token of Respect, and yielding the Precedency, may seem an odd Image : But This Metaphorical use of the Word, Assurgere, for Cedere, was so common ; that it was almost as soft, as the Word Cedere itself, and gave no other Idea.

Ver. 122, 123. *None with which can vie, Either to, &c.*]

— Cui non certaverit ulla,
 Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem durare per annos.

This Diction is *purely Poetical*, and extremely elegant. *Fluere*, and *durare* are us'd like Nouns in the Ablative Case, or like the Gerunds ; *tantum fluendo*, i. e. in yielding so great a Quantity of Liquor, & *durando*, &c. I have retain'd the same Turn in the English ; and think there is as

good Reason for it, as in the Latin.

Ver. 125.—*The second Cheer, and Gods.*] *Mensis & Dii accepta* [i. e. grata] *secundis* : *Mensæ secundæ*, the second Course. *Dii Secundi* ; because in Those second Courses, certain Gods were invoc'd, and Wine, by way of Libation, pour'd out to them.

BOOK 2. VIRGIL's GEORGICKS. 139

Or, when, more violent, *Eurus* beats the Ships,
How many Waves roll to th' *Ionian* Shore.

Nor can all Soils bear all Things; Willows grow
Near Rivers; Alders, in the marshy Lakes; 135
Barren Wild-Ashes, on the rocky Hills;

The Shores rejoice in Myrtles; *Bacchus* loves
The open Mountains; *Eughs*, the *North*, and Cold.
See the most distant Regions, by the Pow'r

Of *Roman* Arms subdu'd; Th' *Arabians* East, 140

And painted *Scythians*: By it's proper Trees

Each Country is distinguish'd. *India* sole

Bears Ebony; *Sabæa*, Incense sweet.

Why should I name the Balms, which fragrant Wood

Sweating distils? Th' *Acanthus* ever-green, 145

And flourishing with Berries? Why the Groves

Of *Æthiopia*, white with downy Wool?

And how the *Seres* comb from silken Leaves

Soft Fleeces? Why those Lawns should I rehearse,

Which *India*, nearer to the Sea, a Tract 150

Ev'n in th' extremest Limits of the Globe,

Produces? Where the highest Air of Trees

No

Ver. 139, 140. By the Pow'r of Roman, &c.]

*Aspice & extremis domitum cultoribus orbem,
Easque domos Arabum, &c.*

I have render'd it according to the Sense of all the Commentators; except *Ruæus*. — *Orbem domitum* [à Romanis, una cum] *extremis* [suis] *cultoribus*. Tho' I confess it is strain'd, and harsh; and *Ruæus*'s is more natural. — *Orbem domitum*; for *subactum*, i. e. *cultum* [ab] *extremis*, &c.

Ver. 152. — The highest Air of Trees.] *Àëra vincere summum Arboris*; i. e. *quarundam Arborum*. That Part of the Air, which is at the Tops of the Trees, for Those Tops themselves. There is something singularly pretty in This.

No Flight of Arrows ever could surmount :
 Yet no ill Archers does That Nation boast.
Media the happy *Citron* bears, of Juice 155
 Pungent, of Taste that dwells upon the Tongue ;
 Than This no Aid more present (when, in Rage
 Of Jealousy, Stepdames have Draughts infus'd,
 And mingled Herbs, and not innoxious Charms)
 T' expel black Poysons from infected Limbs. 160
 Huge, tall, It self; and like a Laurel, shap'd ;
 And, did it not a diff'rent Scent diffuse,
 A Laurel it would be : No Winds it's Leaves
 Unfix ; It's Blossoms most tenacious grow :
 The *Medes* with This foment their Mouths, correct 165
 Their smelling Breath, and wheezing Sires relieve.
 But neither wealthy *Media's* Groves, and Soil,
 Nor far-sam'd *Ganges*, nor rich *Hermus'* Stream,
 Turbid with Gold, can match *Italia's* Praise :
 Nor *Bactra*, *India*, nor *Panchaia* fat, 170

All

Ver. 154. Yet no ill Archers, &c.]

Et gens illa quidem sumptis non tarda pharetris.

Tarda I take for *tardi ingenii* ; transfus'd into another Lan-
 in the Use of the Bow, and Ar- guage. *Quidem* here has the
 rows, imply'd (by a Metonymy force of *Tamen*.
 of the Adjunct) in *pharetris*. Ver. 155. *Media the happy*
 The whole Expression has an Citron, &c.]
Idiomatical Elegancy, not to be

Media fert tristes succos, tardumque saporem
Felicitis mali —————

For *felicem malum habentem* | I have more than once re-
tristes succos, &c. This again mark'd upon the licentious Use
 is mere Poetry. of the *Tenses*, &c. in Poetry.
 Ver. 163. *A Laurel it would* | Next Line, *apprimè* Adver-
 be.] *Laurus erat* ; for effect. bially for *apprimè*.

BOOK 2. *VIRGIL's GEORGICKS.* 141

All o'er, with Frankincense-producing Glebe.
 No Furrows here by Bulls expiring Flame
 Are turn'd ; Nor Teeth of monstrous Dragons sown :
 Nor rises a dire Crop of Soldiers, throng'd,
 With Shields, and rigid Spears. But swelling Grain
 Abounds, and *Bacchus Massic* Juice, and Oils, 176
 And Herds of shining Neat. The Warriour Steed
 Prances, with lofty Port, into the Field ;
 White Flocks, and stately Bulls, of Victims chief,
 Oft plung'd, *Clitumnus*, in Thy sacred Stream, 180
 To *Jove's* high Fane the *Roman* Triumphs lead.
 Here blooms perpetual Spring ; and Summer shines
 In Months not Hers : Here twice the Cattle teem,
 The Trees twice yield their Fruit. But far from hence
 Is the fell Tyger, and the savage Breed 185
 Of Lions ; Nor does Aconite deceive
 The wretched Simplers. No huge scaly Snake
 Snatches his Orbs immense along the Ground ;
 Nor into Spires so vast himself convolves.
 Add That Variety of Cities, fam'd ; 190
 And Labour of Artificers ; on Tops
 Of craggy Rocks so many Towns uprear'd ;
 And Rivers gliding under antient Walls.

The

Ver. 187. *The wretched Simplers.*] *Legentes ; eos qui legunt, i. e. colligunt, carpunt* [herbas.]

Ver. 187, &c. *No huge scaly Snake, &c.*] He does not say there are no Snakes in *Italy* ; for That would be false : But that they are not *so large* [as in other places.] *Nec rapit*

immensoſ orbes, &c. neque tanto &c. ſubaud. quanto in aliis quibusdam regionibus.

Ver. 191. *And Labour of Artificers.*] *Operumque laborum : Either opera laborata, or (which I rather think) Laborum operum, for operarum ; and That again for operariorum.*

The Sea, which washes it on either side,
 Shall I rehearse? Or such extended Lakes, 195
 Thee, *Larius* greatest? or, *Benacus*, Thee,
 Whose Waves, like Ocean's, swell, and roar with Storms?
 Or it's large Ports; and to the *Lucrine* Bay
 A Mole now added; and the Sea with Rage
 Indignant roaring; where the *Julian* Tide, 200
 Impatient of Confinement, bellows loud,
 (The Sea driv'n back) and into *Avernus*' Frith
 The *Tyrrhene* Chanel pours it's rushing Waves?
 The same blest Region Veins of Silver shows,
 Rivers of Brass; and flows in copious Gold. 205
 The same a hardy Race of Heroes bore,
 The *Marrians*, *Samnites*, and *Ligurians* train'd
 To Labour, and the *Volsicians* arm'd with Piles,
 The *Decii*, *Marii*, and the great *Camilli*,
 The *Scipio*'s brave in Fight, and Thee most fam'd, 210
 Illustrious *Cæsar*; who, on *Asia*'s Coasts
 Remote, Victorious, do'st ev'n Now avert
 Th' unwarlike *Indian* from the *Roman* Tow'rs.
 Hail, happy Clime! *Saturnian* Realm! of Fruits;
 And

Ver. 194.—On either Side.] Strictly, above, and below.—*An mare quod supra—quod-que aliut infra*: The *Adriatick* Northward, the *Tyrrhene* or *Tuscan* Southward.

Ver. 205.—Flows in copious Gold.] *Atque auro plurima fluxit*: for *plurimum*, Thus, *Multus sum in hoc; nullus dubito*, &c.

Ver. 208. To Labour.—with Piles.] *Ajuctumque malo* [i. e. *Labori, malis toleran-*

dis] *Ligurem, Volsosque verutos*. The *Pilum* and *Veru* were somewhat distinct; (See *Æneid*. vii. 664, 665.) but not much. See *Ruæus* upon That place.

Ver. 213. Th' unwarlike Indian.] See *Ruæus*. 'Tis no Lessening of his Courage that he conquer'd a People which was *imbellis*, effeminate: because They were, 1st, very numerous Themselves; 2dly, join'd by a great Number of Ro-

BOOK I. *VIRGIL's GEORGICKS.* 143

And Men, great Parent! I for Thee attempt 215
This Argument of antient Art, and Fame,
Advent'rous to unlock the sacred Springs;
And chant, thro' *Latian* Towns, *Aſcræan* Verſe.

The Genius of each Soil, it's Colour, Strength,
What Product Nature has to each assign'd, 220
'Tis Now the Time to tell. First the rough Glebe,
And Hills leſs tractable, where thinner Clay
Abounds, and Pebbles in a thorny Field,
Rejoice in long-liv'd Olives, *Pallas'* Grove.
This the Wild-Olives ſhew, when thick they riſe 225
On the ſame Mold, and with their meagre Fruit
Beſtrew the Ground, but Earth more fat, and fertil
With ſweet, rich Ooze, and all with Graſs o'ergrown,
Such as we oft obſerve in hollow Vales,

Whither the Streams from lofty Mountains run, 230
And draw manuring Slime; and That which lies
Obnoxious to the South, and That which breeds
Rank Fern, deteſted by the crooked Plough,
Will bear thee ſtrongeſt Vines, and moſt profuſe
Of *Bacchus*; This is fruitful of the Grape, 235
And of That Liquor, which from golden Bowls

We,

Ver. 219. *The Genius.*] *Nunc locus [dicendi de] arborum ingenii.* Valley of a Mountain would be ſtrange in Proſe: but in Poetry 'tis otherwiſe. Mountains make Valleys.

Ver. 220. *What Product, &c.*] *Quæ ſit [cuique as Before] natura rebus ferendis; i. e. ad rei, [has, vel illas] ferendas.* Ver. 230. *Whither the Streams, &c.*] Thoſe Words in the Original; — *Huc ſummis liquuntur [e] rupibus amnes, Felicemque trahunt limum,* ſhould be in a Parentheſis; Though they are not ſo in any Edition that I have ſeen.

Ver. 221. *Time.*] *Orig. Locus, Place;* but the Senſe is the ſame.
Ver. 229. — *Hollow Vales.*] *Orig. Montis convulle.* The

We, for Libation, at the Altars, pour ;
 When the plump *Tuscan* sounds his Iv'ry Tube,
 And in curve Chargers to the Gods we offer
 The smoking Entrails. But if Herds of Kine, 240
 Or Sheep, or Goats, which kill the tender Trees,
 Thou study to preserve ; The Thickets seek,
 And rich *Tarentum's* distant well-fed Soil ;
 Or such a Field as hapless *Mantua* lost,
 Feeding white Swans in *Mincius'* grassy Stream. 245
 Nor limpid Springs, nor Pastures to the Flocks
 Are there deficient ; And how much the Herds
 Crop in long Summer-Days, so much the Dew,
 Refreshing, in the short cool Night restores.
 The blackish Mold, and That which fat sinks deep 250
 Beneath the Coulter, and the crumbling Earth
 (For so we strive to make it, when we plough)
 Is best for Bread-Corn : From no other Field
 You'll see more Waynes move home with slow pac'd
 Steers.
 And That, from which it's angry Lord transports 255
 A Wood ; and Groves o'erturns for many Years

Un-

Ver. 241. — Kill the tender Trees.] *Urentes culta capellas.* *Culta*, generally for Fields ; sometimes for any thing which is dress'd, taken care of, manag'd by Culture ; as Corn, &c. Here chiefly, if not solely, for Trees. *Virgil*, afterwards (ver. 374, &c. Orig.) enlarges upon what he here only hints at : which explains his Meaning in This place.

Ver. 252. For so we strive to

make it, &c.] *Et cui putre solum* (namque hoc imitatur arando) *Optima*, &c. The Design of ploughing is to make the Mold putre, i. e. hollow, light, crumbling ; by That Art we imitate the Nature of a Soil which naturally is so. Consequently such a Soil must be best for Corn.

Ver. 255. Angry.] i. e. With those *memora* ; for their being ignava, barren, useless,

Unprofitable ; and the ancient Haunts
 Of Birds, ev'n with their deepest Roots uprends :
 Leaving their Nests, They fly into the Clouds ;
 The rude, tough Glebe grows rich beneath the Share.
 For of the sloping Hills the hungry Gritt, 261
 And Gravel, and the Chalk by poys'nous Snakes
 Corroded, scarce to Bees will Flow'rs supply,
 Sweet *Casia*, and the *Rosentary*'s sweet Dew :
 No other Soil, 'tis said, such grateful Food 265
 To Serpents, or such winding Coverts yields.
 That which exhales thin Mists, and flying Smoke,
 At pleasure drinks the Moisture, or emits,
 Still cloaths it self with it's own verdant Grass,
 Nor hurts the Coulter with sa't Rust, or Scurf ; 270
 That Ground with clustring Vines will wreath thy Elms :
 That yields thee copious Oil ; In thy Manure,
 That Ground Thou wilt experience for the Herds
 Most apt ; and patient of the Crooked Share.
 Such, wealthy *Capua* ploughs ; and such, the Coast 275
 Near to *Vesuvius*' Mount ; and *Clanias*, nought
 Indulgent to *Acerræ*'s empty Walls.

Ver. 260. *Grows rich*.] *Enituit* for *enitet*. See the Note on ver. 85, &c. *Nitere* for *pinguescere*. So *nitentia culta* : Georg. i. parallel to *pinguis culta* *Æneid*. viii. *Impulso* (in the same Line) for *impresso*.

Ver. 261. For of the sloping, &c.] Nam *sejuna quidem*, &c. The Connexion is ; The *patre solum*, &c. is best for Corn ; for the *glarea*, &c. (which is of a contrary nature) is barren : *Vix humiles apibus casias*,

roremque [marinum] *ministrat*. Next Line, but one ; *negant*, subaud. *homines*.

Ver. 276. *Clanias*.] The River, for the Inhabitants of the Country bordering on it. Metonym. *Vacuis non æquis Acerris*. Non æquis i. e. inimicus. That River by its Inundations almost depopulated the Town, and made it almost (for that must be understood) empty. What *Gellius* tells us of *Virgil*'s being disoblig'd by the

Next; how thou may'st distinguish ev'ry Soil,
 Attend. If whether it be Rare, or Dense,
 Thou seek to know; (Since One is best for Corn, 280
 For Wine the Other; Dense, for *Ceres*; Rare,
 For *Bacchus*;) First a proper Place select;
 Sink a deep Pit; then to it's Bed restore
 The Mold, tread close, and smooth the level Sand.
 If That deficient prove; The Soil is Thin, 285
 For Vines, and Pasture fit. But if the Trench
 Be fill'd, and more, superfluous, still remain;
 'Tis a Thick Glebe; Obstructing Clods expect,
 And toughest Ridges: With thy sturdy Steers
 Invert them, and cut deep the stubborn Marle. 290
 But the Salt Land, the Bitter (as 'tis call'd)
 Favours not Corn; It mellows not by Arts
 Of Tillage; nor of Apples, and of Grapes,
 The diff'rent Species, or the Names, preserves.
 'Tis Thus discover'd. From the smoky Roof 295
 Take Wicker-Baskets, of tough Sallows made,
 And Strainers, which receive the running Must;
 Here let that vicious Ground, with Water drawn

From

Inhabitants of *Nola* for denying him Water, and for that Reason denying them the Honour of mentioning their Town in his Poem, I verily believe is true; or something of that Nature. No doubt, instead of *Ora jugo*, he had first written *Nola jugo*; which is so much better, when he was upon *Geography*, and mentioning the particular Names of Places. Tho' I confess it was a little

below the Wisdom of so great a Man to spoil his Verse (for it is spoil'd) upon such a pique of Resentment. This Town *Nola* however was afterwards made famous by *Augustus Caesar's* dying there.

Ver. 282. *Select.*] *Capiet.* See Note on *Æneid*. i. 470.

Ver. 288. *Obstructing.*] *Cunctantes*; i. e. *quæ cogent te cunctari.*

BOOK 2. VIRGIL's GEORGICS. 147

From the fresh Spring, be press'd, and trodden close :
 The Water all, forc'd outwards will distil ; 300
 And big round Drops betwixt the Officers ooze.
 A sure Discov'ry the salt Relish makes,
 And writhes th' offended Mouths of Them who taste.
 The Fat, and Viscid Mold, we Hence discern :
 Handled, it never crumbles into Dust ; 305
 But, sticky, to the Fingers cleaves like Pitch.
 The Moist bears Weeds, and ranker Grass, it self
 Beyond due measure rank : Ah! let not Mine
 Too fertile prove, nor shew it self too strong
 In the first Blade. The Heavy and the Light, 310
 (Nor need we other Marks) themselves betray
 By their own Weight. 'Tis obvious to perceive,
 By Sight, the Black, and ev'ry other Hue.
 But to discover the pernicious Cold,
 Is difficult : Yet sometimes ev'n of This 315
 The Pine, black Ivy, and the nocent Eugh
 Advise us, and undoubted Signs disclose.
 These things observ'd ; remember, long before
 You plant the Offspring of your happy Vines,

By

Ver. 299. *Trodden close.*] *Ad plenam.* i. e. 'till it is as full, and close, as possible *Elutabitur* : will be squeezed, and forc'd out.

Ver. 306. *But sticky, &c.*] — *Ad digitos lentescit* : i. e. adhærescit digitis. *Habendo* : i. e. dum habetur, for *tractatur*. The Gerunds have sometimes a *Passive* signification. So Georg. iii. 215. *Carpit enim vires paulatim, uritque videndo Fœmina.*

Ver. 311. *Nor need we other*

Marks.] *Quæ gravis est ipso tacitam se pondere prodit.* *Tacitus* is sometimes us'd *Passively* ; for *de quo tacetur*. 'Tis so here : " It discovers itself " by its *Weight*, and we need " say nothing of it."

Ver. 316. *Black Ivy.*] For it seems, there are two Sorts ; Black, and White. See *De La Cerda*.

Ver. 317. *Signs.*] *Vestigia* : i. e. *Indicia*.

By due Manure to dry, and trench your Glebe; 320
 And to the North the Clods supine expose.
 The crumbling Soil is best; The Winds, and Frosts
 Will make it such, and the strong Delver's Care
 Industrious oft to turn the mould'ring Earth.
 But Those, whom Nought of Vigilance escapes, 325
 Of the same Genius chuse two diff'rent Soils;
 For the first Nurs'ry, This; That, to receive
 The Slips transplanted: Lest they should disown
 The sudden Change of Parents. Ev'n their Site
 Is on the Bark inscrib'd; That, as they stood, 330
 On the same side as Each receiv'd the Heat
 Of Southern Air, or to the Northern Pole
 Obvious was scituate, Each may be replac'd:
 Such is the Force of Custom, in green Years
 Contracted. Whether on the Hills, or Plain, 335

Ver. 320. *Dry, and trench.*] *Excoquere*; i. e. *exsiccare, putrefacere*: — *Et magnos scrobibus considere montes*. Cut the Mountains with Trenches; by making Trenches in them.

Ver. 322. *The Winds and Frosts, &c.*] *Id venti curant, gelidæque pruinae*: i. e. *efficiunt*. So Lib. i. ver. 462. *Quid cogitet humidus Auster*.

Ver. 325. *But Those whom, &c.*] *At si quos*, i. e. *Illi [viri] si qui sunt, quos* — *Ante exquirunt &c.*

Ver. 327. — *The first Nursery.*] *Segetes*. Those Plants which spring from Seed. *Semina*, (in the next Line) Those

which are transplanted. In the same Line, Some read *mutatam*; Others, *mutata*: The Former is the Best. *Matrem*; the Ground in which they grow. *Ignorant*; should not kindly take to it, as the Country People speak.

Ver. 330—333. *As they stood—replac'd.*] *Ut restituant.* (i. e. *reponant, transplantent*) [*unamquamque arborem*] [*eo modo quo quæque steterit*] [*ea parte, quâ [quæque] &c.—tulerit: [secundum ea] terga* (i. e. *latera*) *quæ [quæque] obverterit, &c.*

Ver. 335, &c. *Whether on the Hills, or Plain.*]

Collibus, an plano melius sit ponere vites, Quære prius. Si pinguis agros metabere campi, Densa sere, in denso non segnior ubere Bacchus. Sin tumulis acclive solum, collesque supinos, [metabere] Indulge ordinibus: nec secius omnis in unguem Arboribus positis secto via limite quadret.

'Tis best to set your Tendrils, first enquire.
 If a fat Field you chuse, plant Thick your Vines;
Bacchus no less in a thick planted Field
 Will prove prolifick. If a sloping Soil,
 Rising in Hillocks; Let your Ranks be Thin: 340
 Nor let Your Care be less, that 'twixt Those Ranks
 Each vacant Interval, in Paths across,
 Squaring, exactly answer. As in War,
 The long extended Legion forms in Lines
 It's Cohorts; when the marshal'd Squadrons stand 345
 In the wide Plain; and, the whole Army rang'd,
 The Ground all fluctuates with the brazen Gleam;
 Nor yet in horrid Shock the Battle joins,
 But *Mars*, uncertain, hovers round the Field:
 By such due Distances let all your Paths 350

Be

Metabere; measure it, or mark it out, in order to such Plantation. *Pinguis campi*; The Stress is upon *Campi*, not upon *pinguis*: The Opposition being in *Collibus*, an *plano*, just before. *Agros Campi*. The Word *Campus*, therefore, in strictness, is of wider Extent than *Ager*: Though they are commonly us'd promiscuously. So *freta ponti* in the first Book; ver. 356. *Denso ubere*: i. e. *densè confito*, thick-planted. The Context necessarily requires That Construction; though None of the Commentators, but *De La Cerda*, seem to have understood it. *Supinos*; not *high*, but gradually and gently sloping. *Indulge ordinibus*, is interpreted by All as I have render'd it. *Spatium*, or some such Word

seems to be understood. *Nec secius*; i. e. *nec minus*. *Omnis via*, every Space between the Ranks. *Seclo limite* will be most plain, if *in unguem* be refer'd to *seclo*: and *unusquisque* understood. *Singulis limitibus* (the Paths, and Distances) *seclo* [i. e. ductis] *in unguem*; i. e. *accuratè, perfectè*. As for *quadrat*, the Commentators needed not have shewn so much Learning about the Roman *Quincunx*: The Word is plain enough of itself; and means (at least most properly) answering to each other in a *Square*, not in a *Quincunx*.

Ver. 344. *Forms in Lines*. *Explicuit* signifies both *extending* them, and *ranging* them.

Ver. 350. *By such due Distances, &c.* *Omnia* [i. e. *omnes partes*]

150 VIRGIL's GEORGICKS.

Be measur'd just : Not only that the Rows
May with an empty Prospect please the Sight ;
But for This too, because the Earth to All
Will, otherwise, not equal Strength supply,
Nor can the Branches shoot in open Air. 355

Perhaps, how deep 'tis fit to trench the Mold,
You will demand. The Vine I should not fear
Ev'n to a shallower Furrow to commit :
A Tree more strong is lower sunk in Earth ;
Chiefly the *Æsculus* ; which, as it high 360
Upreads it's Head to Heav'n, so deep in Root
Shoots downwards to the Centre : Nor by Storms,
Nor Hurricanes, nor wintry Blasts uptorn,
Unmov'd it stands ; and, many rolling Years,
Of our frail Species many an Age survives : 365
Then stretching wide its Boughs, and sturdy Limbs,
It self inclos'd a mighty Shade sustains.

Nor let your Vintage to the setting Sun
Be turn'd ; nor Hazles mingle with your Vines ;
Nor pluck your Scions from the topmost Boughs ; 370
(So

partes campi] sine dimensa (measur'd, laid out) *paribus numeris viarum* : i. e. *Ordinationibus, Intervallis*, say Expositors ; The Word *Numerus* in the Singular, and *Numeri* in the Plural, has a great Variety of Significations, and means *Quantity*, as well as *Number* ; also *Order, Regularity, Exactness*, &c. Or if it be here taken for *Number* ; it means the same number of Paths crossing one another, to make an exact Square, upon the Whole : which

must likewise (as above) be divided into Squares, and so the Distances must be equal.

Ver. 356.—*How deep, &c.*] *Fastigia* here signifies *Depth* not *Height* : So on the Contrary, *Cælum profundum*, for *altum, &c.*

Ver. 357, and 359.—*The Vine — A Tree, &c.*] The Poet makes a Distinction between *Vitis*, and *Arbos* ; because a *Vine* is not so properly a *Tree*, as a *Sbrub, Virgultum*. However, it would not be clear in English, without some further Mark

(So much the Love of Parent Earth prevails :)
 Nor with a blunted Pruner wound your Shoots ;
 Nor in your Vineyards let Wild-Olives grow.
 For oft by careless Swains neglected Fire
 Is left ; which first beneath the unctuous Bark 375
 Lurks unperceiv'd, invades the solid Wood,
 And, rising thro' the higher Leaves, to Heav'n
 With mighty Noise ascends ; Then Victor reigns
 Thro' the Top-Branches, and Triumphant rides,
 Involving all the Grove in Flames ; and throws 380
 A Cloud of pitchy Vapour to the Sky :
 Chiefly, if from the North a Tempest roars ;
 And driv'n by Winds the blazing Torrent rolls.
 No Vines will, after This, from Roots arise ;

Or

Mark of Distinction ; and therefore to *Tree* I have added the Epithet *more strong*.

Ver. 365. *Of our frail Species, &c.* *Multa virum volvens* (i. e. transfigens) *secula, durando vincit* [eorum ætatem.]

Ver. 371. *So much the Love, &c.* (*Tantus amor terræ.*) This seems to come in strangely. And what is the Meaning of it? *Tam diligenter à rusticis ager est colendus*, says *Servius*: Which is neither Sense in This place, nor any thing like a Construction of the Words. I take it, with Others, for a very great Ellipsis. "Take not your Slips from the Top of the Vine, but near the Root ; for having by being near the Earth contracted a Love to it, they will grow best in it." To

H 4

throw it out of the Metaphor ; by growing near to the Root they are more strong, and succulent ; and so will thrive best.

Ver. 378. *With mighty Noise, &c.*—*Sonitum dedit, inde secutus, &c.* For *dedit*, see the Note on ver. 85, &c. *Secutus* ; proceeding, pushing itself forward. We have something like it in English : *He follows his Blow*. Ver. 308. Orig. *ruit*. I have more than once remark'd upon the Active Signification of That Word. Ver. 310. *à Vertice* either from the North, or from above : or *Botb*. Ver. 311. *Glomerat incendia, ferens*, i. e. *volvens* [ea.] Ver. 312. *Hoc ubi* [contigerit.] *Non valent reverti*, i. e. *repullulare, à stirpe*, i. e. *radice* ; *casæque*, i. e. *neque amputata*, [valent reverti.] Ver. 314. *Infelix* ; Either *infœcundus*,

Or sprout by Amputation ; or revive 385
 Alike in Species from the Deep of Earth :
 Of nought productive, but of bitter Leaves,
 The mischievous Wild-Olive sole remains.

Let None, however skill'd, on Thee prevail
 To turn the rigid Earth, when *Boreas* breathes : 390
 Then Winter shuts the Pores ; nor with their Roots
 Permits the Plants to pierce the frozen Mold.
 'Tis best in purple Spring to lay your Vines ;
 When the white Bird appears, by winding Snakes
 Detested : Or in Autumn's first cool Air ; 395
 E'er with his Steeds the rapid Sun has touch'd
 The Winter-Tropick, yet the Summer ends.
 But most indulgent to the Woods and Groves
 Is the soft Spring ; In Spring the Lands all swell,
 And genial Seed require : With fruitful Show'rs 400
 Th' Almighty Parent *Æther* then diffus'd,
 Into his gladfom Consort's Lap descends ;
 Nourishes all great teeming Nature's Young ;
 And mingles with her universal Mass.

Then

fecundus, sterilis. Or rather
 (as I have render'd it) *mis-*
chievous, hurtful. This whole
 Description of the *Fire* is ad-
 mirable.

Ver. 389. *Let none however*
skill'd, &c.] Nec tibi tam pru-
dens, &c.] Tam for utcumque,
quantumvis. Or let none be
 [in your Opinion] *tam prudens,*
 so wise ; that you should be
 persuaded by him to &c. In
 the same Line, *author* for *mo-*
nitor. Ver. 317. Orig. *Semine*
jecto, Your Slip being planted :
Semen again for *Planta.* In the

next Line certainly, instead of
concretam it should be *concreta.*
 — *Nec semine jacto, Concreta*
patitur [illud] radicem affi-
gere terræ,

Ver. 394. *The white Bird,*
 &c.] *The Stork.*

Ver. 398. *But most indul-*
gent, &c.] Ver adeo—[i. e.
præcipue] utile. This Descrip-
 tion of the *Spring* is a most
 lovely one.

Ver. 403. *Young.] Fætus*
signifies here the Young in Em-
bryo, both of Vegetables, and
Animals.

Then with melodious Birds the pathless Brakes 405
 Resound; and Herds their stated Loves renew:
 The pregnant Earth to Zephyrs tepid Breeze
 Opens her Bosom; All the Fields abound
 With kindly Moisture: To new Suns the Herbs
 Dare trust themselves; Nor aught the tender Vine 410
 From rising *Auster* fears, nor rushing Storms,
 Which driv'n by Northern Winds descend from Heav'n;
 But gems it's Buds, and all it's Leaves unfurls.
 No other Days, I should believe, first shin'd
 Upon the World, when recent Nature rose: 415
 'Twas then the Spring; Spring smil'd o'er all the Globe;
 And sharp East-Winds their wintry Blasts forbore:
 When Cattle first saw Light; the Iron Race
 Of Men from the hard Glebe up-rear'd it's Head;
 And Beasts first rang'd the Woods, and Stars the Sky.
 Nor could the frail Creation bear th' Extremes 421
 Of Cold, and Heat; did not betwixt them Both
 Such Pause at certain Seasons intervene,
 And Heav'n's Indulgence bless the Fruits of Earth.

Next

Ver. 408. *Abund.*] *Superat*
 [i. e. abundat] *tener omnibus*
humor. In the next Line; *In-*
que novos soles—se credere, is a
 Poetical Idiom; as I have ob-
 serv'd of many other such like
 Expressions. In the next Line;
actum [è] cælo.

Ver 415. *When recent Na-*
ture rose.] *Crescentis origine*
mundi. One would think it
 should be rather *nascentis*; and
 so I would read it, if I had
 any Authority. As it is, we

must, I think, interpret it
 Thus: The World was not
 made in an instant; and when
 Things are very young, they
 are growing bigger, and bigger.

Ver. 416. *'Twas then the*
Spring.] *Ver magnus agebat*
orbis. Thus *ætatem agere*;
festos dies agere, &c. In the
 next Line, *parcebant flatibus*;
 i. e. *non flabant.* Thus *sump-*
tibus parcere, &c.

Ver. 421. *Nor could the frail*
Creation, &c.]

Next; Whate'er Slips you plant o'er all the Fields,
Remember with fat Dung, and copious Soil, 426
To cover them; Or throw in spungy Stones,
Or rugged Shells: For 'twixt them will the Rain
Drifling insinuate, and thin Vapours breathe;
And strong and healthy will your Tendrils rise. 430

There

*Nec res hunc teneræ possent perferre laborem;
Si non tanta quies irret frigusque caloremque
Inter, & exciperet cæli indulgentia terras.*

'Tis a Question, whether the Poet, continuing his Discourse upon Spring at the Creation of the World, speaks here of the *infant State* of things; or returning to his Discourse upon the Spring in general, speaks of Things as *They now are*. The Word *teneræ* in the first Verse seems to imply the *former*; but it may very properly mean no more than weak, or *frail*, as I have render'd it: An Epithet which ever did, and ever will belong to all sublunary Beings. And *quies* in the second Verse seems impossible to be apply'd to the World just created: For how could it be said to *rest* from the Extremity of Cold and Heat, when it had not as yet felt Either? Besides; the *Tense* in *possent*, *irret*, and *exciperet*, favours This latter Interpretation. For tho' the Use of Tenses in Poetry be very licentious; yet every thing ought to be taken in its *plain, obvious* Sense, unless there be a Reason for the Contrary. In strict Grammar, if the *former* be meant, it should be *potuissent*, &c. If it be said, that, ac-

cording to This Account, the Poet gives no Reason for his assigning the *Creation of the World* to the Spring-time of the Year; I answer, He does not indeed *give* it *expressly*, but with far greater *Elegance*, he *couches* and *implies* it in These very Lines, explain'd as I would have them. For if the World, as it now is, could not subsist under the Extreme either of Cold, or Heat; for the same Reason, or, a stronger, it could not, when it was in its Infancy. In the last Line *exciperet*, i. e. *foveret*, or some such Word: Thus *amplexu excipere*, *hospitio excipere*, &c.

Ver. 425. Plant.] *Premes*; i. e. *infodiet*.

Ver. 429. *Thin Vapours breathe*.] *Tenuisque subibit Halitus*, i. e. *latenter se insinuat*.

Ver. 430. *And strong, and healthy, &c.*] *Atque animos tolent sata*. *Sata*; i. e. *vites satæ*; planted, or set. That Expression *animos tolent* as apply'd to Vegetables, is bold, but not too bold. It is easily understood to mean *wires fument*. Yet our Language will not permit a literal Translation of it.

There are, who with a Weight of Stones, or Brick
 Close press them: This against immod'rate Show'rs
 Is Fence sufficient; This, when *Sirius* cleaves
 The Soil adust. Your Plants now set in Earth,
 It rests to draw the Mould oft round their Roots, 435
 And oft to wield the heavy two-fork'd Hough:
 Or with the Share impress'd to work the Glebe,
 And goad, ev'n 'twixt your Vines, the struggling Steers.
 'Tis Then the Time to set smooth knotless Canes,
 And shaven spear-like Poles, and forky Ashe; 440
 Prop'd by whose Strength they may defy the Winds,
 And learn to creep in Ringlets round the Elms.

But when the Tree first sprouts with recent Buds;
 Spare thou their tender Age: And when diffus'd
 The Branches spread themselves in open Air, 445
 With loosen'd Reins; as yet the Knife's sharp Edge

Must

Ver. 431. *There are.*] *Jamque reperti [sunt] qui* — i. e. *sunt qui* —

Ver. 432. *This* against, &c. *Munimen ad imbres.* *Ad* for *adversus*. Next Line; *Hoc* [erit *munimen*, again] *ubi canis*, &c. It will be a Fence both against immoderate Rain, and immoderate Heat.

Ver. 434. *Your Plants now set, &c.*] *Seminibus* (i. e. *plantis*) *positis* [in terra.] The next Verse, *capita*, i. e. *radices*. The Root of a Tree answers to the Head of a Man; because there it takes its Nourishment.

Ver. 439, 440. 'Tis then the Time — Poles.] The Learned must be sensible how difficult it is to express These things

in English Poetry. *Tum leve calamos*, &c. *Hastilia*: Not really *Spears*: (That is, not to be suppos'd) but something like them.

Ver. 442. *Creep* — round the Elms.] *Orig. Tabulata*: i. e. the large Boughs spreading themselves, and shooting out in Breadth, not in Height. We have no Word for it in English.

Ver. 446. *With loosen'd Reins.*] This Expression, with submission to *Virgil*, is a little harsh, as apply'd to the Growth of a Tree. In the same Line, *per purum [cælum]* i. e. *apertum*.

Ibid. Knife's.] *Falc* may signify either a pruning Hook, or a pruning Knife; Both being crooked.

156 VIRGIL's GEORGICKS.

Must not be try'd : Thy unarm'd Hand apply ;
 And, 'twixt each other, crop, and cull the Leaves.
 But when they clasp the Elms with stronger Wreaths ;
 Then prune their Branches, lop their Limbs, (Before,
 They dread the Steel) a more severe Command 451
 Then exercise, and check their flowing Boughs.
 Let Hedges too be made, to fence thy Groves
 From Cattle ; Chiefly, when the Leaf is young,
 And not inur'd to Suff'ring : Besides Storms, 455
 And the Sun's Heat, the Buffalo's, and Goats,
 And Sheep, and greedy Heifers, hurt thy Vines.
 Nor does the Winter, stiff with hoary Frost,
 Nor Summer, when it dries and burns the Rocks,
 So noxious, as Those browsing Stragglers, prove : 460
 Which, biting, wound the Bark ; and in the Scar,
 Of their hard Teeth the rankling Venom leave.
 'Tis for no other Crime an horn'd He-Goat,
 Sacred to *Bacchus*, on each Altar bleeds ;
 And ancient Interludes adorn the Scene : 465

And,

Ver. 447. *Unarm'd.*] I am sensible that *uncis* does not signify *unarm'd* : It means in this place the bending of the Hand, when it *grasps* at any thing. But we cannot be *always* literal : I use the Word *unarm'd* in opposition to *acies, falcis* just Before.

Ver. 454. *Cattle.*] *Pecus omne tenendum est* : i. e. coërcendum.

Ver. 455. *Not inur'd to Suff'ring.*] *Imprudens* [i. e. ignara] *laborum*. *Nondum experta*, &c. *Laborum*, i. e. *maiorum, dolorum*, &c. By a Poe-

tical Elegancy *Pain* and *Suffering* are apply'd to Trees.

Ibid. Besides.] *Cui super indignas*, &c. i. e. *præter* : as it often signifies. For *indignas*, see Note on *Ecl. x. 11*. In the next Line, *sequaces* ; either *persecutrices*, persecuting, and vexing [the Vines.] (See Note on *Æneid. v. 243.* and *Book viii. 539.*) Or (which I rather think) *following one another*, in *straggling* abroad ; as *Sheep* and *Goats* do. For *illudunt*, in the next Line, see Note on *Æneid. ii. 77*. In the same Line, *pascuntur* [eâ] *ovæ*, &c.

And, all the Roads and Villages around,
 Th' *Athenian* Prizes for Those Plays propos'd ;
 And jovial o'er their Bowls, in grassy Meads,
 Danc'd upon Goat-skin Bottles sleek with Oil.
 Nor less th' *Ausonian* Colony of *Troy*, 470
 Sport in rude Laughter, and unpolish'd Verse ;
 Of hollow Bark; uncouth rough Vizors wear ;
 Thee, *Bacchus*, Thee with joyous Songs invoke,
 And hang Thy little Images aloft
 On a tall Pine. Hence ev'ry Vineyard sprouts, 475
 And swells with future Wine : The hollow Vales,
 And shady Groves, to which soe'er the God
 Turns his gay Face, with copious Fruit abound.
 Therefore to *Bacchus*, in our Country's Verse,
 We'll chant due Praise ; and Cakes, and Chargers, bring ;
 And at his Altar kill the Victim Goat, 481
 Dragg'd by the Horns ; and roast his well-fed Flesh,
 On Hazle Spits, before the sacred Fire.

For Vines another Toil thou must sustain,
 Which ne'er can be exhausted ; Ev'ry Year, 485
 Thrice, and four times thou must invert the Soil,
 Break

Ver. 467. *Tb' Athenians*,
 &c.] *Præmiaque ingentes pagos*,
 &c.—*Tbeseidæ posuere*. *Ruæus*
 refers *ingentes* to *Tbeseidæ* ; but
 sure it belongs to *pagos*.

Ver. 469. *Goat-skin Bottles*.]
 The Word *Goat-skin* is not in
 the Original ; but it is so far
 from not being intended, that
 the whole Thing turns upon it.
 See *Ruæus*.

Ver. 472. *Vizors*.] *Ora*, for
personas, Masks. The next
 Line, but one, *Oscilla* ; dimi-
 nutive of *Ora* ; Little Faces ;

Images, &c. *Mollia* ; because
Bacchus was soft, youthful,
 effeminate.

Ver. 477. *Groves*.] *Salusque*
profundi. See the Note on
Æneid. vii. 680. In the next
 Line, *Et [omnis locus] quo-*
cunque, &c.

Ver. 485. *Which ne'er can be*
exhausted.] *Cui nunquam ex-*
hausti satis est, i. e. *Exhaustio*,
 says *Servius* ; or *exhausti* [*la-*
boris.] In plain Words ; *La-*
bor — *qui nunquam exhaustus*,
 i. e. *finitus, est*.

158 VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS.

Break the tough Clods with never-ceasing Houghs,
And ease the Branches of luxuriant Leaves.

The Farmer's Labour, with the circling Year,
Turns on itself, and in a Round revolves. 490

Now when the Tree it's Autumn-Leaves has shed,
And *Boreas* of it's Honours stripp'd the Groves ;
Strait to the coming Year the Rustick bends
His Diligence ; with *Saturn's* crooked Knife
Lops, and by careful Pruning forms, the Vine. 495
Be Thou the First to trench the Glebe, to burn
The Sprays cut off, to carry home the Poles ;
The last in Vintage. Twice to Vines the Shade
Is threat'ning ; Weeds and Thorns twice choke the
Grapes ;

Great is the Toil both Mischiefs to remove : 500
Praise Thou large Farms ; a small one chuse to till.

Nor

Ver. 487. *Newer - ceasing Houghs.*] *Glebaque versis Æternum frangenda bidentibus.* For Want of knowing the Shape of This Instrument *Bidens*, and Their Manner of using it, I am at a Loss for the Meaning of the Word *versis* in This place : Nor does any Commentator take the least notice of it.

Ver. 489. *With the circling Year, &c.*] *Actus in orbem ; i. e. revolutus in circulum :* Meaning there is no End of it. *Atque in se sua, &c.* Their Labour returns, and the Year comes round : i. e. Their Labour comes round with the Year.

Ver. 494. *Crooked Knife.*] *Saturni dente.* See Note on

Georg. i. 328. In the same Line, *relictam ; i. e. aliquamdiu neglectam.* *Ruæus* renders it by *nudatam ;* which is very strange.

Ver. 498. *Vintage.*] *Metito* for *vindemiato.* So in the next Line, *segetem* for *vites.*

Ibid. Twice.] That is, in Spring, and Autumn.

Ver. 500. *Great is the Toil.*] *Durus uterque labor, i. e. Durus [est] labor in utroque malo amoliendo :* " both in pruning the Vines, and plucking up the Weeds." Ellipsis.

Ver. 501. *Praise Thou, &c.*] *Laudato ingentia rura ; i. e. recusato.* Because when in a courteous way one refuses a Thing offered

BOOK 2. VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS. 159

Nor less in Woods the prickly Shrubs, and Briers,
Are cut; and Reeds, which fast by Rivers grow;
And the wild Sallow-Twigs employ our Care.
And now the Vines are ty'd, nor longer ask 505
The Pruning-Hook; The weary Dresser Now
With Songs salutes his outmost Ranks complete:
Yet must we still solicit the dull Mold;
And the ripe Grapes have still to fear from *Jove*.
Diff'rent the Olives: They no Culture need, 510
Nor the curve Pruning-Hook, nor Harrow's Teeth
Expect; when once they rooted stick in Earth,
And, season'd, bear th' Inclemency of Heav'n.
The Earth itself, when by the biting Share

Up-

offer'd, one <i>puts it off</i> with a Complement. Or <i>praise</i> great ones in the Possession of <i>Others</i>, by way of Complement and Civility to Them; but, <i>for all</i> <i>That</i>, <i>chuse</i> a small one <i>Your-</i> <i>self</i>: For <i>That</i> is really bet- ter. He means; if You are	not able to manage a great one to the best Advantage. For there is more Profit in a little one improv'd to the utmost, than in a larger but indiffe- rently cultivated. The Expres- sion is taken from <i>Hesiod</i>:
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Νῆ' δλίγην ἀνεῖν, μεγάλη δ' ἐνὶ Φορτίᾳ θέσθαι.

Praise a little Ship; but put your Cargo on Board a great one.

Ver. 502. *Nor less in Woods,*
&c.] *Nec non etiam aspera, &c.*
to *cura saluti*. The Use of
These is to *bind*, or *tie* the
Vines: Which, with a pecu-
liar Elegance, is not *here* ex-
press'd, but *insinuated* in the
next Verse, when he seems to
have done with *This* Subject:
Jam vinetæ vites.

Ver. 505.—*Nor longer ask,*
&c.] *Jam falcem arbusa re-*
ponunt. The Vines (*arbusa*)
can't be strictly said to *lay aside*
the Hook; but the Meaning
is plain, and I have often re-
mark'd upon These Idioms of
Poetry. The next Line is ex-
quisite Poetical;

Jam canit extremos effectus vinitor antes.

i. e. He has *finish'd* them, and *sings* for joy that he has done

Upturn'd, sufficient Moisture will supply ; 515
 And full Fruit, with the Labour of the Plough
 Coeval: Nourish then That fertil Plant,
 The Olive, grateful Pledge of pleasing Peace.
 The *Apple* too, when first it feels it's Trunk
 Robust, and in full Vigour stands confirm'd, 520
 Shoots sudden to the Stars, nor asks our Aid.
 Nor less mean-while with Fruit each loaden Grove
 Abounds; 'Th' uncultivated Haunts of Birds
 Glow with red Berries: Of it's Leaves we strip.
 The *Cytisus*: Tall Woods Materials give 525
 For spiky Torches, and nocturnal Light.
 And doubt we then on These t'employ the Care
 Of Planting? Why the greater should I name?
 The Sallows, and the lowly Broom, afford
 Or Browze to Cattle, or to Shepherds Shade, 530
 Fences to Corn, and Honey-Food to Bees.
 What Pleasure to behold *Cytorus*' Mount

Wa-

Ver. 516, 517.—*With the Labour of the Plough Coeval.*] For That is the Meaning of *cum vomere*. Hyperb. Almost as soon as, &c.

Ibid. *Nourish then, &c.*] *Hoc*: i. e. propter hoc. *Nutritor*, for *nutri*. *Nutrior*, Dep. as well as Pass.

Ver. 519. *The Apple.*] For the *Apple*-Tree. So *Poma* plurally, in the Orig. for *Pomus*. In the next Line, *Vires habuere suas*: i. e. *sibi ex natura debitas*.

Ver. 527. *And doubt we then on These, &c.*] *Et dubitant homines serere* [has plantas] *atque impendere* [iis] *curam*?

Ver. 528. *Why the greater.*] *Quid majora* [commoda] *sequar?* not *Majores arbores*, as *Ruæus* explains it: For the *Salices*, *humilesque genistæ* are not bigger than *tædas silva alta ministrans*.

Ver. 531. *Honey-Food for Bees.*] *Pabula mellis*: That is, (as all the Commentators understand it) *nutrimentum apibus*; The *Honey* by a Metonymy, for the *Bees* which make it. But I rather take it Thus; *materiam ex qua mel conficitur*. *Honey-Food for Bees*: i. e. Materials of Honey, and at the same time Food for Bees; For they feed upon their Honey.

BOOK 2. *VIRGIL's GEORGICKS.* 161

Waving with Box ! *Narycium's* Groves with Pines !
 Fields to no Rakes, nor any human Toil,
 Indebted ! Even on *Causacus'* bleak Top, 535
 The sterile Woods, by roaring Eastern-Winds
 Still vex'd, and broken, various Products yield ;
 Yield useful Timber, Pines for Ships, for Houses
 Cedar, and Cypress : Spokes, and Naves, for Wheels,
 And crooked Keels for Vessels, hence are form'd : 540
 Sallows for Twigs are profitable ; Elms
 For Leaves ; For Spears the Myrtle, and in War
 The Cornel fam'd : The *Ityræan* Eugh
 Bends into Bows ; nor does the Linden smooth,
 And easy-polish'd Box, not Shape receive ; 545
 But Both are hollow'd by the sharpen'd Steel.
 Hence the light Alder swims the torrent Stream,
 Launch'd on the *Po* : Nor less the Bees in Clefts

Of

Ver. 539. *Spokes and Naves,* &c.]—*Radios trivèrè rotis* : i. e. tornavère, *Tympana*, the *Naves*, or *Circles*, in which the *Spokes* are fasten'd.

Ver. 540. *Crooked Keels.*] *Pandas* (i. e. *curvas*) *râtibus* *posuere carinas*. Though *rates* and *carinæ* are often us'd synonymously, by way of *Synecdoche* ; yet, strictly speaking, *carina* is the Keel, *ratis* the rest of the Ship. There are many other Instances of the same Kind ; in which, Words are sometimes us'd promiscuously, and sometimes distinguish'd. See the Note on ver. 335, and 559.

Ver. 543. *The Ityræan Eugh*

Bends into Bows.] In the Orig. *The Eugh bends into Ityræan Bows*. The Sense is in effect the same.

Ver. 548. *Launch'd on the Po.*] *Missa Pado* : i. e. in, or per *Padum*.

These 25 Verses, from *Nec minus interea*, &c. ver. 429. Orig. to *vitiosæque ilicis alveo* : ver. 453. may to a small Critick seem very dry, and flat. What can be more so, may one of them say, than to tell us what the most common Trees, *Willow, Broom, Box, Eugh,* &c. are good for ; one to make a *Wheel*, another to make a *Bow*, and the like ? I answer, This had been heavy indeed,

Of Bark, or in the Concave of an Oak,
 Vicious with eating Age, conceal their Swarms. 550
 What, of such Use, have *Bacchus'* Gifts to boast?
Bacchus of Guilt too has been found the Cause:
 'Twas He by Death the raging Centaurs quell'd,
Rhetus, and *Pholus*, and *Hylæus* arm'd
 Against the warlike *Lapithean* Race, 555
 And threatening with a massy Goblet's Weight.
 O! more than fortunate, did they but know
 Their Happiness, the Country Village Swains!
 For whom, at distance from discordant Arms,
 The Earth, just Parent, pours forth easy Food. 560
 What

deed, had it been long: But as there are so many Particulars crouded into so few Verses, all beautifully express'd; This Fullness and Variety of Sense, Elegance of Diction, and Air of Usefulness through the Whole, make it one of the finest Passages in the Book.

— *Juvat undantem buxo spectare Cytorum,
 Naryciaque picis lucos —
 Ipse Caucaseo steriles in vertice silvæ,
 Quas animosi Euri assidue franguntque feruntque,
 Dant alios alie fœtus; dant utile lignum,
 Navigiis pinos, domibus cedrosque cupressosque, &c.
 — Itryæos taxi torquentur in arcus, &c.*

Ver. 557. O more than fortunate, &c.] O fortunatos nimium, &c. The Word *nimis*, or *nimiùm*, does not always signify too much; but sometimes very much. Thus *trop* in French, and *troppo* in Italian. *Trop heureux*, &c. I shall not here enlarge upon This most elegant and noble Digression in Praise of a Country-Life, and

the Account the Poet gives of his own Genius and Inclinations. I have both in my *Preflections*, and in my *Preface* to the *Æneis*, more than once taken notice of it. The more it is consider'd, the more it will ever be admir'd.

Ver. 559. For whom, &c. — easy Food.]

— *Quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,
 Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus.*

Ipsa

BOOK 2. VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS. 163

What tho' with Them, no Palace, rais'd to Heav'n,
 From its proud Portals vomits out a Tide
 Of Morning-Visitants? Nor do they gape
 For Luxury of Buildings; Pillars grac'd
 With Spoils of Tortoises, in various Hue; 565
 For broider'd Garments; and Corinthian Bras?
 Tho' their white Wool imbibes no Syrian Teint;
 Nor Cinnamon corrupts their Use of Oil?
 Yet safe Repose, Sincerity of Life,
 Riches of various Kinds, large Farms, and Ease, 570
 Lowings of Herds, and Grots, and living Lakes,
 Cool

Ipsa implies the Sense of *immediatè*: You have it in the Country, immediately from the Earth; whereas in the City you must get it by the *Inter-vention* of Money. *Facilem* means the same. Should it be oppos'd to *Labour* in Tillage, &c. it would be false in itself, and contradictory to what is said by *Virgil*, who all along represents Husbandry as *laborious*. The Words *procul* [à] *discordibus armis* cannot mean that in a *direct War* the Country is free from the Calamities of it: (So far from it, that in such a Case *Armies*, and *Battles* are much more in the Country, than in the City) but that many *Factions*, and *Seditions*, (like that of the *Gracchi* for instance) many *Quarrels*, and *Murders* rage in the City, when the Country is entirely exempt from them. *Iustissima*; because it returns what is com-

mitted to it, with manifold *Increase*. For the Words *Tellus*, and *Humo*, see the Note on ver. 335, and on ver. 540.

Ver. 562. *Vomits out a Tide*, &c.] *Mand salutantum* [è] *totis vomit adibus undam*. The Expression is nobly and elegantly bold in the Original: It will be said perhaps *too bold* in the Translation; but I think otherwise, and will venture it.

Ver. 563.—*Nor do they gape*, &c.] —*Varios inbiant pulchra testudine postes*, is Language purely Poetical. In Prose it should be *variis*, &c. *Varios* for *variegatos*. I take *testudine* for *Shells* fix'd to the *Posts*, or *Pillars*: not for the *Canopy* or *Tesher* over the Doors, in Shape of a Shell; because That would ill agree with *Postes*, and *varios*. In the next Line, *Illusas* certainly implies something more than *depictas ab Artifice ludente*, as *Servius* has it;

Cool Vallies, and sweet Sleep beneath the Shades,
 They want not. Lawns are there, and Haunts of Beasts,
 Youth patient of Fatigue, and train'd to live:
 On Little; Rites Divine, and holy Sires: 575
 When Justice left the World, she left Them last,
 Me may the Muses, whose vow'd Priest I am,
 Smit with strong Passion for their sacred Song,
 Dear above all to Me, accept; and teach
 The heav'nly Roads, the Motions of the Stars; 580
 The Sun's Defects, the Labours of the Moon;
 Whence Tremor to the Earth; by what Impulse
 The Sea swells high, and ebbing back retires;
 Why Suns in Winter haste so swift to tinge
 Themselves in Ocean; and what Cause retards 585
 The sluggish Nights. But if the colder Blood
 About my Heart forbid me to approach
 So near to Nature; may the rural Fields,

And

it; though I have follow'd
 That Sense in my Translation,
 our Language not well bearing
 what I imagine is really meant.
 I take it for *mock'd, injur'd,*
play'd the fool with, by being
 depriv'd of their native *Simpli-*
city. I do not forget *mentiri*
lana colores, and such like
 Expressions: but let it be con-
 sider'd, that *illusus* is passive,
 not active. In the next Line,
liquidi for *puri.*

Ver. 572. *Cool Vallies.*] *Fri-*
gida Tempe. This is *Species*
pro Genere. I have render'd
 it *Vallies*; because *Tempe* is
 one.

Ver. 577. *Priest.*] *Quarum*

sacra fero: i. e. *sum sacerdos.*—
Percussus [earum] *amore.*

Ver. 583. *The Sea swells high.*]

In the Original, are the Words
Obicibus ruptis; which I have
 omitted in the Translation.
 The Sea has not by Nature,
 (though some Parts of it have
 by Art) any Dams, or Mounds
 which it *breaks*, when it flows.
Virgil therefore could mean
 no more, than that it *looks* as
 if it were so. The Tide, in
 many Places at least, comes
 in with such Force; as if it
 had met with, and broke thro',
 the greatest Opposition. *Obici-*
bus. for *alveis,* and *ruptis* for
superatis, is a very arbitrary
 Interpretation.

BOOK 2. *VIRGIL's GEORGICKS.* 165

And Streams, which murm'ring glide along the Vales,
 Delight me: Groves, and Rivers may I love, 590
 Obscure, inglorious. O! where are the Plains,
Sperchius, and *Taygeta*, by the Dames
 Of *Sparta*, swoln with *Bacchanalian* Rage
 Frequented? O! in *Hæmus'* Vallies cool
 Who places me, and covers me with Shade 595
 Of thickest Trees, imbow'ring? Blest the Man!
 Who could of Things the secret Causes trace;
 And cast all Fears, inexorable Fate,
 And roaring *Acheron*, beneath his Feet.
 Elest too is He, who knows the rural Gods, 600
Pan, old *Sylvanus*, and the Sister Nymphs.
 Him nor the *Fasces* of the State can move,
 Nor regal Purple; nor the Hate which reigns
 'Twixt faithless Brothers; nor the *Dacian* Pow'rs,
 Descending from the *Danube* leagu'd in Arms; 605
 Nor *Rome's* Affairs, nor Kingdoms doom'd to fall:
 The Poor his Pity moves not, nor the Rich
 His Envy. Whate'er Fruits the Trees, and Fields,
 Spon-

Ver. 590. *Delight me—May I love, &c.*] *Placeant mihi—amem.*—May I be so wise, as to make so good a *Choice*. I mention This; because at first sight it may seem odd that a Man should wish to love a thing.

Ver. 595. *Who places me, &c.*] *O [ubi est] qui me—sistat, &c?*

Ver. 596. *Blest the Man.*] See the Note on *Æneis* vi. 931.

Ver. 607. *The Poor his Pity,*

&c.] This seems to be no great Commendation of the Person he is describing. 'Tis said to be spoken *Stoically*: But I rather take it Thus: He pities not the Poor, because in the Country there are none so Poor as to be the Objects of Pity; Nature supplying all Necessaries. Poverty, strictly such, is only in Cities: At least it is most severe There: Where even Necessaries cannot be had without Money.

Spontaneous, and without Compulsion give,
 He gathers ; nor e'er sees the iron Laws, 610
 The publick Registers, or noisy Bar.
 Some vex the Deep with Oars, and rush to Arms ;
 Sollicite Favour in the Courts of Kings :
 One Spoils from wretched, ruin'd Cities seeks ;
 To quaff in Gems, and snore on *Tyrian* Dye : 615
 This buries Wealth, and broods o'er hoarded Gold :
 That doats with Fondness on the *Rostrum's* Fame ;
 Another on th' Applauses of the Croud
 And Theatres ; For doubled is th' Applause ;
 The People, and the Fathers both concur : 620
 He, set agape, stands ravish'd at the Sound.
 Some triumph, recking in their Brothers' Blood ;
 And change for Exile their sweet Native Homes,
 And seek a Soil warm'd by another Sun.

The

Ver. 609. *Spontaneous, &c.*] *Quos rami fructus, quos ipsa volentia rura Sponte tulere sua, &c.* Those ; but not Those only. For then he would exclude Husbandry ; which is the very Subject of his Poem.

Ver. 612. *The Deep.*]—*Freta cæca: i. e. ignota, inexplorata.*

Ver. 613. *Sollicite Favour in the Courts of Kings.*] *Penetrant aulas.* That is, *insinuant se principibus, ut intimi fiant* ; says *Servius*.

Ver. 614. *One Spoils, &c.*] *Petit, i. e. impetit, invades, attacks: excidit, i. e. ad excidium inferendum.*

Ver. 619. *Doubled is th' Applause.*] For Want of rightly understanding some Customs

of the *Romans*, and their Taste of some particular Things ; This Parenthesis (*geminatur enim*) may to some Readers seem a very odd one. Undoubtedly there was an Elegancy in it, in *Virgil's* Time ; and well understood too : Otherwise, it had not been Here. In some Copies the next Words, *plebisque patrumque*, are included in the Parenthesis. The Sense is the same either way.

Ver. 622. *Triumph.*] *Gaudet [alii.]*

Ver. 624. *Another, &c.*] *Another Sun* for *another Climate* is a noble Poetical Elegancy ; and we meet with innumerable of the same Kind.

BOOK 2. VIRGIL's GEORGICKS. 167

The Farmer with the crooked Plough turns 625
 The Glebe : From hence his annual Labour ; Hence
 His Children, and his Country He sustains,
 His lowing Herds, and well-deserving Steers.
 No Pause, but still with Fruit the Year abounds ;
 With Apples, or th' Increase of Ewes and Kine, 630
 Or with full Sheaves of *Cerealian* Culm ;
 And loads the Furrows, and o'erpow'rs the Barns.
 Winter comes on ; The Presses bruise the Fruit
 Of *Sicyonian* Olives : Fat with Mast
 The Swine return : The Woods their Berries yield : 635
 Autumn its various Product too resigns :
 And Summer on high Rocks the Vintage swells.
 Mean-while their tender Parents' Kisses round
 Hang the sweet Babes : The Family, all chaste,
 Vertue and spotless Modesty preserves. 640
 The Kine their Dugs with Milk distended bring ;
 And the fat sportive Kids in Pastures green

Frisk

Ver. 625. *The Farmer with the, &c.*] *Agricola incurvo terram, &c. Hinc anni labor, hinc patriam, &c.* The Last *hinc* is plain : But to say his yearly Labour is from his Ploughing, seems strange. Ploughing is itself his Labour. Had I Authority, I would read: *Hic anni labor ; hinc patriam, &c.*

Ver. 629. *No Pause, but, &c.*] *Nec requies quin aut pomis, &c. Ruæus* points it Thus ; *Nec requies ; quin aut pomis, &c.*] and interprets it, *Nec cessat Agricola ; donec annus abundet, &c.* But undoubtedly *nec requies quin* is us'd like *non dubium quin*, and such like 'Ex-

pressions ; and must be join'd with *annus*. There is no Pause ; but the Year either, &c. Nor would *Virgil* say of the Husbandman ; *Non cessat donec, &c.* For he never *cessat* at all. His Work is never done ; *Redit agricolæ labor ætius in orbem.* Neither do I know where *quin* is us'd for *donec*.

Ver. 638. *Kisses.*] Tho' all the Interpreters render *oscula*, by *ora* ; yet I verily believe *Virgil* meant, as I have translated : *circum oscula ; i. e. circum [Parentes] dum osculantur.* 'Tis purely Poetical ; and not only justifiable, but elegant.

Frisk on the Turf, and push with butting Horns.
 Himself the festal Days, religious, keeps ;
 And stretch'd upon the Grass, Thee, *Bacchus*, calls, 645
 Pouring pure Wine to Thee ; where in the Midst
 A Fire burns bright, and the full Bowls are crown'd :
 Proposes to the Herdsmen, and the Swains,
 A Match, for Trial of their Skill, to dart
 The flying Spear against a verdant Elm ; 650
 And for strong Wrestling bares their sturdy Limbs.
 This Life of old the antient *Sabines* led ;
 This, *Remus*, and his Brother : Thus arose
 Warlike *Etruria* : Educated Thus
 Great *Rome* became the Mistress of the World, 655
 And single with her Walls seven Hills inclos'd.
 Before the Empire of the *Cretian* King ;
 E'er impious Nations fed on Oxen slain ;
 Thus *Saturn* flourish'd in an Age of Gold,
 On Earth : Nor Mortals yet had heard th' Alarms
 Of Trumpets, nor the Sput'ring of the Steel 661
 On Anvils form'd, and hammer'd into Swords.
 But We have finish'd our immense Carrier ;
 And now 'tis Time t' unrein the smoking Steeds.

Ver. 655. *Great Rome, &c.*] *Scilicet* ; for *Quinetiam* ; *Imò* *verò*, &c.

Ver. 659. *Saturn.*] *Aureus Saturnus*, i. e. *Saturnus in aurea ætate*.

Ver. 663. *But we have finish'd, &c.*] That is, completed our Task. Metaph. from a Race. *Ruæus* renders *im-mensum spatii* by *im-mensum lon-gitudine*. I take *spatii* for the *Bounds of the Course*. As our

Horse - Races are within the *Posts*. *Confecimus immensum æquor* [*decurrimus immensum campum*] *spatii*, i. e. *intra spatia*. Thus at the Conclusion of the foregoing Book ; *Addunt se in spatia*. Perhaps *Virgil* concluded with This Line, *Et jam tempus equum fumantia solvere colla*, to introduce (as it were) the next Book ; which treats of *Horses*.

The End of the Second Book.



VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS.

BOOK the THIRD.

FROM Vegetables and Trees, the Poet, still rising in his Subject, advances to Animals, and Cattle; insisting very particularly, as He had reason to do, upon That noble Creature, a *Horse*. This Book is distinguish'd, 1st, By the Heroick *Introduction*, in honour of his great Patron *Augustus*. Here again he preludes to the *Aeneis*; resembling the generous and sprightly Steed he describes, pawing, and impatient to begin before his time.

—————*micat auribus, & tremit artus,*
Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.

2dly, By the wonderful Fire and Elegancy of his *digressive Descriptions*. As 1. Of the *Chariot Race*.

Nonne vides, cùm præcipiti certamine campum
Corripuere, ruuntque effusi carcere currus, &c.

—————*— Illi instant verbere torto,*

Et proni dant lora; volat vi servidus axis:

VOL. I.

I

Jamque

*Jamque humiles, jamque elati sublimè videntur
Aëra per vacuum ferri, atq; assurgere in auras, &c.*

A Man seems to be *whirl'd away*, and his *Breath* to be *taken from him*, while he reads it. 2. The *Battle of the Bulls*; and the *Force of Love*. 3. The *Scythian Winter-Piece*. For there is *Fire* in *That* too: [See Pref. to the *Æneis*.]

*Illic clausa tenent stabulis armenta; neque ullæ
Aut herbæ campo apparent, aut arbore frondes:
Sed jacet aggeribus niveis informis, & alto
Terra gelu latè, septemque assurgit in ulnas.
Semper hyems, semper spirantes frigora Cauri, &c.*

4. The *Plague among the Cattle*; which concludes the Book: And of which I have said *so much* in other * Places, that I will say *no more* of it in This, but only that too much can scarce be said of it.

**Prel. Post. De Stylo Poet. De Poem. Didact. &c.*

THEE too, great *Pales*, and Thee, heav'nly Swain
Fam'd from *Amphrysus*; You, ye shady Groves,
And Rivers of *Lycaeus*, next we sing.
All other Themes of Verse, which could amuse
The vacant Mind, long since are worn with Age: 5
Bufris' Altars, and *Eurystheus* dire,

Who

Ver. 4. *Themes*.] *Carmina*, is imply'd than express'd. This for *Argumenta carminum*. Me- is a Figure, of which we have ton. frequent Instances; especially in the holy Scriptures. Thus Ver. 6. *Bufris*.] Orig. *Il-* Gen. xxxiv. 7. Which thing laudati *Bufrisidis*. Much more ought

BOOK 3. VIRGIL's GEORGICKS. 171

Who knows not ? Who of *Hylas* has not sung,
 Or of *Latonian Delos* ? Or the fair
Hippodame ? Or *Pelops* in the Race
 Victorious, and his Iv'ry Shoulder's Fame ? 10
 A Way by Me too must be try'd, to raise
 My self from Earth, and fill the Mouths of Men.
 I first (let Life sufficient but be giv'n)
 Returning from th' *Aonian* Mount, will lead
 The Muses with me to my Native Soil ; 15
 I first will bring the *Idumæan* Palms,
Mantua, to Thee ; and on the verdant Field
 Of solid Marble found a sacred Dome ;
 Fast by the River, where great *Mincius* shades
 His Banks with bending Reeds, and winding errs 20

In

ought not to be done ; speaking
 of a great Wickedness. And
Rom. ii. 28. The most flagrant
Vices are call'd things which
 are not convenient. In our Eng-
 lish Poetry we elegantly use
 unblest'd, joyless, &c. for cursed,
 afflicted, &c.

Ver. 12.—Fill the Mouths,
 &c.] *Victorque virum volitare
 per ora.* This is taken from
Ennius ; and cannot with any to-
 lerable Grace be literally ex-
 press'd in English.

Ver. 13, &c. I first, &c.]
 Orig. *Primus ego in patriam,
 &c. Viridi in campo templum,
 &c. Victor ego, & Tyrus con-
 spectus in ostro, &c.* The Sense
 of the whole is, that he will
 not only imitate the Greek
 Poets, but conquer them, and
 build a Temple, and institute

solemn Sports in honour of
 his Victory. This is the ge-
 neral Interpretation ; and I en-
 tirely embrace it: tho' *Servius*
 seems to think that *Victor*
 means no more than *compos
 voti*. However it be ; the Poet
 in far the greatest Part of This
 noble Description, under Pre-
 tence of honouring himself,
 does much more Honour to his
 Patron *Augustus* ; though That
 Prince is brought in, as it were
 by the Bye. This Address is
 artful and elegant.

Ibid. and Ver. 16. First.]
 Though he was not strictly the
 First that brought the Greek
 Poetry into Italy ; and so to
 prevent That Objection, he
 artfully mentions *Mantua*, his
 particular Country, not *Italy*,
 his general one ; yet he seems

In flow Meanders. *Cæsar* in the Midst
 Shall stand, and all the Temple's Centre grace.
 For Him, I Victor, and in *Tyrian* Robes
 Conspicuous, near the gliding Stream will drive
 An hundred Chariots by four Horses drawn : 25
 Leaving *Alpheüs*, and *Molorchus'* Woods,
 All *Greece*, my solemn Triumph to adorn,
 Shall in the Race, and with the rigid *Cest*
 Contend. With Foliage wreath'd of Olive shorn
 About my Head, My self will Off'rings bring ; 30
 Ev'n now with Joy the solemn Pomp I see
 Move to the Temple, and the Victims bleed ;
 See how the Scene with shifting Front retires ;

And

to hint that he was in effect the next Verse but one, *mibi*
 the *First*, as being by far the for *in meum honorem*.
 most considerable. Or if we under- Ver. 24. *Drive.*] i. e. Cause
 stand him not of Poetry in to be driven. *Agitabo* for *agi-*
 general, but of the *Georgick* in tar *faciam*. This is the Pri-
 particular, as we very well vilege of Poetry.
 may ; what He says is strictly
 true.

Ver. 21. *Cæsar*, &c.] In
medio mihi [i. e. *templi mei*]
Cæsar erit : Or in *medio* [tem-
 plo] *Cæsar mihi erit*. This
mibi is extremely elegant in
 Latin ; but cannot be render'd
 in English.

Ver. 23. For Him, &c.] *Illi* :
 i. e. in *illius honorem*. So in

Ver. 31. *Ev'n now*, &c.]
Jam nunc — *juvat*. *Juvat*
ducere may signify either I long
 to do it ; or I do it in ima-
 gination, and am delighted with
 the *Idea*. The latter, to my
 Apprehension, is by much the
 better, and more elegant Sense.

Ver. 33. See how the Scene,
 &c.]

Vel [videre] *scena ut versis discedat frontibus, utque*
Purpurea intexti tollant aulaeæ Britanni.

For the two Sorts of Scenes,
 the *versatilis*, and the *duæilis*,
 see the Commentators, and An-
 tiquarians. *Virgil's* Descrip-

tion will suit Either, or Both
 of them. *Discedat*, [i. e. *lo-*
cum mutet] *versis frontibus*,
 turning That part from the Spec-

tators

BOOK 3. VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS. 173

And how th'inwoven Britons There support
 The purple figur'd Tapestry they grace. 35
 The *Indian* Battles on th' engraven Doors,
 In Gold, and solid Elephant, shall shine ;
 And young *Quirinus*' conqu'ring Arms ; The *Nile*
 Foaming with War, and rolling sanguine Tides,
 And Pillars rising high with naval Brass. 40
 The vanquish'd *Asian* Cities shall to These
 Be added ; And *Niphates*' Mount subdued ;
 The *Parthian* trusting in his Flight, and Shafts
 Shot backward ; 'Trophies from two diff'rent Foes
 Twice snatch'd, and Triumphs twice from either Shore.
 In breathing Marble antient Kings shall stand, 46
Assaracus' Descendants ; Mighty Names
 Deriv'd from *Jove* ; *Tros*, Ancestor of *Rome* ;
 And *Phæbus*, Author of the *Trojan* Race.

Envy,

tators which was towards them before ; and *vice versa*. As for the next Line, *Purpurea*, &c. Either real Britons held up the Hangings, or Tapestry, in which *Themselves* [their Countrymen] were inwoven ; and so *They* and their *Pictures*, the *signa* and *res signatæ*, are ingeniously confounded : Or (which I rather think) the Pictures themselves seem'd to support the very Tapestry in which they were : As we often see in History Paintings. Either Sense is very good ; and exquisitely elegant.

Ver. 38. *Young Quirinus*.] The Word *young* is not in the Original ; but it is imply'd.

He means *Octavius* ; who was, as it were, *Quirinus* [*Romulus*] the Second. For the History, see *Ruæus*.

Ver. 39. *Foaming*, &c.] That undantem bello, swelling, and rolling, with *War*, as it did with *Waves*, is most noble. In the same Line, *magnumque fluentem* ; *magnum* is us'd Adverbially.

Ver. 43. *Trusting*, &c.] *Fidentemque fugâ*. The Word *fidens* is sometimes us'd with an Ablative, like *fretus*.

Ver. 44. *Two—Foes*.] *Et duo rapta*, &c. *Bisque triumphatas* &c. For the History, see the Commentators ; especially *Servius*.

Envy, self-tortur'd, shall with Horror dread 50
 The Furies, and *Cocytus*' fable Stream,
Ixion's twisted Snakes, and racking Wheel,
 And the rough Rock to endless Ages roll'd.
 Let us, mean while, the *Dryads*' Groves unfung
 Pursue; no easy Task by Thee enjoind, 55
Mecænas: Nought sublime, without Thy Aid,
 My Muse attempts. Begin, break dull Delay:
Cithæron calls us, and *Taygetus*' Hounds,
 And *Epidaurus*, skill'd in manag'd Steeds:
 And Echoing Woods rebellow to the Noise. 60
 Yet next, advent'rous, I prepare to sing
 Great *Cæsar*'s Wars; and to transmit his Fame
 Descending thro' as long a Tract of Years,
 As from *Tithonus*' Birth to *Cæsar*'s Times.
 Whether, ambitious of th' *Olympick* Palm, 65
 Thou nourish sprightly Steeds; or lusty Steers,
 Studious of Tillage: Be it first thy Care
 To chuse the Female-Breeders. Best the Cow,
 Of Aspect four: Her Head unshap'd, and large,
 Her hanging Neck enormous; From her Chin 70
 Her

Ver. 50. *Envy self-tortur'd, &c.*] This is a Reflection upon Those who envy'd the Success and Honours of *Octavius*; and at the same time a great Complement upon That Prince himself. Those who envy'd him, durst not publicly detract from his Actions; for fear of being punish'd for it in another World; like *Ixion*, *Sisyphus*, &c.

Ver. 53. *And the rough, &c.*] *Non exuperabile saxum.* The

Stone (by a Metonymy) for the Labour of rolling it; which was unsurmountable.

Ver. 64. *Tithonus' Birth.*] Why *Tithonus*? Those who have Curiosity may see the different Reasons given by Commentators: For my part, I like none of them.

Ver. 69. *Unshap'd, and large.*] For, according to all Interpreters, the Word *turpe* in this place, includes both Those Ideas.

BOOK 3. VIRGIL's GEORGICKS. 175

Her swagging Dewlaps to her Knees depend.
 Her Flank of Length unmeasur'd: All Parts huge;
 Her Feet too; and beneath her crankled Horns
 Her Ears uncouth, and rough. Nor shall *Her Form*
 Be disapprov'd, whose Skin with Spots of White 75
 Is vary'd: Or who struggles with the Yoke,
 And sometimes pushes with her Horn, in Front
 A Bull resembles, tall, and big all o'er;
 And with her Tail, in walking, sweeps the Ground.
 Their Age for just Connubials fit, begins 80
 After Four Years; before the Tenth, expires:
 The rest unapt for Teeming, and of Strength
 Unequal to the Plough. Mean-while, (thy Herds
 Blooming in vigorous Youth) let loose the Males;
 Be thou the first thy Cattle to indulge 85
 In genial Love, and propagate the Race.
 The Best of Life, which wretched Mortals share,
 First flies away: Diseases, sick Old Age,
 And Pain, and Death's Inclemency, succeed.
 Still there will be, whose Kind thou wouldst desire 90

To

Ver. 75. *Spots of White.*] —*Maculis insignis & albo*: i. e. *albis maculis*. Hendiad. Next two Verses but one: *Quæque ardua tota* [est,] *Et gradiens*, &c.

Ver. 82. *The rest, &c.*] *Cætera* [ætas] *nec fætura*, &c. In the next Line: *Interea*, i. e. during the time above-mention'd, from four years old to near ten.

Ver. 87. *The best of Life, &c.*] *Optima quæque*, &c. *Prima fugit*, &c. That is in short, the best (meaning the strongest and pleasantest) Part of Life is

the first. For the Emphasis is not laid upon *fugit*, but upon *prima*. *Prima fugit*, because *prima est*: for every part of Life flies away. Yet for That very Reason there is great good Sense and Elegancy in That Word, as it Here stands: As if he should have said, the very *Being of Life* is flying away. Not the first *strictly*, but more loosely speaking: For He certainly means *Youth*, not *Childhood*. Every body knows That is not the best of our Life.

176 VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS.

To vary : Still repair the Breed ; nor stay,
'Till thou too late the lost Occasion mourn ;
With prudent Care prevent the Mischief fear'd,
And annually thy failing Herds renew.

The same, in chusing Steeds, must be observ'd: 93
Chiefly on Those for future Sires design'd,
Ev'n from their tender Age, thy Care employ.
The Colt of gen'rous Blood with lofty Port
Prances, and nimbly shifts his pliant Limbs :
Forward, the first, to range abroad, to tempt 100

The

Ver. 91. *Still repair, &c.*] *Enim* for *igitur* is very singular : And if it were not ; the *Argument* would be nevertheless so : " Because *semper erunt* " *quarum mutari, &c.* You will " always have some which you " would be glad to change for " better ; therefore let your Cat- " tle propagate." Sure *Virgil* did not write This. And I am the more inclin'd to think so ; because *Antevenire* is no where

else us'd by him ; no more is *fortiri* in this Sense for *substituere* : And I believe it will be hard to meet with it in any other good Author. Then the Sense of the whole three Lines is extremely jejune, and flat. What occasion of so earnestly advising and exhorting a Farmer to continue the Succession of his Cattle ? The Thing itself he had sufficiently express'd just before : ver. 65.

Atque aliam ex aliâ generando suffice prolem.

Let it be further consider'd, what a different Face is put upon the Whole ; if those three

Lines (which, I am persuaded, were soisted in by some foolish Grammarian) were left out.

*Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit ; subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus ;
Et labor, & duræ rapit inclementia mortis.*

*Nec non & pecori est idem delectus equino,
Tu modo quos in spem, &c.*

Having concluded That Article concerning the Propagation of *Kine* with that fine Reflection upon the imperfect State of Mortality ; He immediately passes on to the Propagation of *Horses*.

Ver. 96.—for future Sires.] —*Submittere*, it seems, has a

particular Sense for the Propagation of Cattle.

Ver. 99. *Nimbly shifts his pliant Limbs.*] *Mollia* [flexibilia] *crura reponit*. That last Word I take to imply both the alternate treading of his feet ; one up, the other down ; and

also

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The threat'ning Streams, and unknown Bridges pass;
 Nor dreads he empty Noises. High his Neck,
 His Head acute, his Belly thin, his Back
 Fleehy, and round: His Chest with swelling Knots
 Luxuriant: (Best for Colour is the Bay, 105
 And Dappled; Worst, the Sorrel, and the White:)
 Then if the Clank of distant Arms is heard;
 He paws impatient, quickens his sharp Ears,
 And quivers ev'ry Joint, and snorting curbs
 The Smoke and Fire which in his Nostrils roll. 110
 His full thick Main on his right Shoulder plays;
 A double Spinal Bone his Chine divides;
 His sounding Hoof with solid Horn upturns

The

also the *Nimbleness*, or *Frequency* of That *Change* or *Shifting*. All included in the Compound Particle *re*.

Ver. 105. *Best for colour, &c.*] Those Words *bonestis Spadices* &c. to *Et gilvo*, should be in a Parenthesis.

Ibid. *The Bay, &c.*] *Spadices, glaucique; color deterrimus albis, Et gilvo*. It is hard, if not impossible, to know the exact Names of Colours in a foreign dead Language. And besides; one Nation may like This Colour in a Horse, and another That. No Translator therefore can be sure in These Cases that he hits the exact Sense of his Author. *Albis*, I believe, here signifies a *dull, dirty White*; there being a difference between *albus*, and *candidus*. For *Virgil*

himself elsewhere gives *candore nives anteire*, as a Character of a fine Horse. *Æneid. xii. 84.*

Ver. 108.—*quicken*—] *Micat auribus, & tremit artus*. One would think it should have been *ures*, as well as *artus*. But the Case is elegantly chang'd, to express the *quick motion* of the Ears in the Dactyle: The Spondée could not have given That Idea.

Ver. 109. *And snorting, &c.*] *Collesumque premens ignem, volvit [eum] sub naribus*.

Ver. 112. *A double, &c.*] *Duplex*: Either for *large*; as the Word sometimes signifies. Or thus: As in a lean Horse the Back-bone stands up sharp; so in a fat one there is a Kind of *Gutter* running through the Middle of it, and seeming to divide it in two.

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The crumbling Mold, and rings against the Ground.
Such was fam'd *Cyllarus*, by *Pollux* rein'd; 115
And such the Steeds of *Mars*, by *Grecian* Bards
Immortal made; and Those which drew the Car
Of great *Achilles*. Such a Courser's Form
Saturn, his jealous Consort to deceive,
Flying, assum'd; when on his Neck he tofs'd 120
His waving Main, and neigh'd thro' *Pelion's* Groves.

When weaken'd by Disease, or Years, he fails,
Indulge him, Hous'd; And, mindful of the Past,
Excuse his not dishonourable Age.
The Senior, frigid to the pleasing Fight, 125
Like Fire in Stubble, void of vigour, burns;
And impotently rages. Thus forewarn'd,
Mark Thou their Age, and Genius: Next to These,
Their other Arts, their Lineage; and how Each
Exults, when Victor, and, when Vanquish'd mourns.

Seest thou not, when the Chariots from the Bars 131
Starting spring forth, and smoke along the Field,
How each Contender's Hopes are rais'd arrest,
And anxious Fear beats in their throbbing Breasts?
Eager they clang the twisted Lash, and prone 135
Diffuse the Reins: The kindling Axis flies;
Now low they bend, now rise sublime in Air:
Nor Pause, nor Rest; A Cloud of yellow Sand
Is rais'd; The Foremost with their Followers' Foam

Are

Ver. 117. *Those, &c.*] *Currus*
The Chariot for the Horses
which drew it. Meton. Adj.
So *quadrigæ*, ver. 268. Orig.

Ver. 124. *Excuse, &c.*] *Nec*
turpi, &c. i. e. & ignore se-
nectæ non turpi.

Ver. 129. *Their Lineage.*] *Prolem*
parentum notabis, i. e.
notabis, quorum parentum sint
proles.

Ver. 134. *And anxious, &c.*] *For*
exultantiaque baurit, &c.
See Note on *Æneid*. v. 176.

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Are cover'd o'er; All panting urge the Race : 140
So great the Thirst of Victory, and Fame.

First daring *Eriabonius* to the Car
Four Horses join'd, and rode on rapid Wheels :
The *Lapithæ* first, mounting on their Backs,
Added the Reins ; and taught them, under Arms, 145
Graceful to form their Steps, to wheel, and turn,
Insult the Ground, and proudly pace the Plain.
Equal the Toil of Both ; With equal Care
The Horseman, and the Charioteer, select
A youthful Stallion, fleet, and hot in Blood : 150
If Youth, and Strength he want, th' Attempt is vain ;
Tho' oft Victorious he has turn'd the Foes
To Flight, and boasts *Epirus*, fam'd for Steeds,
Or brave *Mycenæ*, as his Native Soil,
And ev'n from *Neptune's* Breed his Race derives. 155
These things observ'd ; the Time t' indulge the Males
In genial Love their utmost Care employs.
He, whom they chuse to propagate the Kind,
To be the Guide, and Father of the Herd,
Is pamper'd with the choicest Food ; To Him 160

Young,

Ver. 145. *Taught them—*] *Equitem* for *Equum*, notwithstanding the obsolete Authority of *Ennius*, is too harsh for *Virgil*. But as the Rider manages the Horse ; what the latter does may very well be apply'd to the former.

Ver. 148. *Equal the Toil, &c.*] *Æquus uterque labor* : i. e. *aurigandi*, & *equitandi* ; of managing Horses for the Chariot, and for the Rider : of Both which he was speaking just Before.

Ver. 151. *If Youth and, &c.*] Between *Curſibus acrem*, and *Quamvis ſape, &c.* ſubaudi *non ſenem, vel tardum*. Here ſeems to be ſomething left out ; 'Tis ſo great a Gap in the Senſe as an Ellipſis will ſcarce juſtify.

Ver. 156. *The time, &c.*] *Inſtant ſub tempus* : i. e. *cura eſt illis tempus* [admiſſuræ equorum & taurorum.] Next Line ; *denſo pingui* for *denſa pinguedine*.

Young, juicy Herbs and Corn, and limpid Streams
 They minister: Left in the pleasing Task
 The Sire should fail deficient, and transmit
 The Parent's Weakness to his feeble Race.
 Diff'rent their Treatment of the Females: Them 165
 They macerate, (when now the known Delight
 Sollicites their Desires) deny them Food,
 And drive them from the Streams, with ceaseless Toil
 Shake them hard driv'n, and work them in the Sun;
 When Threshing-floors groan with the beaten Grain,
 And Chaff flies hov'ring in the rising Wind: 171
 Left too much Luxury and Ease should close
 The Pores, and dull the Hymenæal Soil.

The Sires are now neglected; and our Care
 Alternate on the Females is employ'd; 175
 When

Ver. 164. *Weakness.*] *Jesunia.* Hunger for *Leanne's*. Cause for Effect.

Ver. 165. *Females.*] *Ipsa etiam macie tenuant armenta volentes.* *Armenta*, the Females; Mares, and Cows. Because there are far more of Them, than of Bulls, or Stallion-Horses; and so They chiefly make up the *Herd*. I take the Emphasis of the Word *Ipsa* (which is obscure enough, and observ'd by no Commentator) to lie in This, that the Female is the more immediate Cause of the Offspring, and requires more Care because of the long Gestation; which is subject to many Dangers. As if he should have said; Thus much for the Males, the Management of which is more

easy: but as for the Females *themselves*, which are the more immediate, &c. as I just now explain'd it. *Volentes*: i. e. *de Industria.* *Tenuant* [subaud. *Domini.*]

Ver. 166. *The known Delight sollicitates, &c.*] *Primos* and *nota* are inconsistent; unless the Former relate only to the Beginning of the Year: And That is very untoward.

Ver. 170. *When Threshing-floors, &c.*] *Cum graviter tunsis, &c.* — to *jaçantur inanes*. This, I dare say (though nobody takes notice of it) was not put in, barely to express the *Time of the Year*: But it means that These Cows should be work'd in treading out the Corn: Which was certainly the ancient Custom. Whether *Thresh-*
ing

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When now, their Months complete, they pregnant rove
 Let None permit them the slow Wayne to draw
 Beneath the heavy Yoke, nor leap, nor run
 Swift o'er the Meads, nor swim the rapid Streams :
 In Glades, and near full Rivers let them feed, 180
 Where Moss, and greenest Herbage on the Banks
 Abounds luxuriant ; where in Caves they lie,
 And lofty Rocks refreshing Shades extend.

Round Mount *Alburnus*, green with leafy Oaks,
 And in the Groves of *Silarus*, there flies 185
 An Insect (*Oestrus* by the Greeks, by Us
 'Tis nam'd *Afilus*) harsh with humming Noise
 It flies : By which affrighted from the Woods
 The Herds all run ; Their Bellowings beat the Sky ;
 The Woods, and dry *Tanagrus*' Banks resound. 190
 This Pest of old, to glut her vengeful Ire,
 Stern *Juno* to *Inachian Io* sent.

This too (for in the Heat it rages most)
 Drive from the teeming Dams ; and feed thy Herds,
 When first the Sun, or Ev'ning Stars appear. 195

After the Birth, our Culture to the Calves
 Is all transferr'd : First Marks are on them fix'd ;
 Distinguishing their Race, and what Employ
 For Each is fit : This destin'd to preserve
 The Species ; That for Sacrifice ; A Third 200
 To cut the Glebe, and turn the stubborn Soil :

The

ing was used likewise for the same Purpose, I cannot say.

Ver. 184. Round Mount *Alburnus*.] *Plurimus Alburnum*, &c. This *plurimus* may seem odd : For *Afilus* is plainly understood as agreeing with it. And then *Afilus*, *cui nomen*

Afilo looks strange. But we must recur to the *Sense*; which is the same, as if it had been *Plurima musca cui nomen Afilo*.

Ver. 199, 200. To preserve the Species.] *Pecori habendo*. See the Note on Book i. ver. 4.

The rest promiscuous, and unnoted, feed
 On the green Meadows. Those whom thou wouldst form
 To Tillage, and the Study of the Plough,
 Already, in their Nonage, must be train'd, 205
 And disciplin'd, and broken; while their Minds
 Are flexible, and docile of the Toil.
 Let Collars, first, of slender Sallows made
 Loose round their Necks be hung: But when their Necks
 Freeborn they have accustom'd to the Yoke; 210
 Join'd by Those Circles let them move in Pairs,
 And justly match'd their mutual Steps compose.
 Next let them oft along the level Ground
 Draw empty Wheels, which lightly mark the Dust:
 Then let the Beechen Axis bound with Brass, 215
 Move slow, and groan beneath the pond'rous Load.
 Mean-while with Grass alone, and Leaves, and Sedge
 Feed not thy untam'd Bullocks; but with Corn

Cropt

Ver. 202. *Unnoted.*] For That is manifestly imply'd; though not express'd. *Cætera pascuntur*, &c. subaud. *indiscriminatim*. Those of which he was speaking before were to have *Marks* set upon Them: And These by the Word *cætera* are set in opposition to them.

Ver. 205, 206. *In their Nonage—broken.*] Orig. *Jam vitulos hortare, viamque insiste demandi*. "Exhort them, i. e. teach, and educate them, while they are Calves; and so on in the Means and Methods of taming, or breaking them".

Ver. 211. *Join'd by those Circles.*] *Ipsis e torquibus*. "Torques are here the same as the *Circuli*, Collars, above. The

Preposition *è* signifies, that they should be join'd by a Cord, or some such thing, from one of those Collars to the other; i. e. ty'd to Both.

Ver. 214. *Empty Wheels.*] i. e. The Wheels of empty Carts. *Rotæ inanes*. I think the Expression as fit for English Poetry, as Latin.

Ver. 216. *Move slow.*] That is imply'd in *nitens*, i. e. *laborans*; and, *slow* moving. I have in the Translation made no distinction between *Temo*, and *Axis*; the Thing being in effect the same: And have left out *junctos orbes*, i. e. the *Wheels*; they being mention'd just before, tho' by another Word in the Orig. *Rotæ ducantur*.

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Cropt in the Blade : Nor let thy suckling Cows,
As whilom, fill the snow-white Pails ; but all 220
Their Udders for their tender Offspring drain.

But if to *Martial* Camps thy Study bend,
To form the mounted Troop ; Or with thy Wheels
To whirl along near fam'd *Alphæus* Stream,
And in *Jove's* Wood to drive the flying Car; 225
Be it the Steed's first Labour to behold
The Warrior's Arms, and Courage ; to endure
The Trumpet, and the rumbling Chariot's Noise,
And hear the Bridles rattle in the Stalls :

Then more and more to love the soothing Sound 230
Of the clap'd Chest, and proudly to rejoice
In the fond Praises of the busy Groom.

Thus, when first sever'd from the suckling Dam,
Let him be exercis'd, and taught to bear
Soft pliant Headstalls ; in his weaker Age 235
Yet trembling, nor experienc'd from his Years.

But when another Summer to the Third
Is added ; Let him now begin to wheel
In artful Rings ; with sounding Hoofs to form
His Steps ; to manage his alternate Feet 240
Sinuous and flexile ; and to paw, and bound

With

Ver. 220. *As whilom, &c.*] *Fætæ, more patrum, &c.* As they us'd to do, in the Days of our Fathers : or as our Fathers made them do.

Ver. 226. *Be it.*] Orig. *It is.* The Thing is the same.

Ver. 236. *Nor experienc'd from, &c.*]—*Etiam infcius ævi,* i. e. *infcius* [propter imbecillitatem] *ævi.* These particular

are by an Ellipsis. *Servius* explains it by *nondum habens ab annis fiduciam* : and *Ruæus* (to the same purpose) by *nondum confidens ætati.* De La Cerda, by *infcius vivendi* Which I cannot account for. *Etiam* has here the force of *ad hoc.* In the same Verse, *inque vicem* is a little obscure : *Ruæus* interprets it *vice frænorum* ; Which, I think, makes it neither Grammar,

With seeming Labour : Then to dare the Winds
 In Fleetness ; and, as if unrein'd, to fly
 O'er the wide Plain, nor press th' unprinted Sand.
 As when cold *Boreas*, from *Riphaean* Coasts 245
 Incumbent, dissipates the *Scythian* Storms,
 And dry light Clouds ; The Corn, and floating Fields,
 Wave with the B'asts ; The lofty Woods roar loud ;
 And long-stretch'd Billows tumble to the Shore :
 Rapid he flies, and sweeps o'er Lands, and Seas. 250
 A Steed thus train'd, or in the spacious Cirque
 Will sweat, and labour round th' *Elkian* Goal,
 And from his Mouth throw Flakes of bloody Foam ;
 Or more obsequious draw the *Belgic* Car.
 When now They're broken, and more full in Years ; 255
 Let them be pamper'd, and enlarge their Size
 With fatt'ning Corn : For, if high fed before ;
 Impatient of the Lash, they will refuse
 The biting Curb, and disobey the Rein.

But Nought will more their youthful Strength confirm,
 (Whether in Steers, or Steeds one most delight) 261
 Than from them to avert, with studious care,

Soft

mar, nor good Sense. I take it to mean *now*, and *then*. I have omitted it in my Version ; it not being material.

Ver. 242. *With seeming Labour.*] *Sitque laboranti similis.* For he should not really labour ; by reason of his tender Age. That would weaken, and dispirit him.

Ver. 245. *Cold.*] *Orig. Densus.* Because with its Cold it condenses Liquids into Solids. Some render it by *vehemens*.

Ver. 248. *Wave with, &c.*] See Note on B. i. ver. 392. Next Verse ; *urgent* ; for *urgent se*, or *urgentur*.

Ver. 254. *More obsequious.*] *Molli melius* — collo. I take *molli* for *domito* ; in opposition to *reluctanti*, &c. Ver. 206. *Ante domandum* ; i. e. *ante quam dumentur*. So ver. 215. *Videndo* by being seen. Next Line to This, *Prensique negabunt*, &c. *Prensi*, i. e. taken up, bridled, manag'd.

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Soft *Venus*, and the hidden Stings of Love.

Therefore the Bulls to lonely distant Fields

Are driv'n ; or by a rising Mountain's Height, 265

Or by a spacious River, from the Herds

Dissever'd ; or within their plenteous Stalls

Hous'd, and confin'd. For sweet with luring Charms

The Fema'e, when in Sight, by slow degrees

Consumes, and wastes the Vigour of the Male, 270

Unmindful of his Groves and grassy Meads :

And oft to combat with their Horns impels

The haughty Rivals. In a Forest wide

A beauteous Heifer feeds : With mighty Force

They join in Battle, and repeated Wounds 275

Mutual inflict ; Black Gore their Bodies laves ;

Their Horns against each other struggling push

Direct ; They roar aloud ; The Woods, and huge

Olympus' Top reverberate the Noise.

Nor after This can Both together feed : 280

The Vanquish'd quits the Field ; and exil'd seeks

Some unknown distant Coast, his dire Disgrace

Much mourning, and the haughty Victor's Wounds,

And his lost Loves, which unreveng'd he leaves ;

And looking back, with oft retorted Eye, 285

From his hereditary Realms retires.

Therefore with utmost diligence his Strength

He exercises ; lies all Night on Beds

Of Flints ; on Sedge, and prickly Brambles feeds ;

And practises the Fight ; Against an Oak 290 .

Aiming his Horns, he pushes empty Air,

And ignis the Sand, preluding to the War.

When now his Vigour in full force returns ;

He

He marches to attack his mindless Foe.
 As when the Ocean whitens with the Foam, 295
 And from afar rolls wavy to the Shore,
 Roaring with dreadful Noise among the Rocks,
 And riding, ridgy, of a Mountain's Height;
 The lowest Deep with circling Eddy boils,
 And to the Surface hurls the sable Sand. 300
 Of ev'ry Kind on Earth, of Men, and Beasts,
 Of Cattle, Fish, and parti-colour'd Fowl,
 All rush into This Frenzy, and This Fire;
 Love is the same to all. 'Then most severe
 The Lioness, forgetful of her Whelps, 305
 Ranges the Fields: Nor ever thro' the Woods
 Do unshap'd Bears such wasteful Slaughter spread:
 Most fatal Then the Tyger; Then the Boar
 Most fell, and merciless. 'Tis Then (alas !)
 Ill Travelling on *Libya's* desert Plains. 310
 Seest thou not how the Horse, if once he snuffs
 The well-known Odour wafted by the Wind,
 Trembles all o'er; Nor can the Curb, nor Lash,
 Nor Cliffs, nor Caverns, nor opposing Streams,
 That whirl huge rocky Fragments, as they roll, 315

Retard

Ver. 294. *He marches to attack, &c.* *Signa movet.* This Expression belonging to an Army, may seem not so well apply'd to a single Warrior. But We must submit to *Virgil's* Authority. Of the same Kind is the Next.

Ver. 295. *As when the Ocean.* *Fluctus uti, &c.* See the Note on *Æneid.* vii. 696. Transl.

Next Verse, *Sinum trahit: i. e. sinuosum volumen undarum.* Next but one; *procumbit: i. e. incumbit, imminet.* Next Ver. *subjeetat.* See the Note on *Ecl. x.* ver. 86.

Ver. 303. *All rush into, &c.* In [has] *urias, ignemque [hunc] ruunt.* Ver. 248. Orig. *Tum pessima tigris.* Wonderfully elegant is That *pessima.*

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Retard his Fury? Ev'n the *Sabin* Boar
 Rushes, and whets his Tusks, and stamps, and tears
 The Ground; against a Tree alternate rubs
 His brawny Sides, and hardens them to Wounds.
 What does That Youth, whom unrelenting Love 320
 Consumes, and with his Vitals blends his Fire?
 Darkling, in Dead of Night, he swims the Sea
 Turbid with sudden Storms: while o'er his Head
 Thunders the Gate of Heav'n, and from the Rocks
 With dreadful Roar the broken Waves rebound: 325
 Nor can his wretched Parents' Tears, nor She,
 Th' unhappy Maid, whose Death must follow His,
 Dissuade Him. What do *Bacchus*' spotted Lynx?
 And Wolves, a savage Race? And Dogs? And Deer,
 Who, tho' by Nature tim'rous, dare in Love? 330
 But more than All, the Fury of the Mares
 Is wond'rous: *Venus*' self That Fury sent;
 What time the *Potnian* Female-Steeds, which drew
 The Car of *Glaucus*, piece-meal tore their Lord.
 They by the stimulating Force of Love 335
 Are driv'n beyond *Ascanius*' sounding Flood,
 And craggy *Gargarus*; o'er Mountains climb,
 And Rivers pass; And when in Spring the Flame
 Burns fiercer, (For in Spring that Flame returns)
 On lofty Rocks they stand; and in their Mouths, 340
 Ope'd to the Western Breeze, the gentle Air
 Receive; and oft (prodigious to relate!)
 Without Connubials, pregnant by the Wind,

O'er

Ver. 320. *What does, &c.*]
Quid [facit] *juvenis*, &c. Ver.
 264. Orig. *Varia* for *varie-*
gata. Ver. 266. *Scilicet* for *sed*:
 which is very unusual. Next

Verse, *Mentem* [hanc,] i. e. *hoc*
ingenium; *hanc indolem*. Had I
 Authority; instead of *et*, I
 would read *hanc*. Ver. 268. *Qua-*
drigæ. See Note on Ver. 127.

O'er Cliffs, and Hills, and lowly Valleys fly ;
 Not tow'rd's the East, or to the rising Sun, 345
 Nor tow'rd's the North, or North-West, or that Point,
 Whence the black South blows, scowling on the World
 With Fogs, and Rain, and saddens all the Sky.
 Hence the *Hippomanes*, so aptly nam'd
 By Rusticks, from their Wombs at length distils ; 350
Hippomanes, a viscid poy's'nous Slime,
 Which oft dire Stepdames cull, when Spells they try,
 And mingle Herbs, and not innoxious Charms.
 But Time flies on, irrevocable flies ;
 While we minutely trace our pleasing Theme. 355

Thus far of Herds. Another Care remains,
 To manage fleecy Flocks, and shaggy Goats :
 Great is This Task ; From This, ye hardy Swains,
 Hope You for Praise : And well I know, how great
 The Labour to subdue These Things to Verse, 360
 And dignify an Argument so mean.
 But Me strong Passion for so sweet a Song
 Transports in Rapture, thro' *Parnassus*' Heights
 The least frequented ; Pleas'd Those Paths I trace,
 Which none before have trod, by soft Descent 365

Inclining

Ver. 347. *Rain.*] *Pluvio frigore*, for *pluviâ*.

Ver. 350. *When.*] That Word must be added to *conneâ legere* with *miscuerunt*.

Ver. 355. *While we, &c.*] *Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore*. i. e. *Dum vectamur circum singula, capti amore* [ea describendi.] Next ver. but one, *agitare* : i. e. *tractare*.

Ver. 360. *To subdue these, &c.*] *Vincere*. To conquer their

littleness ; and add dignity to them by the Elegance and Majesty of Verse.

Ver. 364. *The least frequented.*] *Per ardua* [loca] *deserta*, i. e. *minus frequentata*. Or *per ardua deserta*, Deserts. The Sense is in effect the same. *Divertitur* : i. e. *Deflectit* [ad] *Castaliam*.

Ver. 365. *Descent.*] *Clivus* signifying the Side of a Hill, either

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Inclining to the pure *Castalian* Stream.

Now, venerable *Pales*, raise our Strain.

First, I ordain, that in warm Huts the Sheep
Be fodder'd, 'till the leafy Spring returns ;
And that the Frosty Ground with Fern, or Straw, 370
Be litter'd underneath them : Lest the Ice
Should hurt the tender Cattle, and induce
The foul contagious Scab, or cramp their Limbs.
Next, I advise that with the verdant Leaves
Of *Arbutus* the Goats may be supply'd, 375
And with fresh Springs; And that their Stalls from Winds
Be shelter'd, to the Winter Sun oppos'd,
And pointing to the South ; when now with Cold,
And Rain, *Aquarius*, setting, shuts the Year.
To These is no less Culture due ; nor less 380
Their Profit: Tho' *Milesian* Fleeces, ting'd
With *Tyrian* Purple, swell the Merchant's Gains.
These breed more fruitful ; These in Milk abound :
And ev'n the more they fill the frothing Pails,

From

either *Ascent*, or *Descent* may be imply'd in it. But here it must be the Latter; because the Fountain was at the Bottom of the Hill. Nor, does this contradict what was said before in the Words *Parnassi ardua*: Because a Man may certainly walk up to the Top of a Mountain; and yet walk down again. *Nulla priorum Orbita*: i. e. *Nulla orbita à prioribus*, i. e. *veteribus*, *trita*, *calcata*, or some such Word.

Ver. 367. *Raise our strain.*
Not that the Subject is greater

than the former. For Sheep and Goats are inferior to Horses, &c. but in order to dignify so mean a Subject; as in the foregoing Note, but one. Next Ver. *Mollibus*, i. e. *tepidis*.

Ver. 378. *When now, &c.* *Olim* sometimes signifies the same as *aliquando*. So *Æneid*. v. 125.

Ver. 382. *Merchant's gains.* *Mutentur*: i. e. *vendantur*. *Tyrios incolta*, &c. i. e. *habens Tyrios rubores incoltos*. Next Verse but one, *quàm* for *quantò*.

From their press'd Dugs more plenteous Rivers flow.
 Nor less their long grey Hairs, and shaggy Beards 386
Cinyphian He-Goats yield ; a Cov'ring fit
 For Tents, and poor industrious Mariners.
 For Food, they browse the Thickets, and the Top
 Of bleak *Lycæus*, prickly Thorns in Brakes, 390
 And Bushes, which high Rocks, and Mountains love.
 Themselves, spontaneous, to their Home return,
 Bringing their Young ; and, with their strutting Dugs,
 Laborious, o'er th' opposing Threshold climb.
 Therefore Their Want of Care and Guard to shun 395
 The Ills of Life by Thine must be supply'd :
 From Them with all thy Diligence avert
 The Frost, and Winds, and Snow ; with lib'ral Hand
 Indulge them Food, and leafy Browze ; nor shut,
 While Winter lasts, thy Magazines of Hay. 400
 But when gay Spring returns, and Zephyrs breathe
 Inviting ; to the Lawns and Pastures send
 Both Goats, and Sheep : When *Venus* first appears ;
 On the cool Herbage let them feed ; while fresh
 The Morning rises, while the Meads are grey, 405
 And most the Cattle on the tender Grass
 Enjoy the Dew. But when advancing Day,
 At the fourth Hour, gives Thirst to Men and Beasts ;
 And creaking Grasshoppers in Bushes sing ; 409
 Then let thy Flocks from Wells, or deep-sunk Ponds,
 Drink running Streams, thro' Oaken Pipes convey'd ;
 And in the Mid-day's sultry Fervour seek

Ver. 387. *Cinyphian He-Goats.*] Either [*Homines*] *ton-*
dent barbas birci : Or *Hirci præ-*
dent barbas tendendas : Or *ton-*

dent, for *tondentur*, quoad *barbas*.
 Ver. 404. *Let them.*] *Carpa-*
mus, i. e. *carpere* [eos] *fini-*
mus.

BOOK 3. VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS. 191

A shady Vale; Where *Jove's* tall aged Tree
Extends its Length of Boughs; and thick with Oaks
A gloomy Grove lets fall its sacred Shade. 415
But when the Sun withdraws; from limpid Streams
Repeat their Bev'rage; Let them feed again:
When cooling *Vesper* moderates the Air;
And now the Groves are by the dewy Moon
Refresh'd; the Shores *Halcyone* resound; 420
And the sweet Goldfinch warbles thro' the Brakes.

Of *Libya's* Swains, and Pastures, in my Verse
Why should I tell? And of their Huts on Plains
Thinly dispers'd? Their Flocks whole Days and Nights,
And Months, unshelter'd, thro' long Defarts go, 425
Grazing; So much of Field extended lies:
The Shepherd all his Substance with him brings,
Itinerant; his Weapons, House, and Gods,
His trusty *Spartan* Dog, and *Cretian* Shafts.
As when the warlike *Roman*, under Arms, 430
Charg'd with a Baggage of unequal Weight,
Pursues his March; and unexpected stands,
Pitching his sudden Tent, before the Foe.

Not so, in *Scythia's* Realms; nor near the Lake
Mæotis, nor where turbid *Ister* whirls 435
His

Ver. 413. *Where Jove's, &c.*] *Sicubi tendat*: for *ubicunque tendit*. See Note on *Æneid*. v. 853.

Ver. 415. *Let's fall, &c.*] *Nemus accubet umbrâ*: for *nemus accubare faciat umbram*. Next Ver. *tenues*: i. e. *liquidæ, pellucidæ*.

Ver. 431, &c. *Of unequal Weight.*] *Injusto*: i. e. *iniquo*; *eui vires ejus vix sunt pares*. Next ver. *Ante expectatum.*]

i. e. *ante expectationem*: or *antequam expectetur*. Next Ver. *At non [ita est] quâ Scythiæ gentes [sunt.] Quâque redit, &c.* For the *Geography*, upon which the Sense wholly depends, see *Rûsus*. Ver. 355. Orig. *Septemque assurgit in ulnas*: i. e. *in altitudinem septem ulnarum*. Ver. 359. *Rubre [radiis ejus.]*

His yellow Sand; nor where, beneath the Pole,
 Bleak *Rhodope*, out-stretch'd, rejoins it's Rocks.
 There closely hous'd they keep their Herds; No Grass
 Upon the Fields is seen, no Leaves on Trees:
 But Frost, and Ice, and ridgy Heaps of Snow, 440
 Sev'n Ells in Height, deform the Country round.
 Eternal Winter reigns, and freezing Winds:
 The Sun ne'er dissipates the hazy Gloom;
 Not, when his Steeds mount upwards to the Sky;
 Nor when he washes in the Ocean's Waves, 445
 Red with his Beams, his prone descending Car.
 The running Streams to sudden Crusts congeal:
 The Water on it's Surface Iron Wheels
 Sustains; and Carts are driv'n, where Lighters sail'd.
 Brass splits; Their stiffen'd Garments rustle froze;
 With Axes Wine is hewn; To solid Glass 451
 The standing Puddles in the Dikes are turn'd;
 And Icicles hang rigid from their Beards.
 Nor less, mean-while, it snows o'er all the Air:
 The Cattle die; The Neat, of bulky Size, 455
 With Frost surrounded stand; The Stags in Drovers,
 Benumb'd beneath th'unusual Weight, scarce raise
 Their Heads, or with their topmost Horns appear.
 These the rough Hunters nor with Dogs, nor Toils,
 Nor with the Line of crimson Plumes pursue; 460
 But, as in vain they labour with their Breasts,
 And push against th' opposing Hills of Snow,

Ver. 451. *Wine is hewn.*
Humida: i. e. liquida. Me-
 thinks *Virgil* should have said
 just the contrary, *solida.* But
 He knew best. As it is; *prius*,
 or *antè* must be understood.

Next Ver. *Vertère.* I have of-
 ten (perhaps too often) taken
 notice of the Active us'd Pas-
 sively: and shall say no more
 of it.

Stab

BOOK 3. VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS. 193

Stab them, with Swords, or Spears, in closer Fight,
Braying aloud ; and, with a mighty Shout,
Triumphant, carrying off the bleeding Prey. 465

Themselves in low-sunk Caverns, under Ground,
Secure, and Jovial live ; whole Oaks and Elms,
Roll to the Hearths, and pile them on the Fire ;
In Mirth and Jollity protract the Night ;
And Beer, and Cyder quaff, instead of Wine. 470

Such is th' unbroken Race of Men, who live
Beneath the Pole ; by rough *Riphaean* Blasts
For ever buffeted ; and with the Skins
And tawny Furs of Beasts their Bodies cloath.

If Wool be thy Delight ; From prickly Brakes, 475

And Burs and Thistles, be thy Flocks remov'd :
Rich Pastures shun ; soft, snow-white Fleeces chuse.

The Ram, tho' white Himself, if underneath
His humid Palate ev'n his Tongue be black,
Discard, (lest he with sable Spots infect 480

The new-born Lambs, discolouring the Race)

And seek Another o'er the well-stock'd Field.

With Wool of This pure Teint (if such a Fame
Deserve our Credit) *Pan*, th' *Arcadian* God,
Deceiv'd Thee, *Cynthia*, by That Gift allur'd ; 485

Nor wert Thou coy to follow, at his Call,

Into the deep Recesses of the Grove.

But He, whose Study is on Milk employ'd,

With

Ver. 470. *And Beer, and Cyder, &c.*] *Fermentum* ; Yest, or Barm ; for the Liquor which it makes. *Acidis imitantur vitea [vina] forbis.* We make

Cyder only of *Apples* ; but That, or such another Liquor may be made with other Fruits. Next Ver. *Septem subiecta trioni* ; for *subiecta septentrioni*. Tmes.

With *Lote*, and *Citysus* must store the Cribs;
 And minister salt Herbs: For fodder'd Thus 490
 They drink the more, the more distend their Dugs,
 And in their Milk the hidden Salt retain.
 Some sever from their Dams the well-grown Kids,
 And with hard prickly Muzles bind their Mouths.
 What with the rising Morn, or in the Day, 495
 They milk'd, at Night they press: But what at Eve
 And with the setting Sun, in Vats and Pails,
 The Shepherd, early, to the Town conveys;
 Or lightly salted keeps for Winter-Store.

Nor be thy Care of Dogs the last; but feed 500
 With fatt'ning Whey the brave *Molossian* Race,
 And the fleet *Spartan*: Never (while They watch)
 The nightly Thief, or Inroads of the Wolf,
 Or ravaging *Iberian*, shalt thou fear.
 Oft too with Hounds the timorous Wild-Afs 505
 Thou shalt pursue; with Hounds, the Hare, and Hind:
 Oft from his Wallowing-Beds in Thickets rouse
 The silvan Boar, and chase him in full Cry;
 And o'er the lofty Mountains, with a Shout,
 The stately Stag into thy Toyls impel. 510

Learn

Ver. 492. *Hidden Salt, &c.*] *Occultum Saporem*: Something of the Taste, but not much; so that it seems to be *hidden*: The Milk is *season'd*, but not *salt*. *Referunt*. The Sense is the same, as if it were *refinent*.

Ver. 493. *Well-grown.*] Some take *excretos* for *separated*, *wean'd*; Some for *grown big*. The latter is the best.

Ver. 494. *Bind their Mouths.*] *Primaque ferratis, &c.* Hypall. *Præfigunt capistra primis* [i. e. *extremis*] *oribus*.

Ver. 499. — *Keep for Winter, &c.*] But it must be made into *Butter* or *Cheese*: Otherwise it will not *keep* so long, however it be *salted*. *Hyemem* for *in hyemem*.

Learn too with Smoke of Cedar to perfume
 Thy Stalls, and drive away with Scent of Gums
 The hostile Serpents. Oft beneath thy Cribs
 Unmov'd, the Viper, of pernicious Touch,
 Lurks unperceiv'd, and frighted flies the Light: 515
 Or the huge Snake, to Coverts, and the Shade,
 Accustom'd, direful Pest of lowing Herds,
 Infects them with his Poyson; and to Earth
 Clings, skulking. Farmer, fill thy Hand with Stones,
 Or with a Club; and Him with wrathful Hiss 520
 Threatning aloud, and heaving his swoln Neck,
 Demolish: Now in Flight full deep he hides
 His coward Head; when now his middle Folds
 Lie slacken'd, and unfurl'd; and of his Tail
 Th' extremest Winding drags it's lingring Spires. 525
 A Serpent too of more distinguish'd Note
 Lurks in *Calabria's* Woods; His Breast erect;
 His scaly Back convolv'd; His Belly long,
 And speckled with large Spots. While Rivers burst
 From Fountains; while in dewy Spring the Earth 530
 Is moisten'd by the rainy Southern Winds;

He

Ver. 511. *Learn too with Smoke, &c.*] I have somewhere else observ'd that *Virgil* has a great Love for a Snake. I mean in his Poetry, and Descriptions: for I suppose he had as little Affection for the Animal itself, as Others have. He has here given us 26 Verses upon That Subject; which are some of the finest he ever made. See the Note on *Æneid.* v. 111.

Ver. 514. *Of pernicious Touch*] *Mala tactu*: Either *tactu* for *tactui*, and *mala* for *noxia*: Or *mala tactu*, dangerous to be touch'd; like *difficile dictu*, &c. Next Ver. but three. *Fovet humum*. See Note on *Æneid.* ix. 71. Transl. Next Ver. *Timidum*, i. e. *cui timet*, says *Servius*. But how *timidum* can so signify he does not inform us. Next Ver. *Agmina*. Because the Parts seem to fol-

He lives in Water: and, the Nooks of Banks
 Inhabiting, on Fish, and croaking Frogs,
 Voracious, feeds; and crams his filthy Maw.
 But when the Ponds are dry'd, and Summer cleaves
 The Soil adust; He darts into the Fields, 536
 Raging, and rolling round his fiery Eyes,
 Scar'd by the Heat, exasp'rated with Thirst.
 Ah! may I never Then in open Air
 Sweet Sleep indulge, nor lie upon the Grass 540
 In a cool Glade; when, having cast his Skin,
 And new; and sleek in glitt'ring Youth, he rolls;
 Or, leaving in his Den his Eggs, or Young,
 Sublime against the Sun, his burnish'd Crest
 Uprears, and darts his quiv'ring forky Tongue. 545

Diseases next, their Causes, and their Signs,
 I will explain. The foul contagious Scab
 Seizes the Sheep: when far into their Flesh
 The Cold of Rain, or Winter's hoary Frost
 Has sunk; Or to their new-shorn Sides the Sweat 550
 Adheres, unwash'd away; Or prickly Briers
 Their Bodies wound. This Mischief to prevent,
 The Swains in clear fresh Rivers wash their Flocks;
 The Ram, when plung'd into the Flood, dismiss'd
 Swims down, and smoothly cuts the current Stream:

Or

low, or march after one another, as in a Train or Troop.

Ver. 538. *Scar'd by the Heat.*]
Exterritus aestu. Some read
exercitus: And a very good
 Reading it is. Yet I am rather
 for *exterritus*: It does not
 so properly imply Fear in this
 place, as *Astonishment* and *Con-*
fusion. The Heat so plagues

and torments him; that he is
 confounded and amaz'd at it.
 Thus Ver. 545. — *Attoniti*
squammis adstantibus hydri.

Ver. 541. *In a cool Glade.*
Dorso nemoris: On a rising
 Ground in a Wood. Not *ja-*
cuisse dorso [lie on his back]
per herbas nemoris.

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Or with the bitter Lees of Oil they tinge 556
 Their Bodies shorn; and mingle Silver's Spume,
 And living Sulphur, and Sea-Leek, and Wax,
Idean Pitch, and viscid unctuous Tar,
 Rank Hellebore, and black Bitumen's Slime. 560
 But of all Remedies more present found
 Is None, than with the sharpen'd Steel to launce
 The Ulcer's Orifice: The Mischief lives
 By being hid, and more inver'trate grows;
 While to the Malady the lazy Swain 565
 Refuses to apply his healing Hands,
 And, sitting, prays the Gods for better Fate.
 But when th'acute Disease has pierc'd more deep,
 Raging within the bleating Patient's Bones;
 And on his Limbs a scorching Fever feeds; 570
 'Twill profit, to avert the burning Heat,
 And open in his Foot the leaping Vein:
 As the *Bisaltæ* practise, and the fierce
Geloni; when to *Rhodope* they fly,
 And to the *Getic* Desarts; where they drink 575
 Coagulated Milk, with Horses Blood.
 Whatever Sheep thou see'st to Shades retire
 More frequent; or more negligently chew
 The topmost Grass; or loiter in the Rear;
 Or, feeding, on the Field lie down; or late, 580
 And lonely, with the Close of Eve, return:

Delay

Ver. 561. *Of all Remedies.*] *Præsens fortuna laborum*: i. e. *præsens remedium malis.* Ver. 460. Orig. *Ima pedis* for *imam partem pedis.*

Ver. 574. 'Twill profit.] Orig.

Profuit: It has profited. The thing is the same. It might have been *proderit.*

Ver. 580. *Late and lonely.*] *Seræ solam, &c.* See Note on *Ecl. vii. 105.*

Delay not, kill th' Infected; e'er thro' all
 Th' unwary Flock the dire Contagion spread.
 Less multiply'd are Whirlwinds in a Storm,
 Than Plagues among the Cattle: Nor content 583
 With single Deaths, they sweep whole Plains at once,
 Whole Folds, and Herds, and all their future Hopes.

This may he know; who views th' æreal Alps,
 And Noric Castles, high, on Mountains rear'd;

And

Ver. 582. *Kill th' Infected.* *Culpam*: i. e. *vitium*. And That again for *ovem vitiatam*. *Ruæus* interprets it not of the Sheep itself; but of the Disease, or Part infected; which must be cut out. But then the Reason should have been, that This very Sheep may live; not lest the Contagion should spread among the rest; Which is the Reason *Virgil* gives. Besides; who in his Wits would let one Sheep live, when it has the Plague; in hopes of its being cur'd? Strangely inelegant and unpoetical, (to say no worse; for it is really scarce Sense) is the Interpretation of *Servius*, follow'd by *De La Cerda*: By killing This Sheep *tuam culpam compeſce*.

Ver. 584. *Less multiply'd, &c.* *Non tam creber agens hyemem ruit* [ex] *æquore turbo*. The Words *agens hyemem* are commonly explain'd by *tempeſtatem ferens*. And then it should be render'd not *in*, but *before* a Storm. But I rather understand it, *agens* for *agitans hyemem*, or *ærem in hyeme*, i. e. *procellâ*. Surely a multitude of Whirlwinds do not precede a

Storm; but *are themselves* ones, or at least *parts* of one.

Ver. 585. *Than Plagues, &c.* *Quam multæ pecudum pestes*. If the Word *Pestes* be taken at large for *Illnesses, Diseases, Miscchiefs, &c.* as it often is; it is literally true that there are *many* such among Cattle. And then in the next Words *nec singula morbi, &c. interdum* seems to be understood by way of Ellipsis: *Morbi* signifying *Plagues* in the strictest Sense, which he is going to describe. As if he should have said; *Innumerable* are the *Diseases* among Cattle; and *sometimes* they have *infectious* ones: which sweep multitudes at once. But if *Pestes* be here taken strictly for *Plagues*, as I believe it is; it is not true that there are *many* such: And so *multæ* must be for *multiplicatæ*, implying only the *Spreading* or *Propagation* of one and the same Pestilence.

Ver. 588. *This may He know, &c.* *Tum ſciat* [hoc eſſe verum quod dixi] *ſi quis nunc quoque poſt tanto videat æreas Alpes, &c. & lapidis arva Timavi deſertaque regna Paſtorum,*

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And Countries water'd by *Timavus*' Stream ; 590
 The Shepherds' Kingdoms ev'n Now desart seen ;
 And far and wide the desolated Groves.
 'Twas Here, long since, a Plague from tainted Air
 Rose, and with all the Fires of Autumn burn'd ;
 Beasts, tame, and savage, of all Species, slew ; 595
 Poyson'd the Rivers ; o'er the Pastures spread
 Contagious Juice. Nor simple was the Form
 Of Death : For when the burning Fever, shot
 Thro' all their Veins, had cramp'd their tortur'd Limbs ;
 A fluid Slime abounded ; and their Bones, 600
 Piecemeal dissolv'd, to it's own Substance turn'd.
 Oft, standing at the Altar, and with Wreaths,
 And woolly Fillets bound, the Victim Bull,
 In the mid Honour of the Gods, fell dead
 Between the lingring Sacrificers' Hands. 605
 Or if the Priest dispatch'd him, e'er he fell ;
 The Fibres burn not, on the Altars laid ;
 Nor can the holy Seer, consulted, give
 The Answers of the Gods : The Knives, beneath

In.

rum, &c. *Servius* and *De La Cerda* give a quite different Interpretation ; which the Reader may chuse if he pleases : For my Part, I do not think it worth transcribing. This is by much the more natural, easy, and elegant. *Ruæus* has This, and no other.

Ver. 593. *A Plague.*] *Tempestas.* The Temper of the Air for the Plague which it caus'd. Metonym. Effect.

Ver. 597. *Not simple.*] *Nec via mortis erat simplex.* Either

it was not single ; but complicated : or not usual ; but new, and uncommon : or Both.

Ver. 598. *The burning Fever.*] *Sitis* for the Fever which is attended with Thirst. Metonym. Adjunct. *Acta omnibus venis :* i. e. *adacta in,* or *per omnes venas.* *Adduxerat,* i. e. *contraxerat.* Next Verse, *Rursus* for *Deinde,* or perhaps *contra.*

Ver. 603. *And woolly Fillets.*] *Lanea dum niveâ, &c.* For the Shape, and Use of the Infula and *Vitta* in Sacrifice, see the

Commen-

Infix'd, are faintly redden'd with the Gore ; 610
 A meagre Stream of putrid Matter flows,
 And scarce imbrowns the Surface of the Sand.
 In ev'ry Pasture, on the verdant Grass,
 The Calves all die ; and render their sweet Souls
 Before the plenteous Racks : The gentle Dogs 615
 Run mad : The wheezing Swine with rattling Coughs
 Are torn, and strangled in their swelling Throats.
 Unhappy of his Toils, the Victor Steed
 Sinks, and forgets his Food ; and loaths the Streams,
 And paws the Ground, and hangs his flagging Ears ; 620
 Bedew'd with doubtful Sweats ; and Those, near Death,
 Clammy, and cold : His rigid Hide resists
 The Touch, and harden'd no Impression takes.
 These Symptoms first : But, as the Evil grows
 More obstinate, and gathers Strength from Time ; 625
 His Eyes are all inflam'd ; From his deep Breast
 His Breath with Labour heaves ; Long Sobs and Groans
 Dissend his Entrails : From his Nostrils drops
 Black rosy Gore ; and to his Jaws his Tongue,
 Clotted with Filth, and Putrefaction, cleaves. 630
 A Drench of Wine at first was helpful found,
 Pour'd thro' a Horn ; That seem'd the sole Ressource :
 At length ev'n That prov'd fatal ; and, with Rage

Re-

Commentators, and Antiquarians.

Ver. 618. *Unhappy of his Toils.*] *Infelix studiorum.* So on the contrary, *fortunatus laborum.* See the Note on *Æneid.* xi. 549. *Immemor herbae.* Some take it for the *Palm* he won in the Race : But I rather understand it of his *Pasture.* Next

Verse, *Avertitur* for *aversatur*, *odit.*

Ver. 620. *Long Sobs and Groans.*] *Longo Ilia singultu tendunt.* See the Note on *Æneid.* ix. 540, 541.

Ver. 630. *Clotted with Filth.*] *Obsessas fauces premit aspera lingua.* Presses them ; because it sticks close to them ; being
 reugh

Book 3. VIRGIL's GEORGICKS. 201

Recruited, in the Pangs of Death, they tore
 With their bare Teeth their mangled Flesh: Ye Gods,
 To pious Mortals grant a better Mind, 636
 And turn That dire Distraction on our Foes.
 Smoking beneath the Plough the sturdy Steer
 Falls down, and spues a Flood of Gore and Foam,
 And groans his last: The pensive Hind unyokes 640
 His mourning Fellow-Lab'rer, and amidst
 Th' unfinish'd Furrow leaves the sticking Share:
 No Shades of Groves, no grassy Meads can move
 His Soul; Nor Streams, which, rolling o'er the Stones,
 Purer than Crystal, glide along the Fields: 645
 His long deep Flank hangs flabby, and relax'd;

Fix'd

rough and swollen. *Obsessas*,
 choak'd up, and obstructed.

Ver. 635. *Ye Gods, &c.*] *Dii* [dent] *meliora piis; errorem-que illum* (i. e. *illam insaniam*) *hostibus*. One of the Commentators in the *Variorum*-Edition makes These Words relate to the Owners of the Horses, for giving them so destructive a Medicine: But no doubt the Poet (as all Others understand him) meant it of the Horses themselves. There is a great Elegancy and Poetical Beauty in applying to Brutes, and even to Trees, the Language of Men towards one another. The Word *nudis* in the next Line seems to imply, that by tearing their Flesh they at the same time tore the Gums from their Teeth. *Ut sæditatem exprimeret, adjecit nudis*; says a Commentator in the *Varior*. And what he means I know not.

Ver. 641. *His mourning Fellow-Labourer.*] i. e. the dead Bull's Fellow-Labourer, the surviving one: *Mærentem abjungens fraternâ morte juvencum*. I am here forced to comment upon myself: I knew not how to express it more clearly.

Ver. 643. *No Shades, &c.*] See the Note on *Æneid*, vii. 638.

Ver. 645. *Crystal.*] In the Orig. 'tis *electro*: Either Amber; or a fine shining Metal, so call'd. Ver. 523. Orig. *Oculos stupor urget inertes*. Thus *Morbo urgeri*, *Onus urget*, &c. *Urgeo* for *premo*, *vexo* &c. Next Ver. *devexo pondere*: *Devexo*; i. e. bowed, hanging, or bending down. Thus *Arva devexa*, hanging Fields: *Devexum caput in humerum*, &c. *Devexo pondere cervix*; for *cervix devexa* *pondere* [suo.] These *Transpositions* are frequent in the Poets.

Fix'd in their Sockets stand his stupid Eyes ;
 And prone to Earth his heavy Head hangs down.
 What Now avail his Toils to human Kind
 Beneficent? What boots him to have turn'd 650
 The stubborn Glebe? Yet not the *Massic* Gifts
 Of *Bacchus*, no rich Banquets, cause their Pain:
 The Trees, and Pastures, yield them simple Food ;
 Their Bev'rage, limpid Springs, and running Streams ;
 Nor is their healthful Sleep disturb'd by Cares. 655
 'Twas Then, they say, that Kine, for *Juno's* Rites,
 Were wanting ; and by Bufaloes ill-match'd
 Her Chariots to the stately Temples drawn.
 Then too the Earth was by the weary Hinds 659
 Themselves, instead of Ploughs, with Harrows, till'd ;
 With their own Hands they dug, and set the Grain ;
 And, o'er the lofty Mountains, on their Necks,
 Strain'd with vast Labour, drew the rattling Car :
 The Wolf no longer, nightly roaming round,
 Prouls, and explores the Cotts ; A sharper Care 665
 Subdues him : Now the tim'rous Hinds and Deer
 Among the Dogs, and round the Houses, rove.
 Now the vast Ocean's Progeny, and all
 The finny Race, like ship-wreck'd Bodies thrown
 Upon the Shore, lie beaten by the Waves : 670
 The *Phocæ* to the wond'ring Rivers fly :

The

Ver. 657. *Were wanting.*]
Quæsitæ, i. e. desideratæ
 [fuisse] for *desuisse*.

Ver. 663. *Strain'd with, &c.*]
Contentâ, from Contendo not
contineo.

Interit & curvis frustra defensa lutebris
Vipera, & attoniti squamis adstantibus hydri.

Ver. 671. *To the wond'ring*
 &c.] *Insolitæ fugiunt ad flumina*
Phocæ ; for Phocæ (quod insoli-
tum est) fugiunt, &c. The
 next two Lines strike me ex-
 tremely :

As

BOOK 3. VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS. 203

The Viper, vainly by her winding Den
 Defended, and the Snakes, with staring Scales,
 Amaz'd expire. Ev'n to the Birds the Air
 Is mortal; and beneath the Clouds aloft 675
 They leave their Lives, and headlong fall to Earth.
 Nor aught the Change of Pasture now avails;
 The med'c'nal Arts prove hurtful: In Those Arts
 The Chief, fam'd *Chiron*, and *Melampus*, cease
 Their fruitless Labour. From the *Stygian* Gloom 680
 To upper Light *Tisiphone* ascends;
 Before her drives Diseases, and Dismay;
 Rages, and, rising, higher still uprears
 Her baleful Head, and gains upon the Sky.
 With bleating Sheep, and lowing Herds, the Streams,
 The sloping Mountains, and dry Banks, resound. 686
 Now Heaps on Heaps expire: Ev'n in the Stalls,
 And Stables, Carcasses promiscuous lie,
 Rotting in Gore: 'Till, urg'd by That Distress,
 They learnt to hide, and bury them in Earth. 690
 For of their Skins no Use was made; Their Flesh
 No Water could dilute, nor Fire subdue.
 Nor could they shear the Fleeces, by the Plague,
 And running Sores, corrupted; nor ev'n touch,
 Unhurt, the putrid Wool: Or if they try'd. 695

Th

As do Those a little Before:

*Non lupus insidias explorat ovilia circum,
 Nec gregibus nocturnus obambulat: acrior illum
 Cura domat*——

But I am breaking my Promise; which was to say no more of These matters.

Ver 687. *Now Heaps, &c.*]
Jamque catervatim dat [sub-
 aud. *Tisiphone*, or *Possis*.]

Ver. 691. *Flesh.*] *Viscera.*
 See the Note on *Æneid*. vi.
 327.

Ver. 695. *Wool.*] *Telas*, for
 the *Wool* out of which they
 are to be made.

Th' infectious Cloathing; fiery Whelks, and Blains,
 And Sweats, of noisome Stench, their Bodies seiz'd:
 And in short space, from That contagious Touch,
 The *sacred Fire* their tainted Limbs devour'd.

Ibid. *Unburt.*] This is not
 express'd: but *impune*, or some
 such Word, must be under-
 stood.

Ver. 697. *Seiz'd.*] *Seque-*
batur; for *comitabatur*, or ra-

ther *persequabatur*; *persecuted*,
 and *tormented*. In the same
 Verse, *deinde moranti* seems
 superfluous, flat, and not like
Virgil's Style.

The End of the Third Book.





VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS.

BOOK the FOURTH.

A Bee, though an Insect, and so in the Order of Animals, far inferiour to a Horse, &c. is yet *in some respects* a more wonderful Creature. The Extraction of *Honey* is one of the greatest Curiosities in Nature: And what a *noble*, and *useful* Liquor it is, both in Food, and Medicine, is well known to the World. Then again, the Texture of the *Combs* by These little Animals is one of the most amazing Works of Providence: And the manifold *Uses* made of the *Wax*, for the *Benefit* of Mankind, are no less obvious.

This Book is distinguish'd, 1st, By the *solemn grave* Air with which the Poet treats These *illustrious Insects*; giving them not only the *Passions*, but the *Reason*, *Wisdom*, and *Magnanimity* of Men. Nay he seems to attribute a Kind of *Divinity* to them:

*Esse apibus partem divinæ mentis, & haustus
Æthereos* —————

2dly,

2dly, By the *Polity* and *Government* of Bees: They being, as he says, the *only* Creatures, besides Men, that have any such thing. 3dly, By the *Episôde* of *Aristæus* recovering his Bees, *Cyrene*, *Proteus*, and the Story of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*; all which, taken together, is perhaps the finest Piece of Poetry in the World.

A Ereal Honey next, celestial Gift,
 I sing: this too, *Mecænas*, claims your Thoughts.
 Wonders conceal'd in little Things to You
 I will unfold; brave Chiefs, of all the Race
 The various People, Manners, Studies, Arts, 5
 And Battles. Small the Argument: Not small
 The Glory; if the unpropitious Pow'rs
 Oppose not, and *Apollo* hears our Pray'r.

First for Your Bees a Station must be found,
 To Gusts of Wind impervious; For the Winds 10
 Forbid them to bring home their balmy Spoils:
 Nor let the Sheep, or frisking Kids, insult

The

Ver. 1. *Æreal*—*Celestial*.] Because Honey was suppos'd to come from *Dew*; as That from the *Air*.

Ver. 5. *Arts*.] This is imply'd, though not express'd. Their *Arts* are the Consequences of their *Studia*, Studies, Inclinations, Labours, &c.

Ver. 6, &c. *Small*, &c.] *In tenui* [argumento] *Labor*. *Si quem* [i. e. aliquem Scriptorem] —*sinunt* [hoc argumentum exequi.] *Numina læva*: The

Word *læva* may signify either *propitious*, or the direct contrary. If the former; *sinunt* must mean *permit*, by *assisting*: If the other; *permit*, by *not hindring*. The latter is certainly, upon all accounts, the better.

Ver. 11. *Balmy Spoils*.] Orig. *Pabula*; The Honey part of which They feed upon: Or perhaps the Materials for Wax, which they carry upon their Thighs. See the Note on B. ii. ver. 531.

The Flow'rs; nor Heifers, roaming o'er the Field,
 Shake off the Dew, or crush the rising Herbs.
 Far from their Hives be speckled Lizards driv'n; 15
 The Woodpeck, too; and *Progne*, on her Breast,
 Distinct with Spots of Blood: For These of All
 Wide Ravage make; and ev'n the humming Prey
 Snatch'd in their Mouths bear to their cruel Young,
 Grateful Repast. But let fresh Springs, and Ponds 20
 Verdant with Moss, be near; and shallow Brooks,
 That with swift Current thro' the Meadows run:
 And let a Pa'm, or huge Wild-Olive, shade
 The Entrance: That, when first the recent Kings
 Draw out their Swarms; and, issuing from the Hives,
 The Youth luxuriant sports in vernal Air; 26
 The neighb'ring Banks may tempt them to avoid
 The Heat; and Trees with hospitable Boughs
 Obvious detain them. Whether dull in Ponds
 Thy Water stand, or flow in living Rills; 30
 Into the Midst throw Willow-Boughs across,
 And planky Stones: Where, as on Bridges rais'd,
 They may alight; and to the Summer-Sun
 Expand their Wings; if chance the Eastern Blast
 Boist'rous has sprinkled them returning late; 35
 Or plung'd them, blown askance, into the Waves.
 Near These, let Store of Lavender, and Thyme,
 Strong-

Ver. 15. *Speckled Lizards.*] *Pisti* [quoad] *squalentia* [i. e. *maculosa*, *squamea*] *terga*, &c. The same ver. *Their Hives.* Orig. *Pinguibus a stabulis*: Because of the unctuous nature both of the *Wax*, and *Honey*,

which is in them. Next ver. *Progne*; the *Swallow*, into which *Progne* was metamorphos'd.
 Ver. 26. *Vernal Air.*] *Vere* too. See the Note on *Æneid*. v. 1061.

Strong-scented Herbs, and Mint, and Sav'ry grow;
 And Beds of Violets drink the running Stream.
 Whether thy Hives compact of hollow Bark 40
 Be made, or wov'n with bending Osier-Twigs:
 Still be the Entrance strait: For Winter's Cold
 Coagulates the Honey; Summer's Heat
 Melts and dissolves it. Either by the Bees
 Alike is to be dreaded: Nor for Nought 45
 Do they with Wax, and Flow'rs, and *Fucus* fill
 And point the narrow Cranies of their Cell,
 And for this Purpose hoard collected Glew,
 More tough then Birdlime or *Idean* Pitch.
 Oft too in Caverns, (if we credit Fame) 50
 They dig their secret Mansions; and in Clefts
 Of Pumice, and in hollow Oaks are found.
 Yet not the less do Thou their chinky Walls
 Daub with smooth Clay; and plaister them around,
 And add thin Leaves. Nor nigh those Walls permit 55
 The Eugh; Nor burn the redd'ning Crabs; nor trust
 Deep Waters; nor let Dung of noisome Scent
 Be near; nor concave Rocks, from which, when struck
 With Noise, the Image of a Voice rebounds.
 For what remains; when *Sol* beneath the Globe 60
 Has banish'd Winter, and with Summer's Light

En-

Ver. 46. *With Flow'rs and Fucus.* Not with *themselves*, but with *Matter* extracted from them. Metonym. Ver. 43. Orig. *penitus*. i. e. *intus*, *intimè*.

Ver. 59. *The Image of a Voice.* To call an *Echo* the Image of a *Voice* is an elegant

Transferring of *Ideas* from one Sense to another; from *Seeing* to *Hearing*. *Horace* has the same Lib. i. Ode 12. *Jocosa* image. *Offensa*: i. e. *allisa*, & *repercussa*.

Ver. 61. *Summer's Light.* Strictly, the *Spring*: but as *Virgil*

BOOK 4. VIRGIL's GEORGICKS. 209

Enlarg'd the Air; thro' Lawns and Groves they fly;
 And sip the purple Flow'rs, and skim the Streams:
 Hence studious, with I know not what Delight,
 They feed their tender Young; and build with Art 65
 Their waxen Cells; and work the viscous Sweets.
 Hence, when a Swarm, from its disburthen'd Hive,
 Swimming thro' Heav'n's high Arch thou shalt behold,
 And wond'ring see a Cloud in Air serene
 Black'ning aloft, and wafted by the Wind; 70
 Observe: Fresh Springs, and Trees they always seek;
 Here sprinkle Thou th' appointed Odours, Juice
 Of Baum, and Honey-suckle's vulgar Flow'r;
 And ring the sounding Brass, and round them shake
 The *Berecynthian* Timbrel: They themselves 75
 Will

Virgil says *æstivâ* in Latin, I have a Right to say Summer in English. The Seasons are not exactly distinguish'd: Some, for instance, place May in Spring; Others in Summer. With Some November is in Autumn; with Others in Winter, &c. Same Verse, *Reclufit*; open'd, or enlarg'd it, by making it more serene. See Note on *Æneid* vi. 829.

Ver. 63. *Sip—and skim.*] *Metunt* for *carpunt*: What they gather from the Flowers being to them a kind of Harvest, or Crop. *Libant* for *dehabant*.

Ver. 67. Hence.] *Hinc* in this place relates to Time; and is put for *deinde*, or *postea*. And so we sometimes use *hence* in English. Same Ver. *Caveis*. The Words *Cubilia*, *Stabula*, *Præse-*

pia, *Caveæ*, *Cunabula*, *Teſta*, are all put for *Alvearia* Hives. Ver. 59. Orig. *liquidam æſtatem*: i. e. *liquidum ærem æſtivum*.

Ver. 71. Trees.] *Frondea teſta*. The Word *teſta* here is difficult: *Teſta* [subaud. *avium*] ſay Some; as *Domos avium* Geor. ii. 209. But This is very dark. As I remember, the Bees generally, if not always, ſettle upon ſome inward Bough of the Tree; and ſo the outward ones are a *Teſtum* to Them. That, I believe, is here meant.

Ver. 75. *They themſelves, &c.*] It ſeems, the way of biwing a Swarm was different in Italy, from what it is in England. They will not be ſo tractable here, as to come into the Hive of their own accord, notwithstanding

Will on the medicated Place alight,
And nestle in the inmost Hive's Recept.

But if to Fight They issue forth; (for oft
Between two Kings, with Tumult, Discord reigns:)
The Vulgar's Rage, and Courage, and their Hearts 80
Trembling with eager Appetite of War,
You may foreknow. A Clarion, shrill as Brass,
Rouses the Laggards; and a Martial Noise
Distant is heard, like Trumpets' broken Sounds.
Then trembling they unite, and shake their Wings, 85
And with their sharp Proboscis whet their Darts,
And fit their Claws; and round their Monarch's Court
Thicken and muster; and with loud Acclaim
Provoke the Foe. Now, having gain'd a Sky
Serene, and open Fields of vernal Air, 90
They issue from their Gates; and join the Shock
Of Battle: Humming thro' th' Ethereal Void,
In one huge Cluster they conglobed, and fall
Precipitant; Not thicker falls the Hail,

Nor

standing the Allurements of
sweet Herbs, and the Ringing of
the Brass: We are forc'd to
cut off the Bough upon which
they hang, and cover them
with the Hive; Then, and not
otherwise, *intima—se in cuna-
bula condunt.*

Ver. 80. *The Vulgar's Rage,*
&c.] Orig. *Continuo quæ ani-
mos vulgi,* &c. That *que* is
very extraordinary; No Com-
mentator takes notice of it.
Trepidantia, with eagerness,
and haste, not fear. So again,
ver. 73. Orig. *Trepidæ inter se,*
&c. Next ver. *Longè præscif-
cere.* *Longè* may relate either to

Time, or *Place*: Here, being
join'd to *præscifcere*, in the first
Meaning it should signify a
great while before-hand: Tho'
perhaps it may mean too, in the
other Signification, you may hear
the Noise at a Distance.

Ver. 82. *A Clarion, &c.*] Orig. *Martius ille æris rauci
canor,* &c. *Ille* iis καὶ ἐξοχῶν,
and expresses something eminent
and distinguish'd. The loudest
Sound, &c.

Ver. 88. *Acclaim.*] *Clamori-
bus*: i. e. Something equiva-
lent to what in Men is called
Clamour, or Shouting. Ver. 92.
Orig. *Ipfi* [Reges.]

BOOK 4. VIRGIL's GEORGICKS. 211

Nor Show'rs of Acorns from a shaken Oak. 95
 The Kings Themselves, betwixt the middle Ranks,
 Conspicuous shine, and spread their glist'ning Wings,
 (Their little Bodies mighty Souls inform !)
 Resolute not to yield, 'till These, or Those,
 Push'd by the Victor, turn their Backs in Flight. 100
 These fierce Encounters, and This Martial Rage,
 A little Dust thrown upwards will allay.
 But when both Leaders from the foughten Field
 Thou hast recall'd; the Vanquish'd, lest he live,
 Hurtful, on Plunder, by thy Hand must bleed; 105
 The Conqu'ror in his Court, unrival'd, reign.
 The One (for diff'rent are their Species) burns
 With vary'd Spots, and Gold; His Form all o'er
 Beauteous, and bright with glist'ring Scales: This Kind
 The Best; The other horrid, and with Sloth 110
 Inglorious, trails his swagging Paunch along.
 Nor less the People, than their Kings, are found
 Of Forms distinct: Some foul, of dusky Hue;
 As when the Trav'ler, on a sandy Road,

From

Ver. 99. Resolute, &c.] *Usque aded obnixi non cedere; dum gravis, &c.* Construct. *Obnixi non cedere; usque aded dum, &c. usque dum, donec.* There is an Elegancy in *aded*. See *De La Cerda* upon the place. *Obnixi, i. e. obstinati, non cedere.* 'Tis purely Poetical Latin. *Gravis* for *sævus, terribilis*.

Ver. 114, &c. A sandy Road, &c.] *Pulvere* for *via pulverulenta*: *Terram* for *pulverem*. Froth commix'd: This is not express'd, in the Orig. but it

is imply'd. For he certainly means the Spittle changing its Colour, by being mix'd with Dust. In the Orig. too, 'tis not on the Road, but come from it: But the Sense of the Simile is the same either way. Next ver. but one, *Paribus lita [sunt] corpora, &c.* Next ver. *caeli tempore: i. e. anni.* Ver. 102. Orig. *Liquida*, clear, and fine: So it often signifies; not liquid only. Ver. 104. *Frigida tecta relinquunt*: For they become frigid by being relict.

From his dry Mouth spits Froth commix'd with Dust :
 Some glaring shine, and glow with Drops of Gold. 116
 Be These preferr'd: From These, at stated Times,
 Sweet Honey thou shalt press; yet not so sweet,
 As pure, and fine, and fitted to correct
 The harsher Relish of the *Bacchian* Juice. 120
 But when the Swarms uncertain sport in Air,
 Disdain their Combs, and quit their vacant Hives;
 Do Thou forbid their foolish Play, and fix
 Their flutt'ring Thoughts. Nor arduous is the Task:
 Clip their Kings' Pinions; While They stay, not One
 Durst march, or move the Standard from the Camp.
 Let Gardens, breathing with sweet-scented Flow'rs, 127
 Invite them; and *Priapus* with his Scythe
 Of Willow, terrible to Thieves, and Birds,
 Those Gardens keep. Let Him, whom such a Care 130
 Sollicits, from the lofty Mountains bring

Fresh

Ver. 125. *Clip their Kings' Pinions.*] But how shall one catch them? Or if one could seize them; would it not be difficult to *bold*, and *handle* them, so as to *cut their Wings*? And would not their Majesties be apt to dart out their Royal *Stings*; and with them their Royal *Lives*? No Commentator takes the least notice of this strange Difficulty; nor can I imagine what *Virgil* means. As if a Master-Bee were to be singled out, laid hold of, and *shorn*, with as much ease, as the *Bell-weather* of a Flock of Sheep.

Ver. 126. *March.*] *Altum iter*: i. e. *iter per ærem*. The

whole, *Ire iter, aut castris, &c.* is a Metaphor from the Marches, and Decampings, &c. in the Roman Armies.

Ver. 128, &c. *Priapus* — *Gardens keep.*] *Et tutela Priapi custos furum atque avium* — *servet* [eos: scil. Hortos.] *Custos avium, &c.* for *Abactor*: He keeps, or guards the Garden, by driving away the Birds and Thieves. The Word *Custos* being thus used, and being likewise join'd in Apposition with *tutela Priapi*, which itself is put for *Tutor Priapus*; the whole Expression is somewhat Catachrestical. Next two Verses, *Ipse thymum, &c. Serat* [eas] *late circum tecta* [apium.]

BOOK 4. *VIRGIL's GEORGICKS.* 213

Fresh Thyme, and gummy Pines ; and plant them round
 Their Straw-built Tents : Nor let Himself refuse
 With the hard Labour to indent his Hand ;
 With his own Hand the fertile Layers fix 135
 In Earth, and o'er them sprinkle friendly Show'rs.

And Here, did I not hasten now to furl
 My Sails, and turn my Vessel to the Shore ;
 Perhaps of fruitful Gardens I might sing,
 What Care must on their Culture be employ'd ; 140
 How twice each Year the *Pestian* Roses bloom ;

How

Ver. 137. *And here, did I not hasten, &c.*] There is a great deal of Art and Elegancy in thus hinting at what he *could*, and *would* do, if he had time for it. Besides the *Variety*, and *agreeable Digression* ; it gives us a *new Appetite* by the way, for something which we *cannot have* ; And This tends to the *Honour* of the Poem, and the Poet. 'Tis like shewing us a beautiful Building, or rather Garden, at a distance ; of which we can only see enough to know that *it is* beautiful : But being engag'd in a *Journey* have not time to take a nearer, and more particular View of it. The short Sketch we have Here, makes us long for more : He just mentions the Subject of *Gardening* in Those delicate Lines ;

*Forſitan & pingues hortos quæ cura colendi
 Ornaret canerem, biſerique roſaria Pæſti ;
 Quoque modo potis gauderent intyba riuis,
 Et virides apio ripæ ; tortuſque per herbam
 Creſceret in ventrem cucumis : nec ſerâ comantem
 Narcifſum, aut flexi tacuiſſem vimen acanthi,
 Pallentefque bederas, & amantes litora myrtos :*

and alſo by ſome other little Strictures ſcatter'd up and down, in That ſweet Deſcription of his *Corycius ſenex* ; and then *paſſes* it over, after having ſhewn us how finely he could have *adorn'd* it :

*Verum hæc ipſe equidem, ſpatiis excluſus iniquis,
 Prætereo, atque aliis poſſet commemoranda relinquo.*

Ibid. Furl.] Trabam : i. e. for ſerâ. So crebrâ for crebrò, contraham. Simplex pro Compoſito. Ver. 122. Orig. Serâ | *Georg. iii. 500. with many other Inſtances of the ſame Kind.*

How Endive, and green Banks where Parsley grows,
 Rejoicing drink the Rills; and thro' the Grafs
 The tortuous bellying Cucumber creeps on:
 Nor would I pass unsung *Narcissus*' Flow'r 145
 Late-blowing, nor *Acanthus*' flexile Stalk,
 Pale Ivy, and the Myrtle loving Shores.
 For underneath *Oebalia*'s lofty Tow'rs,
 Where black *Galefus*' Stream the yellow Glebe
 Refreshes, I remember to have seen 150
 An old *Corycian* Yeoman; to whose Lot
 A few hereditary Acres fell:
 The Soil to Steers unfriendly, and to Sheep;
 Nor for the Vine commodious. Yet ev'n Here
 He in This Mold, with Thorns e'erwhile o'ergrown,
 Planting thin Sallad, and white Lilies, round, 156
 Vervain, and wholesome Poppies, in his Thoughts
 Equal'd a Monarch's Wealth; and, late at Night

Re-

Ver. 149. *Glebe*.] *Culta*. See the Note on Georg. i. 197. So Georg. iv. 372. Orig.

Ver. 151. *An old Corycian Yeoman*.] Few Passages in all the Writings of Antiquity delight me more, than This love-

ly Description of Poverty and Industry. But why do I call it Poverty? *Pauper enim non est, cui rerum suppetit usus*. Them Contentment turn'd his little Garden into a great Estate:

Lilia, verbenasque premens, vesicumque papaver,
Regum æquabat opes animis —

Who, that reads This, despises not the *Wealth*, and pities not the *Persons*, of all the great ones upon Earth?

Ver. 152. *Hereditary*.] *Relisti*: Left him by his Relations. This adds much to the Grace of the Narrative. The little Land he had, and which he so improv'd, was his own: He paid no Rent for it. Next

ver. *Nec fertilis illa juvencis*: i. e. *nec apta arationi*. Because they plough'd with Oxen. Next ver. *Seges*: i. e. *Solum*. This I have more than once taken notice of. Next ver. *In dumis*: i. e. *solo prius dumoso*. Next ver. *Premens* for *infodiens*, pressing them, i. e. into the Earth. So Georg. ii. 346.

Returning home, with unbought Viands crown'd
 His plenteous Board: In Autumn, first was He 160
 To pluck the Apple; and in Spring, the Rose.
 Ev'n when sharp Winter cleft the Rocks with Frost,
 And fast in Chains of Ice the Rivers bound;
 Ev'n Then he shear'd the soft *Acanthus*' Leaves, 164
 Slow Summer blam'd, and Zephyr's ling'ring Breeze.
 Therefore in well-stock'd Hives, and num'rous Swarms,
 He first abounded; from the Combs first squeez'd
 The frothing Honey: The Linden, and the Pine
 Flourish'd for Him; and whate'er Apples Spring
 Promis'd in Blossoms, Autumn ripen'd gave. 170
 He too in Ranks dispos'd the late-grown Elms,
 And the hard Pear-Tree, and the Plumb ev'n Then
 Laden with Fruitage; and the Plane which yields
 To *Bacchus*' Sons its hospitable Shade.
 But These I pass, in narrow Bounds confin'd; 175
 And leave by future Poets to be sung.

Next

Ver. 165. *Slow Summer blam'd.*] The Meaning is, He had every thing in Order, and Readiness; and with Impatience waited for the Spring: The Approach of which seem'd slow, he being long since prepar'd for it.

Ver. 168. *Honey: The Linden.*] I have ventured to make a redundant Verse, or two, in the whole Translation of *Virgil's Works*. These Liberties should be allow'd; provided they are very sparingly us'd. *Virgil* himself takes more, and greater. *Any thing* almost, in a long *Work*, for the sake of *Variety*. Most Rules of This

Kind are best kept, by being sometimes broken.

Ver. 171. *In Ranks.*] *In Versum*; in ordinem: *Dispositus*; dispositus, digestus. Next ver. *Plumb* for the *Plumb-tree*. This must be allow'd in Poetry.

Ver. 175. *In narrow Bounds confin'd.*] *Spatiis exclusus iniquis*. Some read *disclusus*: And one would think it should be rather *inclusus*. As it is; it must mean *excluded* from prosecuting the Subject of Gardening, by the little time allow'd him to pursue his main Subject of the Bees.

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Next I'll unfold, what Nature to the Bee
 By *Jove* Himself was giv'n; For which Reward,
 Following the Sound of *Corybantian* Brads,
 They fed Heav'n's King beneath the *Cretian* Cave. 180
 Of all the mute Creation These alone
 A publick Weal, and common Int'rest know,
 Imbody'd; and subsist by certain Laws.
 Mindful of Winter, they in Summer toil;
 And for their Country's Good preserve their Store. 185
 Some, by joint Compact, range the Fields for Food,
 Industrious: Others in their Tents at home
Narcissus' clammy Tears, and Gum from Trees,
 Lay, as the first Foundation of their Combs;
 Then into Arches build the viscid Wax: 190
 Others draw forth their Colonies adult,
 The Nation's Hope: Some work the purer Sweets,
 And with the liquid Nectar stretch their Cells:
 Some (such their Post allotted) at the Gates,
 Stand Sentry; and alternate watch, the Rain, 195
 And Clouds, observing; or unlade their Friends
 Returning; or in Troops beat off the Drones,
 A lazy Cattle: Hot the Work proceeds;
 And fresh with Thyme the fragrant Honey smells.
 As when the *Cyclops* from the glowing Mass 200
 Labour

Ver. 181. *These alone.*] That
 is, of all irrational Creatures.
 Next ver. *Magnis legibus*: i. e.
 sacred, unalterable, &c. Ver.
 157. Orig. *quæ sita* for *acquistita*.
 158. *Victu* for *viſtui*. *Fædere*
pacto, by Compact, or Agree-
 ment. 160. *Gluten*; Gum,

which is like *Glew*. 162. *Suf-
 pendunt*; raise them *Arch-wise*:
 For an *Arch* seems to hang.
 164. *Stipant*; for *accumulant*,
condensant.

Ver. 200. *As when the Cy-
 clops, &c.*] This (notwithstand-
 ing the softning Parenthesis, *ſi
 parva*

BOOK 4. VIRGIL's GEORGICKS. 217

Labour *Jove's* Bolts: In breathing Bellows, Some
 Receive, and render back, th' included Air;
 Others in Water tinge the sputtering Brass;
Ætna with batter'd Anvils groans around:
 They with vast Strength in equal Measures raise 205
 Their Arms; and turn the Mass with griping Tongs.
 So (if great Things we may compare with small)
 The inbred Love of Getting prompts the Bees
 Their Labours to divide. The aged Sires
 With curious Architecture build their Cells; 210
 And guard their Towns; and fortify their Combs.
 But late at Night the Youth fatigu'd return;
 Their Legs with Thyme full-laden: Hov'ring round
 They suck the *Arbutus*, and Willows grey,
 Sweet Lavender, and *Crocus'* yellow Flow'r, 215
 The purple Hyacinth, and gummy Lime.
 They toil Together, and Together rest:
 With the first Morn they issue from their Gates;
 Ag in, when *Vesper* warns them to return

From

parva licet componere magnis)
 seems to be a prodigious Amplification; and to border upon
 Burlesque, or Ridicule. It
 would indeed be directly so;
 were little *Men* and *their* *Ac-*
tions described in all the Pomp
 of Words fit only for great ones:
 But it is otherwise, when *ira-*
tional *Creatures* are thus ag-
 grandized; as Mr. Pope * judi-
 ciously observes, and for the judi-

dicious Reason which he assigns.
 Ibid. *Glowing.*] Orig. *lenti-*
tis—massis: made soft, ductile,
 and more malleable. But then
 That is the Consequence of their
 being red-hot, or glowing. *Pro-*
perant: i. e. *propere* *formant*.
 Ver. 217. — *together rest.*] *Quies*
operum; i. e. *quies*, or
cessatio *ab operibus*. Ver. 190.
 Orig. *suus*: i. e. *sibi proprius*,
 or *convenient*.

* In his excellent *Postscript to the Odyssey*, p. 299, 300.

From Feeding, and the Fields; they homewards bend,
 Refresh their Bodies, and with murm'ring Noise 221
 Hum round the Sides, and Entrance of their Hives;
 At length in Silence hush'd all Night repose;
 And their own Sleep relieves their weary Limbs.
 While Rain impends, or Winds begin to rise; 225
 They rove not far from Home, nor trust the Sky:
 But drink, secure, beneath their City's Walls;
 And short Excursions try; and oft with Sand
 Ballast Themselves, like Ships on tossing Waves,
 And poise their Bodies thro' the Void of Air. 230

One Quality in Bees thou wilt admire;
 That genial Love they know not, nor indulge
Venus' soft Joys, nor propagate their Kind. -
 From Herbs, and fragrant Simples, with their Mouths
 They cull their Young; From thence the Insect King,
 And all his little Subjects they supply; 236
 And build their Palaces, and waxen Realms.
 Oft too, as o'er hard Flints they rove, they tear
 Their filmy Wings; and chuse, o'ercharg'd, to die
 Beneath the fragrant Burthen. Such their Love 240
 Of Flow'rs; so pow'rful is their Thirst of Fame
 In forming Honey. Therefore tho' their Term
 O' Life be short, (sev'n Summers, and no more;)

Yet

Ver. 232. *Genial Love.*] *Quod nec concubitu* [concubitu] *indulgent, &c. Verum ipsa è fo-*
liti, &c. This, it seems, was
 the Notion in *Virgil's* time;
 which I believe it would be easy
 to disprove: But Philosophy
 here is not my Business.

Ver. 237. *Build.*] *Refigunt.*

The Compound *Re* implies ei-
 ther *rebuilding*; or rather *per-*
petually, carefully, accurately
building. See *De La Cerda.*
 Some read *refigunt*; not so well.
 In the foregoing Verse, *Qui-*
rites is a *bold Word*; yet very
beautiful: but too bold for our
 Language.

Yet the immortal Progeny remains:

For many Years the Kingdom's Fortune stands; 245

And Grandfires number Grandfires in their Line.

Besides; not *Egypt*, nor wide *Lydia's* Realms,

Nor *Parthia*, nor *Hydaspes*, with such Zeal

Adore their King. Their King surviving, All

Unanimous concur; His Death dissolves 250

Society: Themselves their Honey-Stores,

And all the curious Texture of their Combs,

Demolish. He o'er all their Works presides;

Him they admire; and in one Body form'd,

Humming, inclose him round; And oft in War 255

Support him on their Shoulders; for His Life

Expose Their own, and court the glorious Death.

Some think, by These Appearances induc'd,

That to the Bees an Energy Divine,

And Part of the Celestial Mind, is giv'n; 260

For that a God, diffus'd thro' all the Mass,

Pervades the Earth, the Sea, and Deep of Air:

Hence Men, and Cattle, Herds, and savage Beasts,

All

Ver. 253. *Presides.*] *Ille operum custos: i. e. præsēs & curator.*

Ver. 258. *Some think, &c.*] *Ilis quidam signis [inducti] atque hæc exempla sequuti; i. e. hæc [in apibus] specimina [prudentiæ] considerantes. Esse apibus partem divinæ mentis, &c. See Note on Æneid. vi. 933. Haustus: i. e. spiritus, say all the Commentators; but how the Word can so signify, they do not inform us. I take Haustus*

æthereus for aliquod haustum ex æthere, and nothing else. Ver. 225. Orig. tenues, as apply'd to vitas, implies fine, delicate, subtile; in opposition to gross Matter. I have therefore render'd it ethereal. Vitæ: i. e. animas. Ver. 227. Sideris in numerum. That is, viva volare [in numerum Siderum; unumquodque] in numerum (i. e. ordinem) [sui] Sideris. See Note on Æneid. vi. 953.

All at their Births, receive ethereal Life;
 Hither again, dissolv'd, they back return; 265
 Nor Death takes place; but all, immortal, fly
 To Heav'n, and in their proper Stars reside.

Whenever You undam their narrow Cells,
 And take their treasur'd Sweets; first from your Mouth
 Spurt Water on them, and before You send 270
 The hated Scent of persecuting Smoke.

Twice They condense their Honey; Twice You seize
 The balmy Spoils: When first *Taygete* shews
 Her beauteous Head, and spurns the Ocean's Waves;
 Or, yielding to the show'ry *Fish*, from Heav'n, 275
 More sad, into the stormy Sea descends.

No Bounds their Anger knows: but, when provok'd,
 Into

Ver. 268. *Whenever you undam, &c.*] *Theauris*: for *Repositoriis in quibus Theauri conduntur*. Metonym.

Ver. 270. *Spurt Water, &c.*] This is a very difficult Passage. Some read *save* for *seve*, with an interpretation which I think not worth mentioning. *Fove* being retain'd; some read *baustus*—*ore*,—Others, *baustu*—*ora*.—I can make no Sense of the *Latter*: And as to the *Former*, which is the best; notwithstanding the Authority of *Servius*, *sparsus* for *spargens* will never do: Nor do the Instances which *De La Cerda* gives to favour it, come up to the Point. I take it Thus; *Fove ore baustus aquarum*. Take Water in your Mouth, and hold it there some time: Then (which by an *Ellipsis* is

understood) spurt it out upon them, in *pluviae modum*, like Rain: Which you cannot well do, without being yourself wetted, and sprinkled with it.

Ver. 272. *Twice they condense, &c.*] *Bis gravidos cogunt fetus*: The Honey, which is the *Product* of the Bees. *Messis* for *Mellationis*: so *Messis* for *Vindemia*, *Georg. ii.* See above Note on ver. 63. Next ver. *Taygete, &c.* For the Astronomical Difficulties, see *Ruæus*: I have nothing to do with Those matters.

Ver. 277. *No Bounds, &c.*] *Illis ira modum superest*. How comes *This* in? and where is the *Connexion*? *Redit ad iram apum*, says *De La Cerda*. But he has Before said nothing about their Anger. He returns to the Subject of taking away their

Into their Stings sharp Venom they inspire ;
And leave their hidden Darts, among the Veins
Infix'd ; and shoot their Souls into the Wound. 280

But if the Winter's keener Blasts you dread,
And for the Future save ; their broken State
Commiserating, and their drooping Cheer :
Yet who would doubt to fumigate their Hives
With Thyme, and pare the empty Wax away ? 285
For oft the skulking Lizard eats their Combs ;
Their Cells are stuff'd with Grubs that shun the Light ;
The lazy Drone sits watching for the Prey,

Or

their Honey, by driving them out with Water and Smoke : and then mentions their extreme Proneness to Anger ; not *expressing*, but (much more elegantly) *insinuating*, that You must *take care of yourself*, while you are performing That Operation. Next ver. *Morsibus* for their *Stinging*. *Cæca*, i. e. *abscondita*.

Ver. 281. *But if the Winter's, &c.*] *SIN duram metues, &c.* *ET suffire thymo, &c.* That is (one may say) IF You are so kind to them, as not to rob them of their Honey ; YET you should be so kind to them, as, &c. Is This good Sense ? I answer ; The Opposition is not between our Care, and Neglect with regard to Them ; but between the less, and greater Pains we take with regard to Ourselves. If Some of them are in so poor and low a Condition, that they cannot live out the Winter, unless You leave them all their

Honey, and so you are at no trouble to take any from them ; yet you ought (for your own Interest) to take pains with them in another respect ; i. e. to fumigate, &c. The Word *miserabere*, I confess, seems to imply that You should do it for their sakes : But it is enough in Poetry that it seems to be so, though it really is not. It looks as if You did it in pity to them, and in reality they have the Advantage of it, as well as You : though you do it wholly for your own Interest.

Ver. 286. *For oft the skulking, &c.*] *Ignotus* : i. e. *latens, occultus*. Next ver. but one, *Immunisque [laborum] sedens aliena ad pabula jucus*. There is a great Elegancy in That *sedens* : intimating both the Laziness of That Insect, and also its watching, and lying in wait for Prey. *Sedens* [est] for *Sedet*.

Or the rough Hornet with unequal Arms
 Dire Battle joins: Or Moths, an hostile Race ; 290
 Or Spiders, hated by *Minerva*, hang
 Their loose intangling Webs before their Gates.
 The more they are exhausted; still the more
 They All, industrious, labour to repair
 The Ruins of the sinking State, to fill 295
 Their Cells, and work their Combs with Wax from
 [Flow'rs.

But if (for They like Us th' allotted Ills
 Of Life partake) by any fore Disease
 Their Bodies languish; That by certain Signs
 Thou may'st discern. When sick, of diff'rent Hue 300
 They will appear, emaciated, and foul;
 The Corpses of their Dead with fun'ral Pomp
 They carry, and in sad Procession move:
 Or thick in Clusters hang before their Doors;

Or

Ver. 296. *Cells* — *Combs*.] *Feros*; the Cells of the Combs. *Horrea*; the Combs themselves; not *spatia alvariorum*, the Apartments of the Hives, as Some would have it: For they do not *texere*, weave, or make them. *Texunt*, i. e. *conficiunt* [è] *floribus*; i. e. again, *materiâ de floribus collectâ*.

Ver. 299. That by certain signs.] *Quod jam non dubitis*, &c. I have translated it, as if it were *hoc*, or *id*, instead of *quod*: and so I would read it, had I Authority. Because as it is; it makes a prodigious long Sentence: For from ver. 251. *Si vero (quoniam casus, &c.)*

there should be no full Stop, 'till ver. 267.—*ad pabula nota vocantem*: tho' in most Editions (very absurdly) there are more than one. Besides; from *Continud est ægris alius color*—— to *rapidus fornacibus ignis*, All should be included in a Parenthesis; which would be too long a one, and not like *Virgil's* Way of Writing. Whereas if instead of *quod* you read *hoc*, or *id*; all is clear, and limpid; there is no Parenthesis; and no Period, or Part of a Period too long.

Ver. 304. *Thick in Clusters*.] *Pedibus connexæ*. *Ruæus* thinks that their hanging in a Cluster is not here meant: because
 That

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Or All confin'd within their Houses stay, 305
 Slothful in Penury, and Cramp'd with Cold.
 Then a long, drawing, heavier Hum is heard;
 As when cool *Auster* whispers thro' the Woods;
 Or Ocean murmurs, hoarse with reffluent Waves;
 Or rapid Fire, pent in a Furnace, roars. 310
 Here I advise to burn strong-scented Gums;
 And Honey to convey thro' Pipes of Cane;
 Inviting them to taste their well-known Food.
 'Twill further profit, the Oak-Apple's Juice
 To mingle; and dry Roses; or rich Wine, 315
 Whose third Part has evap'rated by Fire;
 Or Grapes which from the *Pjstbian* Vine are dry'd;
 Rank-smelling Cent'ry; and *Cecroprian* Thyme.
 In Meadows too there grows a Flow'r, by Swains
Amellus call'd, and obvious to be found; 320
 For from one Turf a mighty Grove it rears:
 Its Stem of Golden Hue; but in it's Leaves,

Which

That is a Sign of Joy. They do so indeed when they swarm; and then (no doubt) they are pleased, and in health. But it does not follow, that *whenever* they do so, they are pleased, and in health. The Poet here lays not the Stress upon *pedibus connexæ* (for That is *indifferent* to their Health, or Sicknefs) but upon *ad limina pendent*. They either *cling* to the *outside* of their Hive; or *stay within*, as in the next Verse: Their *Laziness* (a sure Sign of their being *sick*) is express'd in Both. Besides; what does *connexæ*

pedibus signify, if not their *clustering*? Says He, *adhaerentes ad limina*: But who sees not that the Compound *con* implies more? *Pedibus per mutua nexis*; as *Æneid* vii. 66.

Ver. 306. Cold.] *Contractio frigore*. *Ruæus* renders *contractio*, by *contrahente membra*. Cold which they have *contracted*, one would think, is plain enough: But how *contractus* can signify *contrahens* I do not understand. Next Verse; *tractim*: i. e. *longo tractu*. Next ver. but one; *solicitem*. See the Note on *Georg.* i. 394.

Which copious round it sprout, the purple Teint
 Of deep-dy'd Violets more glossy shines.
 Oft it adorns the Altars of the Gods 325
 With twining Wreaths: Harsh is it's Taste: The Swains,
 In new-mow'd Vales, near *Mella's* winding Stream,
 Gather This Herb: Do Thou with fragrant Wine
 Seeth it's bruis'd Roots; and in full Baskets hang
 These Viands at the Entrance of their Hives. 330

But if the Race be totally extinct;
 Nor any Method to restore it, known;
 'Tis time the great Invention to unfold,
 Which by th' *Arcadian* Shepherd was disclos'd:
 How, oft, from putrid Gore of Cattle slain 335
 Bees have been bred: This Wonder I will trace
 From it's first Source, and open all the Fame.
 For where the Bord'ers of o'erflowing *Nile*
 In fortunate *Caucus* live, and round
 Their delug'd Fields in painted Gaileys sail; 340
 Where Quiver bearing *Persia's* neighb'ring Coasts
 Urge them, contiguous; and the River, roll'd
 From swarthy *India*, thro' sev'n Channels roars,
 Fat'ning green *Egypt* with it's sable Sand:
 All the wide Region from This Art expects 345
 Infallible

Ver. 324. *Deep-dy'd Violets.* [*Violæ nigrae.* *Nigra* here is no more than a very deep Purple. Next ver. *Sæpè deùm nexis* [ex illo: *fil.* amello] *ornatæ* [sunt] &c. Ver. 280. *Appone* [ea] *pabula*: Or *appone* [cas radices] tanquam *pabula*. Ver. 283. *Magistri* [pecudum, apum, &c.]

Ver. 338. *For where the Bor-*

d'ers, &c.] *Ruæus* calls this Passage [*Nam quæ Pellæi gens, &c. to devexus ab Indis*] locus *perdifficilis*, with respect to the Geography. But I think he himself has shewn it to be plain enough. See him upon the Place. *Coloratis*; either *black*, or *painted*. *Devexus* for *deorsum vectus*.

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Infallible Relief. A narrow Place,
 And for That Use contracted, first they chuse;
 Then more contract it, in a narrower Room,
 Wall'd round, and cover'd with a low-built Roof;
 And add four Windows, of a slanting Light, 350
 From the four Winds. A Bullock then is sought,
 His Horns just bending in their second Year;
 Him, much reluctant, with o'erpow'ring Force,
 They bind; his Mouth, and Nostrils stop, and all
 The Avenues of Respiration close; 355
 And buffet him to Death: His Hide no Wound
 Receives; His batter'd Entrails burst Within.
 Thus pent they leave him; and beneath his Sides
 Lay Shreds of Boughs, fresh Lavender, and Thyme.
 This; when soft Zephyrs' Breeze first curls the Waves,
 Before the Meadows blush with recent Flow'rs, 361
 And prattling Swallows hang their Nests on high.
 Mean-while the Juices in the tender Bones
 Heated ferment; and (wond'rous to behold)
 Small Animals, in Clusters, thick are seen, 365
 Short of their Legs at first: On filmy Wings,
 Humming, at length they rise; and more and more

Fan

Ver. 348, &c. *Then more contract it, &c.* That I take to be the Meaning of *premunt*. 'Twas narrow before; *Exiguus, contractus*: And the *parietes arcti*, and *angusti imbrex tecti* make it narrower. The Word *Imbrex* literally signifies a Gutter-Tile to carry off the Water: but is here Metonymically put for the Tiles in general.

Ver. 356. *His Hide no Wound, &c.* *Tunsa per integram, &c.* i. e. *non vulneratam, non laceratam*. The Hide must be entire, and unbroken: Otherwise all is spoiled. *Per* has here the force of *intra*. Next ver. *in clauso* [loco.]

Ver. 364. *Wondrous*] Besides *modis miris*, the Word *visenda* has the sense of *miranda*:

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Fan the thin Air: 'till, numberless as Drops
 Pour'd down in Rain from Summer-Clouds, they fly;
 Or as fleet Shafts, shot from the twanging Nerve, 370
 When the swift *Parthians* first engage in Fight.
 What God, Ye Muses, Author of This Art,
 Disclos'd the new Experiment to Man?

The Shepherd *Aristæus* (such the Fame)
 Flying *Penëian Tempe*, having lost 375
 His Bees, by Famine, and by Plagues consum'd,
 Stood pensive at the sacred River's Head;
 And to his Sea-green Parent Thus complain'd.
 Mother, *Cyrene*; Mother, of This Stream
 Profound, Inhabitant; Why bore you Me 380
 (If, as You boast, *Apollo* be my Sire)
 Of Race Celestial, yet accurst by Fate?
 Or whither is your Love for Me withdrawn?
 You bade me hope for Heav'n: Ah! Why Those Hopes?
 Lo! Ev'n This Honour of a Mortal State, 385
 The Custody of Cattle, and of Corn,
 Which by unweary'd Diligence and Toil,
 All Things exploring, I struck out at last,
 Ev'n This I lose; and yet am call'd Your Son.
 Go on then; and uproot my happy Groves 390
 With your own Hand; my Crops, and Stables burn;

Murder

Which perhaps is not usually taken notice of. A Sight worth one's going to see. Next ver. *Trunca pedum*: I will say no more of These purely Poetical Expressions. See Note on Georg. iii. 236. And *Præl. Poet.* p. 49, to p. 53. Ver. 314. Orig. *Si quando*, for *quandocunque*. I have

often taken notice of This. Next Verse but one: *Unde nova [hæc] hominum experientia cepit ingressus*, i. e. *exordia, initia*? Ver. 322. *ima* for *imam partem*. Ver. 391. *With your own hand.* *Ipsa manu* [*propriâ*.] Next ver. but two. *Tædia* has certainly the force of *Invidia*.

BOOK 4. *VIRGIL's GEORGICKS.* 227

Murder my Harvests; Lay my Vineyards waste :
Since such your Envy of my rising Fame.

These Sounds, beneath the Chambers of the Deep,
His Mother heard : The Nymphs around her fate, 395
Spinning *Milesian* Fleeces, deeply dy'd
In Juice of glassy Green; *Phyllodoce*,
Drymo, *Ligéa*, *Xantho*, their bright Hair
Loose flowing down their snow-white Necks; *Thalia*,
Nesæe, *Spio*, and *Cymodoce*; 400
Yellow *Lycorias*, and *Cydippe* fair,
The Last a Virgin, in *Lucina's* Pains
The Other just experienc'd; *Berœe*,
And *Clio*, Daughters of old *Ocean* Both,
Both clad in Gold, and spotted Skins of Beasts; 405
Ephyre, *Opis*, *Asian Dæiopeia*,
And *Arcthusa*, Huntress now no more.
Them *Clymene* amus'd with pleasing Tales;
Related *Vulcan's* unsuccessful Care,
And the sweet Thefts, and delicate Intrigues, 410
Of *Mars*: Deduc'd the Lineage of the Gods,
And down from *Chaos* trac'd their num'rous Loves.
While, with such Songs delighted, They on Reels
Wind the soft Yarn; again the plaintive Voice
Of *Aristæus* strikes his Mother's Ears: 415
Amaz'd All listen, on their crystal Seats;
But *Arcthusa*, sooner than the rest,
Above the Waves uprears her beauteous Head;

And

Ver. 414. *Wind.*] *Devotunt*:
Wind it off; i. e. from the Spin-
dles, [fufis] upon the Reels. For
That is necessarily understood;
tho' not express'd.

Ver. 418. *Beauteous.*] For
That is imply'd in *flavum*:
Hair of That Colour being
reckon'd a Beauty. Yellowish,
or *Flamen*.

And Thus from far : O not in vain alarm'd
 By such Complaints, *Cyrene*, Sister, see ; 420
 Himself, Your chief Concern, your darling Care,
 'The pensive *Aristæus*, at the Head
 Of Father *Peneus*' River, weeping stands ;
 And calls you cruel, and invokes your Name.

To whom *Cyrene*, struck with sudden Fear ; 425
 Conduct, conduct him to Us : He by Fate
 Is free to visit the Divine Abodes.
 At once she bids on either side retire
 The Rivers, that the Youth unhurt might pass :
 Him, like a Mountain, arch'd, the standing Waves 430
 Surround ; their spacious Bosom open wide,
 And speed his Entrance to the hoary Deep.
 And now admiring at his Mother's Court,
 And liquid Realms, the Lakes in Caverns pent,
 And sounding Groves, He goes, and wond'ring hears
 The rumbling Billows ; nor less wond'ring sees 436
 The various Streams, which subterraneous glide
 Thro' the vast Globe : *Phasis*, and *Lycus*' Source ;
 And the deep Bed from which *Enipeus* bursts ;
 And Father *Tiberinus* ; and the Flood 440
 Of *Anio* ; and of *Hypanis*, that roars

Among

Ver. 428. *At once she bids on either side retire.*]—*Simul alta jubet discedere late*, &c. See *Præl. Poet.* p. 117, 118.

Ver. 435. *Sounding Groves.*] Of Officers, large Rushes, &c. which make a Noise, being mov'd by the Water.

Ver. 441. *Hypanis that roars, &c.*] *Saxosumque Sonans Hypanis*. Here *saxosum* is put adverbially. Next ver. *Eridanus*

taurino vultu ; auratus gemina cornua : i. e. habens cornua aurata. Next but one. *Mare purpureum : δινοπα πόντον*, and *ἀλαποφύροισσαν*. *Hom.* The Sea is, by turns, of almost all colours. See the Note on *Æneid.* v. 3. For the Word *purpureus* see *Rucæus* on This Place. It signifies *glossy*, and *shining*, in any colour.

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Among the Rocks ; *Caicus* too ; and great
Eridanus, bull-fac'd, with gilded Horns ;
 Than whom no River, thro' the fertil Fields,
 Rushes more violent into the Sea. 445

Soon as He came into his Mother's Grot
 Of hanging Pumice, and to Her reveal'd
 The Cause of his Complaints ; The Sisters, rang'd,
 Pure Fountain-Water, and soft Towels bring ;
 Some load the Boards with Viands, and full Bowls 450
 In order place : With rich *Panchæan* Sweets
 The Altars burn. Then Thus *Cyrene* ; Take
 These Goblets of *Mæonian* Wine ; From These
 To *Ocean* let us pour Libations due.

Thus having spoke, Herself to *Ocean* prays 455
 Parent of Things ; and to her Sister Nymphs,
 Who o'er an hundred Groves, and Streams preside.
 Thrice on the Fire she sprinkled limpid Wine ;
 Thrice to the Roof up-sprung the bright'ning Flame :
 Encourag'd by which Omen, Thus she spoke. 460

In the *Carpathian* Gulph there dwells a Seer,
 Cerulean *Proteus* ; who with two-legg'd Steeds,

In

Ver. 448. *His Complaints.*] Orig. *Fletus inanes*. What *Ruæus* means by *inanes* for *immoderatos*, I know not. *Leves*, & *quibus facile succurri posset*, say Others.

Ver. 449. *Soft Towels.*] Literally : Towels with the coarse Hair, or Nap, shorn. *Tonsis mantilia willis*. Ver. before. *Fontes*, for *aquam fontanam*. Ver. 384. Orig. *Nectare* for *vino*. *Vestiam* for *ignem*. Next

ver. *Subiecta*. See the Note on Ecl. x. 86. *Ruæus* here interprets *subiecta* by *supposita* ; but I rather take it for *erecta* ; and one of the *Variorum*-Commentators is of the same Opinion. The rest say nothing of it, Ver. 386. *Animum* : i. e. *suum* ; not *illius*, as *Ruæus* would have it.

Ver. 462, 463. *Two-legg'd Steeds*—*finny Race.*]—*magnum qui piscibus æquor, Et junctis*

In Harnes join'd, and of the finny Race,
 O'er the vast Main his bounding Chariot drives.
 He to *Emathia*, and his Native Coast 465
Pallene now repairs: Him all We Nymphs,
 And aged *Nereus*' self, regard with Awe:
 For all things He, Past, Present, and To come,
 Prophetick knows: Such is great *Neptune's* Will;
 Whose monstrous Herds He feeds, beneath the Deep,
 The unform'd *Phocæ*. Him, my Son, in Bonds 471
 Thou must surprize; that All He may unfold,
 The Cause, and Cure of This contagious Ill.
 But without Force he Nothing will disclose;
 Nor can Intreaties move him; Force, and Chains 475
 Thou must apply, and captivate the God;
 These will, at length, confound his baffled Wiles.
 My self, when *Sol* in his Meridian burns,
 When the Grass thirsts, and Cattle most enjoy
 The cooling Shade, will bring thee to his Cave, 480
 Whither the Senior from the Sea retires

Fa-

iuncto bipedum curru metitur equorum. Measures, i. e. rides over the Sea; *piscibus*; & *curru iuncto bipedum equorum*: i. e. *bipedibus equis curru iunctis*: With Fishes and Horses, again; i. e. with Horses which are of the Fishy-kind. Hendiad. They are Horses only in the upper part, so have but two Legs; and Fish downwards.

Ver. 468. To come.] Orig. *ventura trabantur*. An Interpreter in the *Variorum*-Edition has the following Note; which I think worth inserting. The Poet with great Judgment

uses the Word *trabantur*. For Fate is a sort of Concatenation of Causes and Effects: Future Events therefore are said *trahibi*; because in That Series, or Chain of Causes and Effects, they so follow, that one may be said to draw the other.

Ver. 477. These will, &c.] *Doli circum hæc [vincula] franguntur*. That *circum* is somewhat singular. About them; i. e. while They inclose him round, and he is struggling round Them, and against Them.

Ver. 480 — 1. His Cave: Whether, &c.] *In secreta [pænetralia]*

BOOK 4. VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS. 231

Fatigu'd; that, while he sleeping lies, with ease
 Thou may'st invade him. But when round him clasp'd
 Thy Arms, and Chains, shall hold him strait confin'd;
 Then various Shapes of Beasts, illusive Forms, 485
 Will cheat thy Sight: For sudden He'll appear
 A horrid Tyger, and a bristly Boar,
 A scaly Dragon, and a Lion fierce
 Shaking his tawny Main; or roll like Fire
 With dreadful Noise, and so escape thy Toyls; 490
 Or, liquefy'd to Water, glide away.

But still the more he shifts; the more, my Son,
 Strain thou, and closer draw th' involving Net:
 'Till such, rechang'd, he shall appear, as first
 Thou saw'st him, when his Eyes in Slumber clos'd.

She said; and o'er her Son Ambrosial Oils 496
 And liquid Sweets diffus'd: His fragrant Hair
 Breathes rich Perfume; and Vigour to his Limbs
 Is added. In a hollow Mountain's Side
 Eaten with Age, there is a spacious Cave; 500
 Whither much Sea, driv'n by the Wind, retires,
 And cuts it self into a crooked Bay:
 A Station apt for Sailors caught in Storms.
 Here *Proteus* dwells, behind a massy Rock
 Roll'd on the Cavern's Mouth: *Cyrene* Here 505

Places

netralia] *senis ducam*: quod, i. e. ad quæ, &c. Ver. 407. Orig. *atraque tigris*. The Word *ater* sometimes signifies *borrid*, without regard to colour. Every body knows a Tyger is not black. Ver. 416. *Quo perduxit corpus* for *quod duxit per corpus*. Next Ver. *Compositis*. How

That Word should signify *unctis*, as Some would have it, I understand not. *Componere crines* should mean *combing* one's Hair, and putting it in exact order. Ver. 428. *Faucibus* [usque] *ad limum*, &c. *Faucibus* for *alveis*. Even in English we say the *Chops* of the Chancel.

Places the Youth secluded from the Light;
Herself, obscure in Clouds, aloof retires.

Now torrid *Sirius* from the Zenith scorch'd
The thirsty *Indians*; and the fiery Sun
Parch'd the mid Globe; The with'ring Herbage burn'd;
The fervid Rays the shallow Rivers dry'd, 511
And in their empty Channels bak'd the Mud;
When *Proteus*, as accusom'd, from the Sea
To his known Grot repair'd: His humid Flocks,
The mighty Ocean's Offspring, round him play; 515
And from their Sides shake off the briny Dew:
The *Phocæ*, scatter'd, sleep along the Shore.
Himself (like One who on the Mountains tends
His Herd at Eve, when *Vesper's* Star recalls
The *Bullocks* Home from Feeding, and the Lambs 520
With Bleatings whet the Hunger of the Wolves)
Sits, in the Centre, on a Rock; and counts
Their Number. *Aristæus*, having gain'd
This wish'd Occasion, e'er the aged Sire

Could

Ver. 513. *When Proteus, as accusom'd, &c.*]

*Cum Proteus, consueta petens è fluctibus antra,
Ibat: eum vasti circum gens humida ponti
Exultans, rorem latè dispergit amarum, &c.*

This is a most engaging Description; and at least equal to That of *Homer*, from which the whole Episode of *Proteus* is taken. I agree with Mr. *Pope*, that *Homer* introduces This Fiction upon a much more important Occasion: In That, as well as being the first Inventor, he has manifestly the Advantage. As This is taken from *Odyss. iv.* so *Aristæus* complaining to his

Mother at the Head of her River, is plainly copy'd from *Achilles* complaining to *Tbetis* upon the Sea-shore, *Iliad. i.* Ver. 433. Orig. *Stabuli* for *Armenti*. *Contin. pro re content.*

Ver. 524. *This wish'd Occasion, &c.*] *Cujus* [capiendi] *Aristæo quoniam est oblatio facultas* [copia, occasio.] Ver. 445. Orig. *Nam quis* for *quisnam*. Ver. 447. *Neque* & (i. e. licet: *scilicet*)

BOOK 4. *VIRGIL's GEORGICKS.* 233

Could quite compose his weary Limbs to Rest, 525
 Swift rushes on him, with a mighty Shout;
 And, as he slumbers, seizes him in Chains.
 The Other, not unmindful of his Art,
 Into all wond'rous Shapes himself transforms;
 Grins horrible, and roars, a savage Beast; 530
 Flows as a River's Stream; and rolls in Fire.
 But when by no delusive Shifts, or Wiles,
 He could escape, He to Himself return'd;
 And Thus, at length, in human Accent spoke.
 Say, who advis'd thee, most presumptuous Youth, 535
 T' approach my Dwelling? Or What wouldst thou Here?
 Then He; You know it, *Proteus*: You by None
 Can be deceiv'd: O! would You not deceive!
 Warn'd by the Gods I come; and here implore
 Your Oracle, my Losses to repair. 540

He said; The Seer, at length, with mighty Force
 Roll'd his green Eyes, that flash'd with darted Fires;
 Fierce gnash'd his Teeth, and Thus disclos'd the Fates.

Thee some Immortal Pow'r with Wrath pursues;
 Vengeance o'ertakes thy Crimes: This Punishment 545
Orpheus,

ἔστι for ἔλασσι) *te fallere cui-* | *natural; that there is no Ob-*
quam. Next ver. *Sed tu define* | *scurity in it.*
velle [fallere me.] This, tho' | *Ver. 544, &c. Thee some, &c.]*
a considerable Ellipsis, is yet so

*Non te nullius exercent numinis iræ;
 Magna tuis commissa: Tibi has miserabilis Orpheus
 Haudquāquam ob meritum pœnas (ni fata resistent)
 Suscitāt, & rapta graviter pro conjuge sævit.*

In the first Verse *non — nullius* | former: Because the *Nymphs*
zuminis may signify some Deity; | (ver. 532. Orig.) who thus
 or no small Deity. See Note on | punished *Aristæus*, were but
Æneid. xi. 963. I am for the | little inferior Divinities. *De La*
Cerde

Orpheus, unhappy by no Guilt of His,
 Procures for Thee, (a Penance more severe,
 Did not the Fates oppose, Thou wouldst sustain ;)
 And sorely rages for his ravish'd Bride.
 She, doom'd to Death, while, heedless, Thee she fled, 550
 Along the River's side, before her Steps,
 In the high Grass, saw not the monstrous Snake,
 Which unperceiv'd lay lurking on the Bank.
 But all the beauteous Quire of Woodland Nymphs,
 Her

Cerda makes *Orpheus* himself to be the God here spoken of: which is a strange Interpretation. But the two next Verses are full of Difficulties. *Magna lues commissa: tibi bas*, &c. Some read *lues*; and That again is interpreted two ways. Some make a Noun of it; *Magna lues commissa*, for *magnum crimen commissum* [est.] Others, a Verb; *Lues*, you shall rue, or suffer for *magna* [crimina] *commissa*. Some again, with different Pointings, read *commissa tibi: bas miserabilis*, &c. *tibi* for *à te*. Others, *commissa: tibi bas*, &c. Which latter is undoubtedly the Right. I had almost forgot that there is another Exposition of *Lues*: It is *De La Cerda's*. Since a great Plague is sent among your Bees, you may be sure that *non te nullius*, &c. I read *magna lues commissa* [crimina.] You suffer for, &c. Not *lues*: If it be a Verb, it should surely be in the Present Tense: Because *Aristæus* is now in a suffering and complaining Condition. The Words *Haudquaquam ob meritum* are by many referred to *Aristæus* and *pœnas*; Some interpreting it greater than you

deserve; Others, less than you deserve. I am of *Taubman's*, and *Ruæus's* Opinion, that it relates to *Orpheus*; *miserabilis baudquaquam ob meritum*. But the greatest Difficulty of all is in That strange Parenthesis (*ni fata resistant*:) which I take to be one of the most unaccountable Passages in *Virgil's* Works. I can make Sense of it no way, but according to *Servius's* Interpretation: He procures this Punishment for you, [and would procure greater,] *ni fata resistant*: Tho' This, I confess, is too great an Ellipsis to be well justify'd. In the last Line, *raptæ pro*, i. e. *ob raptam*, &c. *Pro*, in This Sense is not very usual; tho' other Instances of it may be given from very good Authors. By *Ravish'd* in my Version I do not mean what is vulgarly understood by That Word (for then it would not be true) but snatch'd away; as it often signifies in our English Poetry.

Ver. 552. *Saw not.*] See *Prael. Poet.* p. 151. Next ver. *Æqualis*: equal in Age, or Condition, or Both. Ver. 469. *Orig. Ingressus* [est.]

BOOK 4. *VIRGIL's GEORGICKS*. 235

Her Fellows, fill'd with Shrieks the lofty Hills ; 555
 The *Rhodopæian* Mountains wept ; and high
Pangæa's Rock ; and *Rhesus' Martial Land*,
 The *Getæ*, *Hebrus*, *Ælian Orithyia*.
 He, with his concave Shell his pining Love
 Consol'd ; and lonely, on the desert Shore, 560
 Thee, sweet *Eurydice* ; Thee still he sung,
 Thee, at the Op'ning, Thee at Close of Day.
 Ev'n thro' the Jaws of *Tænarus* he pass'd,
 The subterranean Gates of *Dis* ; and went
 To the dark Grove where gloomy Horror reigns, 565
 The *Manes*, the tremendous King, and Souls
 Indocile to relent at human Pray'rs.
 Sooth'd by his Songs, from *Erebus* profound
 Th' unbody'd Fantoms, and thin Spectres rose ;
 Unnumber'd, as the Birds which flock in Woods, 570
 Driv'n from the Hills by Ev'ning, or a Storm :
 Matrons, and Men, Souls of brave Heroes dead,
 Boys, and unmarried Girls, and Youths consum'd
 On Fun'ral Piles before their Parents' Eyes.
 Whom the black Mud of thick *Cocytus' Pool*, 575
 And it's unsightly Reeds, encompass round ;
 And *Styx*, unlovely Lake, with sluggish Waves
 Hems in, and nine times interfus'd confines.
 Ev'n Death's dread Realms, the deep Recess of Hell,
 In silent Wonder listen'd to his Song ; 580
 And with blue curling Snakes the Furies wreath'd ;
 Grim

Ver. 581. *And with blue,*
 &c.] *Cæruleosque implexæ crini-*
bus angues : i. e. *habentes angues*
implexos crinibus, interwoven
 with their Hair ; or *crinibus* for

procrinibus, loco *crinium*. Which
 last is very harsh. Next ver.
 but one, *Vento* : That is, (says
Ruæus) *flante vento contrario*.
 Which is very arbitrary. Subaud.

cum,

236 VIRGIL's GEORGICKS.

Grim *Cerb'rus*, yawning, his three Mouths repress'd;
 And with the Wind *Ixion's* Orb stood still.
 And now *Eurydice*, all Dangers pass'd,
 Returning, came restor'd to upper Life; 585
 Following behind; For *Proserpine* had giv'n
 That Law: When suddenly a Frenzy seiz'd
 Th' unwary Lover; yet a venial Crime,
 Could aught be venial, when the *Manes* judge:
 He stood; and now, ev'n on the Verge of Light, 590
 Ah! thoughtless, and by Force of mighty Love
 O'erpower'd, on his *Eurydice* look'd back.
 There all his Labour vanish'd into Air,
 Unravell'd; Violated was the Law,
 Which Hell's inexorable King impos'd: 595
 And thrice amidst the *Acherontic* Waves
 A Shout was heard. She; Who, my *Orpheus*, Who
 Has Me unfortunate, and Thee undone?
 What Fury This? Again the cruel Fates
 Remand me back; Sleep seals my swimming Eyes; 600
 And now Farewel: With Darkness round inclos'd
 I fleet away; and vainly stretch to Thee
 (Ah! now no longer Thine) These helpless Hands.
 She said; and from his Sight, like Smoke dispers'd
 Thro' the thin Air, flew diverse; Nor by Him, 605
 Grasping at Shades in vain, and thousand Things
 To say desiring, was e'er after seen:
 Nor would the Ferryman of Hell permit
 That He again should pass the dreary Stream. 609
 What

cum, says *Servius*: The Wind,
 which was the Cause of its
 motion, stood still, &c.

Ver. 597. *A Shout, &c.*] i. e.
 of the infernal Powers, and
 Ghosts rejoicing at her Return
 to them.

BOOK 4. VIRGIL's GEORGICKS. 237

What should he do; his Love twice snatch'd away?
 Or whither turn him? With what Tears, what Songs,
 Should He attempt to move th' Infernal Pow'rs?
 She, shiv'ring, in the *Stygian* Sculler sail'd:
 He, sev'n whole Months, 'tis said, beneath a bleak
 Aërial Cliff, on *Strymon's* desert Bank, 615
 Wept lonesome; and in freezing Caves revolv'd
 This mournful Tale; while crouding Oaks admir'd
 His Lays, and Tygers soften'd at the Sound.

As when, complaining in melodious Groans,
 Sweet *Philomel*, beneath a Poplar Shade, 620
 Mourns her lost Young; which some rough Village-
 [Hind

Observing, from their Nest, unfledg'd, has stole:
 She weeps all Night; and, perch'd upon a Bough,
 With plaintive Notes repeated fills the Grove.

No proffer'd Loves, no Hymenéal Vows 625
 Could move his Soul: The *Hyperborean* Ice,
 And snowy *Tanais*, and th' extended Fields
 For ever rigid with *Rhipæan* Frost,
 Alone He travell'd o'er; *Eurydice*

Ra-

Ver. 613. *Sbeshiw'ring, &c.*] *Illa quidem Stygia nabat, &c.*
Rupe sub aëriâ deserti ad Stry-
monis undam, &c. Qualis popu-
lêâ, &c. See Præl. Poet. p. 76,
 77. That Simile is famous
 almost to a Proverb; and most
 deservedly.

Ver 617. *This mournful Tale.*] *For That is meant by hæc.*

Solus Hyperboreas glacies, Tanaimque nivalem,
Arvaque Rhipæis nunquam viduata pruinis
Lustrabat —————

Ver. 509. Orig. This very
 Story which we have been tel-
 ling. Ver. 514. *Flet noctem.*
 There is a wonderful Prettiness
 in That Expression; tho' no
 more is meant by it than *flet*
 [per totam] *noctem.*

Ver. 626, &c. *The Hyper-*
borean Ice, &c.

Those Verses are enough to | make one shudder at Midsum-
 mer. —————

238 VIRGIL's GEORGICKS.

Ravish'd away, and *Pluto's* frustrate Grant 630
 Deploing. Which Contempt the *Thracian* Dames
 With Rage resenting, tore the hapless Youth,
 At *Bacchus'* Orgies, and nocturnal Rites;
 And strew'd his mangled Carcass o'er the Plains.
 Then too, his Head from the fair Neck disjoin'd 635
Oeagrian *Hebrus* in his gulphy Tide
 Rolling along, *Eurydice* he call'd,
 With his last Accents, and his cooling Tongue;
 Ah! poor *Eurydice*, his flying Breath,
Eurydice, the Stream, and Banks resound. 640

Thus *Proteus* spoke: then plung'd into the Deep;
 And curl'd the foaming Billows round his Head.

Not so *Cyrene*; She with healing Words
 Consol'd the trembling Youth: 'Tis giv'n thee Now,
 My Son, to banish these perplexing Cares. 645
 Of Thy Disaster This is all the Cause.

The Nymphs, whose Dances in the secret Groves
Eurydice frequented, to thy Swarms
 Have This deplorable Destruction sent:
 Do Thou to Them, with due Oblations paid, 650
 For Pardon sue, and suppliant adore
 The easy *Dryades*: For They, invok'd, Will

Ver. 631. *Which Contempt,*
 &c.] *Spreto*—*quo munere*: nup-
 tiali *scil.* It relates to *Nulla*
Venus, &c. Ver. 516. It should
 certainly be read *spreto*, not
spretæ. The Latter is not
 Grammar. In the next ver.
nocturni, not *nocturna*. The
 Former is not only more metri-
 cal, but much more elegant and
 poetical: It means indeed the
 same as the other; tho' it does
 not so literally express it: and

for that very reason is better.

Ver. 647. *Secret.*] *Altis*. Not
 high; That in this place would
 be flat: but in the *Depth*, in the
 secret *Recesses* of them. So *Silvæ*
profundæ. *Æneid.* vii. 515.

Ver. 650. *With due Oblations,*
 &c.] *Munera tende*: i. e. offer.
 Same ver. *pacem*, i. e. *veniam*.
 The *Napææ* and the *Dryades*
 are the same; as the Etymology
 shew.

Will grant That Pardon, and remit their Rage.
 But by what Means thou may'st appease them, first
 I will unfold. Select four stately Steers 655
 Of beauteous Form, which now thy Pastures graze
 On green *Lycæus'* Top; and with them join
 As many Heifers which ne'er felt the Yoke.
 For These, four Altars, in the lofty Fanes,
 Which to Those Nymphs are consecrated, build; 660
 From the stab'd Victims pour the holy Blood,
 And leave their Bodies in the shady Grove.
 When the Ninth Morn first rises on the World;
 To *Orpheus* solemn Fun'ral Rites perform,
 And send *Lethæan* Poppies to his Ghost; 665
 Adore *Eurydice* with an Heifer slain,
 And a black Ewe, her *Manes* to appease:
 Then to the sacred Grove again repair.
 Forthwith his Mother's Orders he obeys;
 Comes to the Temples; as instructed, builds 670
 The Altars; to them brings four stately Steers,
 As many Heifers which ne'er felt the Yoke;
 When the Ninth Morn first rises on the World,
 To *Orpheus* solemn Fun'ral Rites performs;
 And to the sacred Grove again repairs. 675
 Here a surprizing Prodigy they see;
 For (wondrous to relate!) o'er all the Corps,
 And putrid Entrails of the Victims slain,
 Innumerable Bees, with humming Sound,
 Muster in Swarms, and burst the rotting Sides: 680
 Then form long Clouds, which swim in Air; at length
 On

Ver. 659. *In.] Ad delubra;* for in *delubris*.

Ver. 667. *Her Manes to appease.] Placatam—venerabere:* i. e. *venerabere, ut placetur;* or

quæ placabitur. This being certainly the Sense; one would think *placandam* might have done as well.

On the high Trees alight; and hang conglob'd,
In bellying Clusters, from the flexile Boughs.

Thus have I sung of Tillage, and of Trees,
And Culture apt for Cattle: While in Arms 685
Great *Cæsar* thunders near *Euphrates'* Stream;
Through all the willing World dispenses Laws,
Victorious; and affects the Way to Heav'n.
Me *Virgil*, at That time, the pleasing Soil
Of sweet *Parthenope* refresh'd with Ease; 690
Studious, and flourishing in silent Arts,
Inglorious; who in daring Youth the Lays
Of Shepherds play'd; and, *Tityrus*, thee sung
Beneath the Covert of the Beechen Shade.

Ver. 683. *Clusters.*] *Uvam* for *Racemum*. A Cluster of Bees and a Cluster of Grapes are of the same Shape.

Ver. 687.—*Affects the Way to Heav'n.*] *Viamque affectat* [p. t. t., appetit, ingreditur] *Olympo*: i. e. *ducentem ad Olympum*.

Ver. 692. *Inglorious.*] *Ignobilis otii*. Not disgraceful, or dishonourable: But a modest Expression for private, retir'd, without Noise, and Show. So *Georg. ii.* *Flumina amem, silvasque, inglorius*.

Though the Epistle of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* be so admirable in itself; that we thank the Poet for having introduced it at any rate: yet after all, is it not stich'd in a little inartificially? Is it to be conceived that *Proteus*, who being made a Prisoner, and speaking by Constraint, is in no very good

humour, should tell this long Story, (which is not very material to the Point neither) to entertain *Aristæus*, who has offer'd That Violence to him? Was it not enough to inform him, that his Misfortune was occasion'd by *Eurydice's* Death, without telling all these Circumstances consequent of it? Perhaps it may be reply'd, that it is more material to the Point than is commonly imagin'd: These Consequences greatly aggravate the Guilt of *Aristæus*; and so it was proper enough, if not absolutely necessary to recite them. Whether Th's Answer be sufficient, or not, I neither knew, nor much care: Be it as it will; I would not lose This Epistle, to be Author of all the best Criticisms, that ever were, or shall be, written upon the Classics.

The End of the Georgicks.

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